

LIFE, TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES
—) OF (—
ELISHA BUTTS.





Rex/Ron
Book
910.4
B9892
1896

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Corporation of the Presiding Bishop, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints



ELISHA BUTTS.

AN EPITOMIZED HISTORY

...OF...

The Life, Travels and Adventures

...OF...

ELISHA BUTTS.

EMBRACING A GRAPHIC AND GLOWING ACCOUNT OF HIS HEROISM
AND DEEDS OF DARING IN THE LATE WAR
OF THE REBELLION.

*"I have sailed 'neath alien skies,
I have trodden the desert path,
I have seen the storm arise,
Like a giant in his wrath."*

DES MOINES, IOWA:
THE KENYON PRINTING AND MFG. CO.
1896.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Birth and Parentage,	9
Leaving Home,	18
Going to Sea,	36
Voyage to India and China,	40
Vera Cruz,	46
Return to Iowa,	48
War of the Rebellion,	52
Battle of Fredericksburg,	60
Battle of Gettysburg,	75
Trip to California,	92
Salt Lake,	98
San Francisco,	124
Palace Hotel,	125
Mid-Winter Fair,	130
United States Mint,	134
The Courts,	135
Chinatown,	137
The Precedio,	142
The Cliff House,	143
Los Angeles,	151
Pasadena,	154
California,	161
Trip to Europe,	167
St. Paul's Cathedral,	168
Tombs of Wellington and Nelson,	173
Westminster Abbey,	176
The British Museum,	190
Madame Tussauds,	198
Tower of London,	206
Zoological Gardens,	210
Botanic Gardens,	211
The Crystal Palace,	211
The Houses of Parliament,	214

CHURCH LIBRARY

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Windsor Castle,	217
Rouen,	229
The Madeleine,	231
Place de Concorde,	232
The Louvre,	233
Notre Dame,	234
The Morgue,	235
The Bastile,	236
Pere le Chaise,	237
Statue of Marshal Ney,	240
The Arc de Triumph,	241
The Bois de Boulogne,	242
The Fortifications,	244
The Trocadero,	244
The Eiffel Tower,	245
Hotel of the Invalides,	246
Tomb of Napoleon,	247
The Pantheon,	249
Versailles,	250
The Grand Trianon,	253
Stratford on Avon,	258
Tomb of Shakspeare,	266
Liverpool and Queenstown,	269
The Return Passage,	271
Taking the Pilot,	272
New York,	274
The Brooklyn Bridge,	275
Greenwood Cemetery,	276
Tomb of Henry Ward Beecher,	277
Tomb of Horace Greeley,	278
Central Park,	279
Trinity Church,	280
Niagara Falls,	281
Chicago,	283
The Voyage,	285
The Cunard Ships,	291
London,	296
Paris,	309
Advice to Friends,	314
L' Envoi,	322

PREFACE.

WHEN, on the 14th day of February, 1894, I set out to visit California and the Midwinter Fair, I began at once to make pencil notes, as had always been my custom when traveling, of the different places and objects of interest *en route*, intending at the time to send back to my daughters by letter. But after spending ten days at Salt Lake, all of which time was spent at seeing the wonderful things for which that place is so justly famous, I began to see the impracticability of such a scheme, and by the time I had spent a week at San Francisco, I had sufficient matter scribbled down to make quite a good sized little history, although the thought of having anything published had not up to that time ever entered my mind. But from then on I began to consider somewhat seriously, not only the advisability, but the propriety as well, of having my thoughts and observations published in pamphlet form, at least. I am not presumptuous enough, nor stupid enough, to believe that anything that I could write would particularly interest anybody in this day and age, when the land is flooded with books gotten up by people accustomed to literary occupation; and as an explanation, or apology, I will just state that this

book is not intended for the general public to read, as books commonly are, but simply to interest and amuse a few relatives and intimate friends, and to afford pastime and amusement for myself.

The idea of going back to my early childhood, and embracing within these lids my entire history, was not conceived until after I had that part of the history embracing my trip to California written ; which circumstance has caused me no small amount of embarrassment in preparing the whole. As it has been my aim from start to finish to write wholly without reference, excepting, of course, the few verses of poetry, I have found myself stranded, as it were, at almost every step, and never before have I so fully realized the effects of many years of hard manual labor, with comparatively little or no exercise for the mind or brain. I am fully aware that it will not require the learned and literary to detect the many errors, both grammatical and otherwise, herein contained ; nor am I unconscious of the fact that I have written a great many things that to some people will sound rather "flat," or, to put it in plainer words, decidedly silly. As I have already intimated, this book is not designed for the general public to read, yet having reason to believe that quite a goodly number of people will be apt to read it out of curiosity alone, I have endeavored to write a book that will interest or amuse

all kinds of people. A slight effort has been made at humor, whether successful or appropriate or not is left for you to judge. This will not meet the approbation of some people, because there are those sober, sedate folks who cannot appreciate the humorous. But for my part I like it; I don't object to it even in the pulpit. You must remember that dryness is by no means a proof of accuracy, and I have noticed, too, that very sober people are apt to be absurd.

You who are familiar with the life or history of our great Lincoln will no doubt recall that, no matter how momentous or serious the question under consideration or discussion, he seldom failed to draw on that inexhaustible store of humor; and Sherman never lost an opportunity to bring a joke into requisition whenever the occasion justified. I may be charged with having a weakness for poetry; to this I would have to plead guilty. But now, after many long and wearisome hours spent in poring over my manuscript, which by the way had very many narrow escapes from cremation, it is at last gotten ready for the publisher; and now, trusting that you will withhold your criticism and extend your good will and approbation, this little book with its many imperfections is kindly submitted to you.

Yours truly,

ELISHA BUTTS.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS born of respectable parents, I suppose, near the little town of New Philadelphia, in the state of Ohio, on the 10th day of August, 1840. I was not the poverty-stricken boy that history would have us believe Lincoln and Garfield were, as I can remember quite distinctly that even before my mother died, which sad event occurred when I was about eight years old, I had shoes to wear, and pants with pockets in them; and I never will forget my first new straw hat, as I was so proud of it that I wanted to sit up all night to wear it and had to have a good thrashing before I could be made to lay it away and go to bed. I was even sent away to boarding school, but whether the design was to give me a superior education or to keep me from fighting with the rest of the children and throwing the kittens in the soap barrel, I am unable to say; but, however, I had a jolly good time whilst attending boarding school, as I suppose boys generally have, and I never shall forget the happy days I spent swimming and skating, nor the kind school-mates who used to help me keep up with my class by showing me how to work the hard examples in addition and subtraction and by telling

me how to pronounce the big words in McGuffey's First Reader. I am unable to say whether I was a good boy or a bad boy, but, judging by the way my sister Ann used to lamb-bast me around, I should judge I must have been a very bad boy, indeed. But, however, like Grant and Sherman, my very early boyhood was not particularly distinguished, and it was not until several years later that I became known by some people in the farthest ends of the earth. As it seems to be not only the general rule, but indeed the universal rule, for people who write their autobiography to refer in some way to their ancestors, an omission of that very important point would seem to leave this history somewhat incomplete; therefore, I will try to say something about my ancestors, even if I do not know anything about them. I infer, from the name on my father's side, I am of German extraction, whilst on my mother's side, the name being Cryder, I am of English extraction—making a composition, you will admit, of no mean qualities. Another highly important point is the time or date they landed on these shores and the part they took in the struggle for independence, etc. As the name does not occur in the May Flower's roll of honor, the supposition is that they came over in the June Flower; but, be that as it may, they got here just the same. As to the Revolutionary War, if

they did not happen to take part in any of the little skirmishes that took place between the continentals and the minions of King George in the afternoon of the eighteenth century, that there was loyal or patriotic blood in their viens, and that it was transmitted to posterity, there can be no doubt, as a careful perusal of these pages will convince you that one of their descendants, at least, made his mark in the struggle that rescued this country from dissolution and restored it to its former proud and enviable position among the great and powerful nations of the earth. My father, who was considered well-to-do, failed financially and in the spring of 1851 moved with his family to Illinois. My uncles, James and Jacob Ross, had settled in Bureau County, in that state, a few years previously and with these kind friends and relations the family remained while my father selected a place suitable to locate. Mt. Morris, in Ogle County, seemed to be his choice and thither we removed in due season. Mt. Morris was at that time justly famous as an educational center, the Rock River Seminary being located there, besides several other smaller institutions of learning. Whether that was what induced him to locate in that particular place, I am unable to say, but as we arrived there a few weeks before the spring work opened up on the farm, I availed myself, or rather my father

availed himself, of an opportunity to send me to school for a short time and it was there and then that I procured the education that qualifies me to write this highly interesting history and thus add one more volume of printed matter to the world's rapidly accumulating literature. We remained at Mt. Morris about two years, the greater portion of which time I spent assisting the farmers of the vicinity at tilling the soil. Of course, I did not do that for recreation or pastime alone, but received a small compensation, the greater portion of which was spent for books, which aided me wonderfully in preparing myself for the important duties in life and imparted to me a great deal of the very useful and important knowledge and information I now possess. At that time there was a great rush of immigration to the West and my father fell an easy victim to the contagion. So, with all our earthly effects loaded into a farm wagon and drawn by one yoke of oxen, we set out to find a home beyond the Mississippi. We crossed the "Father of Waters" at a point I cannot just recall, but somewhere between St. Paul and New Orleans, and after a few weeks of very dangerous and tiresome travel through a country over which vast herds of buffalo and hostile bands of Indians used to roam, we arrived at Harvey's Grove, which is about six miles east of the new State House. Iowa

was at that time considered a part of the Far West, but notwithstanding, quite a little village had sprung up in the neighborhood of where the placid 'Coon mingles its waters with those of the Des Moines and where the two steal slyly away together to contribute their mites toward replenishing the waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

I regret to say that I was not very well acquainted at Des Moines at that time, as Rising Sun was our most convenient business and commercial center and, therefore, I will confine what few remarks I have to make principally to that once flourishing metropolis. I have not been there for quite a number of years, as there is no railroad communication, but I am informed by reliable persons who have been there recently that it is not as large a place as Des Moines, and that the forty, eighty and one hundred sixty acre lots that lay in the suburbs in the early fifties are suburban lots still. In those days the Des Moines River was navigable for steamboats, and it was not an uncommon thing to see the wharf, or landing, at Adelphi, which was the port of entry for Rising Sun, lined with mighty steamers that came laden with merchandise from St. Louis and New Orleans. Once in a great while a little stern wheeler would steal up around Rattlesnake Bend and take on a cargo of bacon and wheat at the Raccoon Forks. By the way,—speaking of

Rising Sun,— did you know that I was related to some of the prominent men and public officials at that time? Well, I was— my old uncle, George Doran, was postmaster, and my second cousin, Jacob Doran, was town constable. But I never claimed any relationship to the Mare (Mayor), who was a chestnut sorrel, and could outrun, trot or pace the mayors of New York or Boston. As I have already intimated, I finished my education at Mt. Morris, but I had not as yet chosen any particular profession or avocation in life, and therefore put in the greater portion of my time working for the different farmers in the neighborhood, and thus assisted in keeping the wolf from my father's door. Then as now, and in fact all through life, I was noted as an adept or expert at some particular trade or business, and at the time I now refer to husking corn was my forte; and our former highly respected and honorable citizen, Harrison Lyon, now deceased, was one of the lucky farmers who had the benefit of my skill. If my memory is not greatly at fault, he resided in a double log house just across what is now called Walker Street, and opposite the north-east corner of what is now known as State Square. The cornfield extended away to the east and southeast, and embraced the greater portion of what is now known as Stewart's Addition. Emory Lloyd was his foreman, or rather, his

tenant, and I stayed at his house, which was a little log cabin that stood in the timber and brush just across the road, and directly south. Heavy timber and thick underbrush covered the landscape, at least that portion of it, and Mr. Lloyd's chickens used to scratch for worms among the leaves, and Harrison Lyon's hogs grew fat on the acorns that fell from the stately oaks that grew where State Square now is, a few of which still adorn that beautiful and highly embellished park.

I was not only an expert cornhusker, but I was an expert sportsman as well; that is, I attained that distinction later on. I got up a little earlier than usual one morning, and slipped out into the brush intending to take a little hunt before feeding and harnessing the horses, which was a part of my morning's work. But as I got on the track of a flock of quails and followed them so far, and got so terribly excited (you know, sportsmen do get terribly excited when on the chase) that I did not get back till way after sunrise, and Mr. Lloyd was angry, and told me I could go home, as he could not afford to pay a boy for running around through the brush with a shotgun. But, however, I overtook the quails somewhere near where the new State House now stands, and shot three of them which I gave to Mrs. Lloyd; but as I did not stay for dinner I cannot tell you how fried quail taste.

Now, I am not stupid enough to believe that these unimportant little circumstances will interest anybody particularly, and I don't relate them for that purpose, but simply to convince you that I am justly entitled to membership in that highly honorable and august body known as the Old Settlers' Association.

These highly interesting and important events transpired along about the years 1853, '54 and '55, as nearly as I can remember, but it was not until the summer of 1856 that I set out to distinguish myself as an adventurer, traveler, and explorer. Some people may have a curiosity to know why or how I happened to choose the dangerous avocation or career that marked the next four years of my eventful life. To those I will endeavor to explain in as few words as possible the motives that actuated me on that occasion.

My father, as many of you will remember, was a very zealous, and I suppose, what he considered a very conscientious, Christian, of the Methodist persuasion of course, and entertained some very peculiar ideas in regard to his duties as a believer in the teachings of the Bible, and a follower of Christ. He did not only spend a great deal of his time, but a very considerable amount of his scanty means as well, in what he chose to call the cause of Christianity. This might not have concerned me a great deal had it not been for the

fact that I was required to work hard and contribute the greater portion of my wages to the same cause. To make a long story short, I took exception to this, as they say in court, and after due deliberation decided to launch out into the world, and take care of myself.

CHAPTER II.

“Farewell, kindred,
Home and friends,
I go, I leave thee now:
Oft will tear drops dim mine eyes
When I think of thee.
I'll be roaming far away:
Now, I cross the stormy sea.
Who will drop a gentle tear
For the wandering refugee?”

SUNDAY morning, July 6, 1856, dawned clear and bright, the gentle morning breeze came laden with the fragrance of the wild flowers and the song birds' joyous lay was heard in every tree and bush. In fact, all nature seemed to smile, but nothing could dispel the gloom and melancholy that had come over me on that eventful morning, as the auspicious moment had now come for me to put into execution one of the deepest laid plans ever conceived by a boy of my age. I cannot think of any reason to doubt but that my affections and attachment to home and friends was just as strong as in any other boy of my age and to sever them all and launch out into the cold, friendless world alone required a little more than ordinary nerve. Have you ever been separated from those to whom you have become attached through long years of in-

timate association? Friends not dead but absent. Have you ever looked longingly down the street or lane, or across the lawn or meadow for his, or her, coming? Have you watched with tearful eyes the ever-vacant place at the table. Dear reader, have you drank of this bitter cup? I sometimes feel that I have, even to its very dregs. Yet, withal, there seems something truly kind in nature, as the feeling of melancholy is not generally continuous, but we have instead our alternate spells of gloom and cheer, of sunshine and shadow.

“Though hearts bereft of many joys
May feel a Spring-like glow,
And flowers may burst in bloom
That now lie buried in the snow.”

My father, as had been his custom for several months previous, went on that morning to preach to the “heathens” down in the Hughs settlement on Agency Prairie. My brothers, Gabriel and Dies, went to visit the family of my aunt, Jane Pritchard, who then resided on the farm now owned and occupied by John Casebeer and situated about two miles southwest from Altoona. It might be well enough to mention that my father’s family resided at that time on Mr. C. D. Reinking’s farm, which is situated about four or five miles east of Des Moines. My brothers asked me to go with them to Aunt Jane’s, but I offered some excuse, and as soon as they had all

gone, I took a little silver mounted rifle which I had hidden out in the brush and, without a cent of money in my pocket, and no clothes only a very common suit that I had on, set out on what proved to be my journey around the world. At that time the country was very sparsely settled and the road which I had to travel led across wide prairies and seemed truly lonesome indeed. As already stated I had no money, which caused me no small amount of concern from the very start, as I had made up my mind never to try to deadhead my way and I will take occasion to state right here that that rule has been strictly adhered to ever since, and I can truthfully say that in all my travels I have never eaten a crust of bread that I did not pay for; although I pawned my coat on one occasion and went hungry on a great many more occasions.

Well, of course the only possible way of getting money was to sell the rifle, which I finally succeeded in doing after several most persistent efforts. I received a dollar and fifty cents for the rifle, which was certainly not more than one-fifth of its real value, but my father redeemed it, however. Night overtook me at a point four miles west of Pella and known at that time as the American Wagon Yards.

Although I had traveled all day long without having anything to eat, the excitement or some-

thing else seemed to have taken my appetite and I laid down to sleep, or rather to rest, without any supper. I slept in the barn, as I did not want to break on my one dollar and fifty cents, and arose the next morning at daylight and started on my journey. It was only four miles to Pella and I arrived there shortly after sunrise. I made a very short stop, only long enough to buy a dime's worth of crackers and cheese and then took the road that led to Oskaloosa, eating my cheese and crackers on the way. There is one very strange thing connected with the circumstance that I have thought of more than a hundred times since,—it seems I never entertained the slightest idea that my father would follow me and make an effort to take me back home, for when on that day about three o'clock in the afternoon, a hack containing my father, Brother Gabe and Cousin Jacob B. Casebeer, drove up behind me, it caused me the greatest surprise of my life.

We will now go back and relate a story that I did not hear until five years later, about what happened at home. Night came, and with it came all the family but me. At first nothing was apprehended, as I had frequently stayed out late before, but when bed-time came, my brother's suspicion became aroused and as midnight was passed and no tidings from the prodigal son was had, a short family consultation resulted in a

systematic search being planned, and daylight the next morning found my father, Brother Gabe and Jacob Casebeer in a wagon behind a span of prancing bays and in hot pursuit.

From the few settlers along the road they learned that a boy carrying a gun had passed that way, and therefore found no difficulty in keeping on my track. When they arrived at Pella, their horses were pretty well fagged out, as they had no doubt driven very fast, and there exchanged for another team, which belonged to the stage company, and which accounted for them being in a hack or stage when they overtook me. I looked back and saw the hack coming when it was yet a mile away ; but of course never once dreaming who was in it, supposing it to be the mail and passenger coach on its regular trip east. So, when they got up pretty close, I stepped out of the road to let them pass, but I leave you to imagine my feelings when they suddenly stopped, for I am sure I cannot describe them.

My brother, for the want of something more appropriate to say, greeted me with a "Halloo there, boy ; get in here, and we will take you back to Pella and treat you to a glass of cider."

My very quick rejoinder was, "I am not going back," whereupon my father chimed in with the remark, "If I don't say anything, you surely need not."

But, however, seeing that escape was impossible and resistance useless, I got in the hack, remarking as I slowly and sullenly took my seat, "By thunder, you haven't got me home yet."

This audacious defiance, as I learned afterward, fairly amazed my captors. Well, of course, they all knew me, and had a pretty correct idea of the amount of grit and determination I possessed, and so strict a vigilance was kept over me that I almost despaired of making my escape. We got back to Pella a little before sundown, and after getting supper and hitching up their own team drove back to the American Wagon Yards to stay over night. The American Wagon Yards, it might be proper to explain, was a country tavern and, I believe, was a stopping place for the stages as well as a very popular resort for the traveling public generally. At any rate, there were quite a good many people staying there that night. After unhitching the horses and putting them in the stable, during which time a pretty close watch was kept over me, we went into the bar room, or what would now probably be called the sitting room or waiting room, and after an hour's conversation with our fellow travelers, in which I was a very unwilling and disinterested listener, we were shown to our sleeping apartments, which was a large room containing two beds, and situated in the front part of the hotel.

My father said, "Come now, boys, we will go to bed as we want to get an early start in the morning, so as to get home by noon."

I now began to despair, and my heart fairly sank within me, for I knew if I did not succeed in making my escape that night, there would surely be no opportunity on the morrow. But right then, fortunately or unfortunately—I am unable to say which—a little circumstance occurred that changed my destiny. Jacob Casebeer, ever mindful of the needs of his faithful horses, suggested that a good bed of straw be provided on which to rest their weary bones, after the hard day's drive. A lantern was at once procured, and Jacob and Gabe started to the barn.

Remembering my father's never-failing habit to kneel by his bedside to pray just before retiring, I sat down in the door, which was wide open, and to attract attention and make him think I was getting ready for bed, took off one of my shoes and slammed it down a little harder than I ever remember of slamming a shoe before. Whether this little piece of strategy was what threw him off his guard, I am unable to say, but, however, he turned his back to me and knelt down to pray. I now felt that my opportunity had come and, with my heart all in a flutter, I grabbed up my shoe and made a break for liberty. The big road, or lane, was probably fifty or more

steps from the door and a fence of some description intervened. But whether I jumped over or crept under, I cannot remember, but I got into the road just the same. My first impulse was to run down the road, but no sooner had I got there than the alarm was given and, fearing the possibility of meeting somebody, I climbed over the fence on the opposite side of the road and secreted myself under a thick clump of alder bushes that grew in a fence corner.

Only a few moments elapsed before everybody about the hotel were astir. Of course none of the guests knew anything about the affair and seeing our folks so excited, quite a sensation was soon created. My hiding place was directly across the road from the hotel and I was a very unwilling, but nevertheless anxious, spectator of what was transpiring about the tavern. My father, Gabe and Jacob, with lantern in hand, started down the road in hot pursuit, while the people came out and leaned on the fence, or paced slowly back and forth, as they earnestly discussed the situation. Nobody seemed to make any effort to find me except my own folks and through the lower cracks (old rail or worm fence) I anxiously watched the light of the lantern slowly recede in the distance. I have no possible means of knowing how long they were gone or how far they went, but it seemed an age. But finally a

dim light again appeared in the distance and as it came closer I heard the sound of voices and could soon see them returning, but I was surprised to see that there were only two persons when I knew there should be three. But I did not have many minutes to study about that before I was startled by the fall of footsteps on the other side of me. I now felt that my cake was all dough and I hugged the ground closer than ever. My brother had climbed over the fence and came back on the side that I was on and actually passed within six feet of me, but my hiding place was perfect and I escaped. The people now gathered around and listened eagerly to a full and detailed account of the circumstance, the greater part of which I could hear from my hiding place. I suppose fully an hour or more must have been spent in consultation, and it was probably long after midnight when I heard the last faint voice and saw the last light extinguished.

I now felt safe, comparatively speaking, and after another hour's suspense, crept slowly out from under the alder bushes and stole quietly down along the fence until I came to where I could see through the darkness a grove of timber. This was on the other side of the road and probably a half a mile away. Of course I was afraid to venture out and travel on the road, so I crossed over and after wading through a wheat field which was wringing wet with dew, I reached the

timber. A dense growth of underbrush made it almost impenetrable, but, however, I worked my way through to where I considered a safe distance from the edge and now, completely overcome by fatigue and excitement, I sank down on the bare ground and there in the awful stillness and solitude of the night, soon found rest in sweet repose. When I awoke the next morning or rather the next day, the sun was high in the zenith and had seemed to take compassion on me by drying my clothes which were wringing wet when I went to sleep. The birds, too, as if realizing my lonely situation, seemed to try to cheer me by warbling their joyous lays all day long. Of course, I had no possible means of knowing whether my folks had abandoned the chase and gone home, or whether they were still on the alert for me, so I was afraid to venture out on the road and therefore spent all that long, lonesome day in the timber, without a bite to eat or a drop to drink.

When twilight began to appear, I started in the direction of the road, which I could only locate by the rattle of the farm wagons as they passed back and forth. An hour's walk brought me to Pella and for the second time I invested a dime for the necessities of life in that thriving little burg. I was now feeling quite well, physically speaking, after my long day's rest, and I traveled all night.

CHAPTER III.

I HAVE now given you somewhat of a detailed account of my life and adventures up to the present time, because it seemed necessary to do so in order to get fairly started with my narrative, but to continue on this line all down through the many years that have intervened, would seem almost impracticable, as it would make a history so long and tedious to read, it would not only weary your patience, but would bring me into ridicule and bankruptcy as well. So I will commence to abridge and abbreviate right here, but to you that are friendly and approbative (if there are any such) an invitation is kindly extended to spread out the map of the world before you and in fancy or imagination start with me on my long and lonely wanderings. Help me to interpret the dreams that sometimes tortured, sometimes consoled my rugged couch. Go with me across the trackless ocean and around the world. Make the long and wearisome voyage to India with me and let us stop at St. Helena and see where we're spent the last sad days of

That wonderous man
Whose daring spirit
With volcanic rage,
Breathed flame and ruin
On the affrighted world.

Stop for a few days with me at Cape Town and Calcutta; then go with me to Suez, and as we voyage the Red Sea, behold the land of the Pharaohs as it stretches away in an unbroken plain toward the Nile and Pyramids. Cross over to the starboard side of the ship and let us gaze on Mount Sinai, whose lofty summit is plainly outlined against the eastern horizon in the near distance and as the memory reverts to the Bible story, experience that feeling, that emotion, that the Christian and infidel alike cannot repel. Go with me to the Celestial Empire and to the Flowery Kingdom and let us take a few observations in the Orient. Sail with me on the homeward-bound voyage and pass with me through the beautiful Straits of Sunda, illuminated by the flaming volcanos on Sumatra and Java shores. Stop with me at the Fiji Islands and let us see a portion of the human family in their primitive state. Let us take a peep at Juan Fernandez as we pass and drop a tear in memory of poor Selkirk. Share my admiration for the grand and lofty Andes, as seen from the sea level, and as they seem to slyly watch us on our perilous voyage around the Horn. Congratulate me now on having safely completed the circumnavigation of the globe, then leave me to my meditations for I am now treading the paths that became familiar in my boyhood. Come back to me in the early

sixties, for the war cloud like a great pall hangs over the land. Go with me on the long and wearisome march and be my companion in the silent bivouac. Stand by my side on the bloody field of Fredericksburg and Gettysburg and do not leave me in the Wilderness (battle of the Wilderness). Leave me indefinitely when the war is ended, for now I am with my loved ones, but come back to me again in the early nineties, for adversity has now come and I am forsaken and alone. Spend a week with me in the White City by the Lake and let us feast our eyes on the beautiful Peristyle and Statue of Liberty. Take a stroll with me in the Midway and ride with me on the Ferris Wheel. Now, go beyond the borders of our own fair Iowa with me and journey with me through the land of the Pueblos. Pass the Royal Gorge with me and let us ascend to the Rocky Mountains' snowy summit and stand where Atlantic and Pacific meet and divide for their long journeys to their far-distant shores. Go with me to the Tabernacle and be charmed by the singing of that greatest and grandest of all earthly choirs. Rest for a few moments with me in the shadow of the great Mormon Temple at Salt Lake. Climb to the Wahsatch's rocky summit with me and there, seated on God's masonry far above the clouds, marvel at His creation. Spend a night with me in the midst of

eternal snows in the Seirra Nevadas. Go with me to the beautiful Precedio and take an outing with me at the Cliff House, where the mighty Pacific stretches majestically away to the Orient, and the Golden Gate opens at our feet.

Sojourn for a fortnight with me in the land of the Angeles (Los Angeles) and take a stroll with me on the seashore at Rodundo and Santimonica, and a ramble with me through the orange groves of Pasadena. Climb the San Madre's rugged steep with me and there, at an elevation ten times as high as the Ferris Wheel, drink in the beauties of that earthly Eden, the beautiful San Gabriel Valley. Journey with me through the land of the Umas and in sight of the land of the Montezumas. Now, go with me once more across the broad Atlantic Ocean and get lost with me in the world's mighty metropolis. Spend a day with me in the British Museum, and go with me to St. Paul's and to dear old Westminster Abbey and let us see where the immortal and blessed John Milton and David Livingston sleep quietly and peacefully on, whilst ages roll by.

Cross the stormy Channel with me and journey with me to the Queen City of Europe. Take a drive with me on the Champs Elysees and ramble with me through the Bois de Boulogne. Go with me to old Notre Dame, and to the beautiful Madeleine and from the Eiffel Tower's dizzy

height let us gaze down on that scene of magnificence and splendor and glory, the like of which the world never saw before. Go with me to Stratford-on-Avon and let us muse for a while by the tomb of Shakespeare.

Cross the Brooklyn Bridge with me and go with me to Greenwood and let us take a stroll through the marble city of the silent dead. Go with me to the Whirlpool Rapids and let us see where Captain Webb made his last and fatal swim. Let us stand on the brink of the Grand Cataract and listen to the voice of the Great Jehovah in the thunders of Niagara.

CHAPTER I V.

I HAD not up to this time decided on any particular plan for the future and really had not mapped out in my mind any particular course to take, or, in other words, I did not seem to care which way I traveled or which way I went, the all-important object being to get away, and far enough away so that there would be no possible danger of being found and taken back home. The next day after leaving Pella was spent in hiding, as was indeed every day thereafter until I reached Iowa City. My one dollar and fifty cents had now become about exhausted and I decided to make an effort to earn some more. Times, as many of you will remember, were very dull at that time and a dollar seemed almost as large as a cart wheel; but, however, I happened to find a situation in a brick yard and worked long enough at very low wages to earn two or three dollars and with this accumulation of specie carefully tied up in the corner of my brand-new yellow cotton handkerchief, I set out again on my journey and in due time arrived at Davenport.

I now began to feel more important, as I had some money in my pocket, and decided not to travel any more on foot, nor sleep on the ground.

These highly important events, as you will readily perceive, transpired at a period before there was a single mile of railroad in the state of Iowa and at a time when all the trade and traffic between the West and the business and commercial centers was carried on by steamboats that used to ply on the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers and the several other navigable streams of the Northwest. There was not a day but that several of these monstrous vessels landed at Davenport whilst on their regular trips up and down the Mississippi.

Of course, I was ready for anything, or any kind of an adventure, and the idea of becoming a steamboat man was just simply immense, but not being strong enough to fill a man's place, some considerable difficulty was experienced in getting a situation, but a most determined and persistent effort was finally rewarded and, as deck sweep, broom in hand, I set out on the raging Mississippi for St. Paul.

St. Paul, at that time, was a very insignificant little burg and if there was a Minneapolis in the neighborhood, it was so small that it escaped my notice. When the steamer returned to St. Louis, I lost my important position ; not, however, on account of any neglect of duty or incompetency on my part but because the steamer belonged there and went into the dry docks for repairs.

I suppose a sea-faring life did not agree with me, as I was taken sick and had to go to the hospital, where I was tenderly cared for by the Sisters of Charity, a sect or class of people for whom I have ever since entertained the highest regard. Being naturally of a very restless and impatient disposition, I found the hospital very tiresome and left before I became fairly convalescent and really did not fully recover until several months later.

At St. Louis, I experienced little or no difficulty in getting a situation as pantry boy on board the magnificent passenger steamer A. T. Lacy, bound for New Orleans, and after an uneventful trip of a week's duration arrived at that southern metropolis.

CHAPTER V.

They that go down to the sea in ships,
That do business in great waters,
These see the works of the Lord
And his wonders in the deep.

—Psalms 107:23-24.

I SPENT a week in New Orleans, during which time I visited the old battle ground and trod the soil that was once reddened with British blood, and saw the spot where Jackson immortalized himself and where Packenham gave up the ghost. I also took a sail on Lake Pontchartrain, and crossed over the river to Algiers, where I witnessed a duel with short swords between two Spaniards.

My mind was still unsettled as to future plans and the idea of going to sea had never once entered my mind, but, as I have already intimated, I was ready for anything or any kind of an adventure. I was not long in making up my mind to go to sea and, after applying to more than twenty ship masters, I finally succeeded in getting a situation as cabin boy on board an English clipper ship bound for Liverpool. Five long weeks were spent in making the voyage, but nothing of note occurred and Liverpool was reached in safety.

I had now earned enough of money to buy me a suit of clothes—the first by the way, that I had ever bought with my own money and of my own selection. And now, as I had crossed the wide Atlantic Ocean, I sallied forth, and, as I went strutting around on British soil in my brand-new suit of navy blue, I began to regard myself as a person of no ordinary importance. Liverpool was at that time, and probably still is, the greatest seaport in the world. In Liverpool, as in all other seaports, and in fact in all great cities, a great many inducements are held out for a boy to fall into bad and vicious habits, such as drinking, chewing, smoking, gambling, etc. But notwithstanding the fact the my associates were sea-faring men and boys, who are justly considered the wickedest and most depraved of all the classes, I never contracted any of the above-named habits, and I feel it but just to say right here, that I owe that wonderful deliverance all to early religious training or influence. A great deal could be said about this wonderful city—about the great docks and ship yards,—but, as I have already stated, this book must be abridged.

I will now leave Liverpool, and on board the Belfast, heavily laden with a cargo of human freight, sail for New York. The Belfast was an immigrant ship and numbered among her several hundred passengers people from England, Ire-

land, Sweden and Denmark. They were immigrants of the lower class and as they lay about the steerage suffering from sea-sickness, they presented a pitiable aspect. One poor family had a sick babe, which died on the passage, and the parents, not wishing to have it buried at sea, wrapped its lifeless little body in a blanket and concealed it in a large chest. As the atmosphere was close, this little ruse was soon discovered and the child brought up on deck and tenderly dropped into the sea, thus adding still more pain to the grief-stricken mother who wrung her hands in anguish as she saw her little loved one swallowed up by the mighty deep. As it was my duty to assist the ship's cook, the greater part of my time while at New York was spent on board the ship; and I returned to Liverpool in the same vessel.

I next made a voyage to Riga, a port on the Baltic Sea in Russia. Riga, at that time, was a great wheat and rye market, and our ship brought a cargo of that very useful and important staple back to Liverpool.

In a few days after my return to Liverpool, I shipped for a voyage to Australia. But before I proceed any further, I will explain what I mean by "shipping" for the benefit of those who do not understand. In all seaports there are places where sea-faring men put up, called sailors'

boarding houses ; and when a ship master desires to procure a crew, or any part of a crew, he goes to one of these places and engages the number of men and boys he needs, and the sailors call that shipping. Of course, they do not always go on board the vessel the day they ship and it may be a week after before they go on board, as they seldom go on board before the ship is ready to sail. And now, what I wish to relate is a circumstance that occurred on this particular occasion. A certain day was fixed on which the ship was to sail, but for some unforeseen reason, she sailed one day earlier ; and as I, together with two more of the crew, chanced to be absent, we were left behind. Well, of course, there was nothing very remarkable about that, but there was something remarkable about what followed. The ship was lost with all on board and that circumstance, together with several others of a similar nature, served to make quite a philosopher of me, and from that day to this I have seldom regretted anything that has happened me, and whenever any seeming evil or misfortune befalls me, I try to turn it to profitable account in some way or other. When I got back to the boarding house that night and learned that the ship had sailed, I felt very sad, indeed. Several of the crew had made the voyage to Riga with me, and quite an attachment had been formed. I was too im-

patient to remain at the boarding house and wait for somebody to hunt me up, so I went every day among the shipping trying to find a situation.

It did not make any difference to me where the ship was bound, or of what nationality her crew were, and I have wondered a hundred times since what a reckless young rascal I must have been. I finally succeeded in getting a place as assistant cook on an English steamer bound for New Orleans, and it was there and then that I learned to prepare many of the dainty dishes that so frequently adorn my table at Sixteenth and Grand Avenue. Nothing startling occurred on the passage, and when I got to New Orleans, I wrote a short letter to my father and brothers, which was the first and only tidings they ever received from me after the eventful night at the American Wagon Yards, until my unexpected return four years later.

I returned to Liverpool on the same ship and the very next day embarked on board an East Indiaman, bound for Calcutta. Calcutta is situated on the Ganges River in Hindostan. The ship in which I sailed carried a regiment of English troops that were sent to reinforce General Havelock at Lucknow, that being about the time of, or shortly after, the Sepoy mutiny and horrible massacre at Cawnpore. You will no doubt remember that this was long before the

Suez Canal was made and our route lay by way of Good Hope. We touched at the island of St. Helena, as that was at that time a supply station for the East Indiaman and other vessels that chanced to pass that way. I went on shore there and had the privilege of seeing the house in which Napoleon spent his last sad years in exile, and of walking in the very path where, as our guide informed us, he spent many hours each day with his hands behind him, pacing back and forth and looking out on the ocean in the fond hope and expectation of catching a glimpse of the French fleet, that he always hoped and expected, would some day come to his rescue. I also stood by his grave, or rather what was once his grave, and read on the plain marble or granite slab, that the English government had caused to be put there, the following inscription : "Here rests the mortal remains of Gen. Napoleon Bonaparte." We also stopped at Cape Town and took on a supply. Cape Town is inhabited largely by English, and reminds one more of an European than an African town. We next stopped at the Island of Madagascar, where a supply of fuel and fresh water was procured. The voyage from Liverpool to Calcutta was a long and tiresome one and, to add to our discomfort, the ship was terribly crowded, having on board, as I before stated, a regiment of soldiers.

Calcutta is a large and flourishing place and reminds one of an American or English city. It is very sickly, however, and a very fatal malady, known as the "black vomit," was prevalent when I was there. From Calcutta, I sailed to Suez, which at that time was a very unimportant little seaport on the Isthmus of Suez in Egypt. As you are probably aware, to reach Suez from Calcutta, we pass through the Red Sea from one end to the other, and as it is very narrow in some places, an occasional view of the shore can be had from the deck of the ship. Mt. Sinai is plainly visible. As I was quite familiar with the Scripture stories about Joseph and Pharaoh and Moses, this voyage was to me by far the most interesting of all, for now I was really in the Land of Egypt and, had no doubt passed the very point where Moses and the Children of Israel had passed through the Red Sea, on their journey to the Promised Land. On the return voyage, we passed close to the island of Ceylon and there, in sight of its lofty mountains and balmy plains, I was carried back in memory's fond dream to the scenes of my happy, blissful childhood by singing aloud that beautiful and familiar verse :

" What tho' the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isles," etc.

From Calcutta I went to Hong Kong. Although Hong Kong is in China, it belongs to Great Britain and reminds one more of an European than of an Oriental city. It is situated on an island not far from the main land and is a very important seaport.

From Hong Kong I sailed to Valparaiso, making a short stop at Victoria in Australia and also at the Fiji Islands. A great deal could be said about the strange people who inhabit this part of the globe. The islands are small and very numerous, there being, I believe, more than one hundred in all. They are not all inhabited, however, some of them being so low and flat that at high tide they are completely submerged. Countless thousands of fowls similar to our wild ducks and geese hover over and about them and when they arise to fly, at the approach of the flowing tide, so numerous are they that the combined flapping of their wings sounds like distant thunder. They feed on a kind of wild rice that grows there in profusion, and, when the tide ebbs, they pick up as a dessert the snails, shrimps and other small and slimy creatures left helpless and defenseless on the sandy beach. The natives, at the time I was there, were naked savages, but I am informed that the missionary work has been very successful there, and wonderful progress has been made toward the civilization of

the natives. The islands belong to England and I am inclined to the opinion that the fear of Britain's wrath has had a great deal more civilizing effect on those man-eaters than all the missionaries have had.

Valparaiso is in Chile, in South America. It is a seaport of considerable importance. The voyage from Hong Kong to Valparaiso was a long and tedious one, as a great part of the time was spent under an equatorial sun. As we neared the South American coast it seemed a strange thing to see the pitch boil out of the deck of the ship when mountains of perpetual snow and ice were plainly visible in the distance.

I now began to feel a desire to see my native land once more and, finding a ship that was soon to sail for New Orleans, I embarked for that port. The voyage around Cape Horn was the roughest I had ever experienced and for the first time in my sea-faring life I despaired of ever seeing land again.

We crossed the mouth of the Amazon and also that of the Rio de la Plata, and although many miles at sea, their mouths or channels could be distinctly traced through the ocean's briny waters.

Have you ever left your native country and traveled in foreign lands? One very noticeable effect of such an experience is: It seems to renew or strengthen one's patriotism. And one of

the greatest pleasures of going abroad is the coming home. Now, that I had spent pretty nearly four long years away from my native land, when the ship hove in sight of the low coast of Louisiana and I saw the waves of the Gulf of Mexico breaking on my native shore, I experienced a rapture I had never felt before.

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing ;
Land where our fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
 My heart with rapture thrills—

When we got to New Orleans, I had about decided to quit the sea and return to Iowa, but a young shipmate to whom I had become very much attached, took a notion to go into the navy and finally persuaded me to go along; so we crossed over to the Warrenton Navy Yard, near Pensacola in Florida, and shipped on board the United States Sloop of War Saratoga, that was then just ready to sail. The Saratoga belonged to the Gulf Squadron and her first duty seemed to be to make an effort to intercept the filibuster Walker, who was then fitting out an expedition at New Orleans for operations at Nicaragua in

Central America. After going through with that farce at the mouth of the Mississippi, we went to Vera Cruz to assist the balance of the fleet to protect American citizens during the siege and bombardment by the Church party under General Merimon. The Saratoga was anchored midway between the city and castle, and from the ship's deck, a fine view of General Merimon's army as it occupied the low range of mountains or hills that overlook the city was had. United States Minister McClain took up his temporary abode on board our ship and I had the privilege of seeing the great Admiral Farragut, who was then captain of the United States Sloop of War Brooklyn, which was anchored only a cable's length away. It was our ship, the Saratoga, consorted by the steamers Wave and Indianola, that captured the two Spanish steamers, Marquis of Havana and General Merimon, with a cargo of arms and munitions of war, intended for General Merimon's army and which they were about to land at Antio Larizado on the night of the 6th of March, 1860, and which practically sealed the fate of the Church party. A great deal of interest could be written about the seige of Vera Cruz and the very important part that the United States fleet slyly took in the civil conflict that was raging in Mexico at that time, but as anything like a comprehensive ac-

count would necessarily be quite lengthy, I will have to omit it. After the siege was raised and the Church party again driven into the interior, the Saratoga was ordered home and went out of commission at the Philadelphia Navy Yard about the last of June, 1860.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN I got my discharge from the navy, I decided to quit the sea and return to Iowa, which I did. After spending a few days admiring the beautiful and well regulated city of Philadelphia, I went to New York City to see the Great Eastern, which had just made her first trip, and was there on exhibition at that time. To a seafaring man, it was truly a most wonderful thing to be seen, and I never had occasion to regret paying the dollar that it cost me for the privilege of spending an hour on her wonderful decks. I also went to Barnum's museum and saw his then world-wide curiosity, known as Barnum's "what is it." By the way—did you ever hear tell of Five Points? Well, I mustered up courage enough to make a short pilgrimage to that highly respectable quarter of our great metropolis, and I have wondered a hundred times since why it is that the Chinese and Hindoos have never sent any missionaries over there to civilize and reform the people that live there. They are surely not in favor of reciprocity. I did not make a very protracted stay, as I had scarcely got into the district when two young gutter snipes levied tribute on me for a dime. As I

was not there on a mission of charity, I refused rather abruptly to contribute, whereupon one of them cast a pretty good sized pebble at me, which little act of courtesy caused me to quicken my steps and inspired within my breast a regard for old King Herod I had never felt before. Nothing worthy of note transpired on my trip from New York to Des Moines. The railroad did not extend beyond Iowa City at that time, and from there I traveled by stage. Of course I had never heard from any of my folks during the four years that I was gone, and when I arrived at Des Moines I was surprised and somewhat disappointed to find that my father had moved to Kansas with his family, whither he had gone to preach to the heathens and to fight the border ruffians. I being naturally of a very quiet and peaceable disposition, decided not to follow him, so I remained at Des Moines, or rather in Polk county. I put in the most of the fall renewing old acquaintances and relating my wonderful adventures, and trying to explain to some of my rather unlearned and incredulous hearers how it could be possible for a ship to sail clear around the world.

I amused myself the following winter feeding hogs and cattle for a well-to-do farmer who resided about four or five miles east of Des Moines, and wore away the long summer months, and made life bearable the next season by tilling

the soil ; and no less a personage than our honorable and highly respectable citizen, Mr. C. D. Reinking, Esq., ex-president of the Old Settlers' Association and also ex-vice-president of the Polk County Savings Bank, assisted me at raising a crop of corn and oats. I do not refer to this indisputable fact boastingly, but simply for the benefit of those who don't believe I ever was of any importance. The most delicate and difficult point in the preparation of this history is now reached, and I would gladly yield the pen to some one else to write this chapter, and thus save me the embarrassing duty that has now become imperative. As you no doubt remember, the great civil conflict was raging at that time, and as many of you will further recall, I chanced to be an actor in that fearful drama ; this history would certainly be incomplete did it not contain at least a short sketch of the part I took, and the heroism and deeds of daring I performed on that occasion. And as a little further explanation, what I mean by a delicate point being reached is, you know it is very embarrassing and very unpleasant, for a sensible man at least, to have to herald his own exploits, or to put it in still plainer words, to have to sound his own trumpet. Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, and a few more of the old boys, have had admiring friends to perform this task for them, but alas for me, no one has as yet

seemed to recognize my well deserved merit, and it is left to me to write up my own war record, which I will now endeavor to do in as modest and unostentatious a manner as possible.

CHAPTER VII.

“Like the waves of angry ocean
Beating on a rocky coast,
Came the tread of northern freemen
In an overwhelming host.”

NO MAN listened with a sadder heart to the verberations of the hostile cannon, whose missiles rent the emblem of our nationality on Sumter’s walls ; no patriot in all the land watched with deeper solicitude the war cloud as it slowly but gradually darkened the southern horizon, but I did not fly to arms at the first tap of the drum, as did thousands of my brave and fearless countrymen, and it was not until late in the fall of sixty-one that I tendered my valuable services to the Government—consequently I was not in it in time to wade through blood up to my shoe tops at Wilson Creek, or to throw away my musket and skedaddle from Bull Run. As you are no doubt aware, my lot happened to be cast in an Eastern regiment and it might be very proper to explain how that happened to be. I had been discharged from the navy about a year before and, thinking that I would prefer that branch of the service, I went to Philadelphia to re-enter the navy, but so great had been the demand for ships to blockade the southern ports and perform

the many other duties incident to war times, that when I arrived there every vessel of every description had been sent to sea. But, as I had started out with the full determination to fight, I enlisted in the Ninety-first Pennsylvania Infantry, and was attached to the Army of the Potomac during my entire term of service. My first winter, which was the winter of sixty-one, was spent in camp near Washington, where I became quite proficient in field maneuvers, as well as in the manual of arms, under the skillful command of General George B. McClellan. We were encamped quite near the city and when not on duty I availed myself of the privilege and opportunity of visiting the capitol, and on one occasion did Charles Sumner and Ben Wade the honor to sit for awhile in their chairs. Of course, that highly important act was not performed while the senate was in session, but I was present on several occasions when that very learned and august body were in session and it was there and then that I learned a great many of the big words and high-sounding phrases with which this book is so profusely and appropriately embellished.

I also went to the White House on several occasions when the President gave a reception to the soldiers and common people and could have shaken hands with him just as well as did the

hundreds and thousands of foolish people who formed in line and stood there for hours waiting for their turn for that purpose, but I did not do it because he looked so tired and worn out that I actually pitied him.

O! by the way, there is one very important thing that I came pretty near forgetting to mention. Did you ever know that there is at least a slight bit of romance connected with my history? Well there is and, when the time comes, I will briefly and modestly refer to it. To a young soldier of my war-like spirit and disposition, the winter in camp at Washington was a long and wearisome one, notwithstanding the many attractions that the Capital afforded, and when spring came I was sorely disappointed when instead of being sent to the Peninsula with McClellan, our regiment was ordered to Alexandria for provost duty. That, I suppose, was on account of the regiment being composed almost exclusively of fine military young men like myself, as any old soldier will inform you that they always select the finest looking troops for that kind of duty.

It was several weeks before I became reconciled to this seemingly inactive life of a soldier; but I finally settled myself down to the inevitable, and managed to wear away the time quite enjoyably and somewhat profitably as well. I

went up to the Capitol a number of times, which you will see by a glance at the map is quite close, and also made a short pilgrimage to Mt. Vernon, and with head bared, stood by the tomb of the father of his country, and thought of the little hatchet, and of Valley Forge and Yorktown. By the way, there is another highly important thing that I came pretty near forgetting to mention. Did you ever know that I was an officer? Why yes, bless you, two officers—a corporal and a sergeant. As the provost guard at Alexandria were intended as much for ornament as anything else, their perfect discipline and drill were things highly essential, so that when the government officials and high toned people came down from the Capitol, which they frequently did, they could have the pleasure of witnessing some very fine military maneuvers; consequently, a great deal of time was spent at drilling. Of course, I was now an officer, and was sent out to drill the awkward squad, which duty I performed with marked ability, and even now, methinks I hear that loud, shrill, military voice in which I gave the command to march and countermarch. The Army of the Potomac under McClellan, had been defeated on the Peninsula, and its broken and disorganized fragments were returning to Washington and Alexandria. Pope (you remember him, don't you? the general who had his head-

quarters where his hindquarters ought to have been,) was falling back from Slaughter Mountain, and a gloom seemed to hang over the entire North. Good troops were now in demand and our regiment was relieved and sent to the front. The regiment was assigned to Fitz John Porter's Corps, and sent to Bull Run, or rather in the direction of Bull Run; and had it not been for the treachery of that somewhat noted individual, the subject of this sketch, would in all probability have long ere this, filled a patriot's and hero's grave. I suppose, of course, you have all read a graphic account of what happened after the defeat at Bull Run, written by somebody who was not there, so I will omit the thrilling scenes and incidents that occurred whilst the great Federal army for the second time during the war was retreating in disorder and confusion towards the National Capital and leaving the Plains of Manassas strewn with their dead and wounded.

The next great battle that I was in — or it would probably sound a little better to say that I was at, was Antietam. General McClelland had again assumed command of the army, and on this occasion imitated the great Napoleon by holding his best troops in reserve, and that of course included our regiment. And I never shall forget the grand and thrilling scene as I stood upon an eminence more than a mile away, and watched

the splendid fighting corps of Burnside and Hancock hurl the shattered and broken columns of Lee's army back on the Potomac. I spent several weeks at Antietam as indeed did the whole army, as I suppose in order to give the Rebel army plenty of time to get away. Mr. Lincoln came up from Washington during the time, and made us quite a protracted visit. He and Little Mc passed within six feet of me on one occasion, and although they both seemed to be looking right at me, neither of them spoke, and I have often thought since that they didn't know who I was. Mr. Lincoln reviewed the army whilst here, on horseback, and if I ever saw a more graceful rider, I have forgotten where it was. During our stay at Antietam, our division made a grand reconnoissance across the Potomac, and beyond Shepherdstown. We had to ford, or wade the river, and the water was pretty near up to my knees. But I am not complaining any about that, as soldiers must expect to endure hardships especially in time of war; but I took a powerful cold in about a month or six weeks after that, and I always believed that that was the cause of it. But it did not settle on my lungs or cause me to have rheumatism, however, and so I never could get any pension. I got terrible angry at some ladies of secession proclivities while we were marching through Shepherdstown. They

stood on the sidewalk and held their noses as we passed, and one of them called me a mud sill and intimated that I was a Lincoln hireling. If a man had treated me with such courtesy whilst in the discharge of my sworn duty, there would have been a disturbance right there and then. One of the saddest things of all my army experience happened on this reconnoissance. We passed beyond Shepherdstown, but not finding any enemy, we continued the march toward Winchester until about one o'clock in the afternoon, when suddenly a great cloud of dust was seen to arise in front of us, and some of the boys said it was the Rebel cavalry coming. In a short time after I noticed some troops falling back on our right, and supposing that the order had been given to retreat, I began to fall back also. Although it was the latter part of September, the day was terribly hot and the dust was shoe-top deep. As the cloud of dust grew larger and thicker; I became somewhat anxious, and to facilitate my retrograde movement, I threw away my knapsack. And here is where the sad part that I have referred to came in. It contained, you might say, all of my earthly effects, and among other things the picture of my pretty cousin in Illinois, with whom I had fallen in love. When I got back on the safe side of the Potomac, and fully realized what a rash act I had performed, my grief knew no bounds and I wept

and I wailed. Of course a young soldier could not get along very well without having his girl's picture to gaze at occasionally, so I made haste to send back for another one. But when in a few weeks later I received instead of the much coveted prize, a letter announcing her marriage to one of the home guards, a little further weeping and wailing was indulged in, and in addition to that, a gnashing of teeth.

“ Go search the foremost ranks
In danger’s dark career.
You will find the hand
Most daring there
Has wiped away a tear.”

Well, when I came right down to solemn, sober reflection, I did not regret having thrown away my knapsack, for I really believe had I not done so, in another hour’s time the cavalry would have gotten in sight of me. As I cannot think of anything more suitable, I guess we will have to let this little circumstance pass, for the romance that I so briefly referred to on a former page.

O! by the way, do you remember the Trent affair? Well, I never was so — mad in all the days of my life as I was at Lincoln and Seward, although I did not say anything to them about it. Just to think what a good excuse we had to give England a good thrashing. Of course we could have done it just as easy as not.

I have often been sorry that we did not have such men as Benjamin Harrison and James Blaine at the head of affairs at that time. Just see how they made Chile, that great and powerful maritime nation, come to time! I guess hereafter when our sailors see fit to go on shore in a Chilian port and kick out a few plate glass windows and knock down and drag out a few of the inhabitants just for pastime and amusement, the Chilians will know better than to resent, much less resist. I admire bravery in nations as well as in individuals, I do.

FREDERICKSBURG.

"Now are seen amid the darkness fires glowing warm and bright,
For beside the Rappahannock two great armies rest to-night :
On its bank they build their fires ; on the sod their battalions
 lay :
On one bank the Blue are camping, on the other side the Gray."

Of course, you have all heard of the great battle of Fredericksburg, of how the grand Army of the Potomac, under the command of Burnside, crossed the Rappahannock, stormed the Heights of St. Mary's, and of how skillfully the retreat was planned and executed, etc. As it was my lot to be present on that memorable occasion and to take an active and prominent part in that most fearful and gigantic tragedy, I had about decided to lay before you a somewhat lengthy and glowing account of the great event,

but fearing that it might possibly conflict in some particulars with the accounts that you have already read, and thus bring me into disrepute as a historian and chronicler of passing events, I will content myself with giving you simply an account of my own deeds and experience on that most trying occasion. It was on the morning of December 13th, 1862, that the stillness of the camp was broken just at daylight by the boom of a cannon on our left, which was soon followed by another and another, and by 10:00 A. M. the incessant roar of more than five hundred pieces of artillery, mingling with the rattle of one hundred thousand muskets, seemed to shake the earth from center to circumference. Our regiment was camped about a mile from the river and as regiment after regiment went hurrying past, I began to fear that we were again under the command of a Fitz John Porter and that we were going to be cheated out of the pleasure of taking a hand in the conflict that had been raging in our front since early morning. Of course we were up and under arms.

" And there was mounting in hot haste,
The steed, the mustering squadron," etc.

But we finally received the welcome words, "Forward, march!" and in a very short time came to the river opposite the city. Here were several pontoon bridges, across one of which I

rushed in double-quick time, right over in the face of the enemy, because two very resolute looking officers who stood there with drawn swords advised me to do so.

Now, you must understand me when I say I rushed over in the face of the enemy, that this is only figuratively speaking, for although the enemy were there early in the morning, they were then behind their breastworks back of the city and more than a mile away ; but then it was a pretty hot place, for just as I got across the bridge, a shell exploded within two hundred yards of where I was. That was on our right and shortly afterwards I heard a fearful noise on our left that sounded like bricks falling on a roof. Some of the boys said that a shot or shell had struck a chimney and I suppose that is what it was, as I learned afterwards that quite a number of chimneys were more or less damaged during the fight. As you will no doubt remember, the army was terribly defeated and as a discretionary measure, resumed its former position on the safe side of the Rappahannock.

A long and dreary winter was now before me, there being but little camp duty to be performed ; as to drill, our regiment had now become so very proficient that the most skilled tactician was unable to instruct us any further. So I put in the greater part of my time reading Milton, Byron

and Longfellow, and other choice and glittering gems of literature most suitable and appropriate for a young man of my finished education and fine sentiment, to read.

Burnside was relieved of the command of the army soon after the battle of Fredericksburg, and Fighting Joe Hooker put in his place. This change inspired unbounded confidence in me and when on the first of May, 1863, we set out to crush the Confederate legions at Chancellorsville, I marched with the determination to conquer or die. I displayed undaunted courage on the first and second days, for our breastworks were unusually high, and when on the third day I received orders to retreat, I obeyed with alacrity —that is the way a good soldier always obeys orders, with alacrity.

As I had now been at four big battles without receiving a scratch, I began to think I bore a charmed life, and from that on my daring and courage knew no bounds.

My next great battle was at Gettysburg. The fortunes of war had caused poor Fighting Joe Hooker's military head to be severed, and by mandates of fortune, it was reserved for General Mead to conduct the greatest and fairest open field fight of the war.

Here I displayed my usual daring and bravery by rushing up on Little Round Top and firing a

few shots at the Confederates as they swarmed across the Devil's Den. But when they got up close enough to see me, I got ashamed of myself because I had so much the advantage of them in position, and stepped behind a big rock where I remained until after our artillery had persuaded them to retire. We spent the glorious Fourth of July on the field of Gettysburg, and I have recalled the fact on each succeeding Fourth, and thought what a comfort it must have been to be there in that quiet place, away from the menace and annoyance of the small boy with his fire crackers and the many other objectionable things, incident to the observance of that day in all the large towns and cities in the land.

After we defeated the Rebels at Gettysburg, they retreated towards Williamsport, on the upper Potomac, and we followed leisurely after. They halted at Williamsport and blustered around for awhile, as though they intended to make an effort to regain the laurels they had lost at Gettysburg. But we were ready for them, and if they had not got across the Potomac just when they did, we would have put them across; for any old soldier can tell you that there was fight in the Army of the Potomac.

By the end of the summer, the gallant Army of the Potomac had driven the Confederate legions not only beyond the Potomac, but also beyond

the Rappahannock and Rapidan, and the pulse of the great loyal North, once more beat regular.

I just now happened to think of one thing—it may be that some people who have never had the pleasure of meeting me, would like to know what kind of a looking man I am.

You never saw Lieut.-Gen. Phil. Sheridan, did you? Well, neither did I; but I believe I saw his picture once and, judging by that, I think he and I looked a good deal alike. He was not quite as tall a man as I was (of course, we are speaking now of war times), but was a little stouter built. His face was red and slightly freckled whilst mine was smooth and very fair. His whiskers, or mustache, were red, or sandy, whilst mine were black (when I colored them) and so I must have been a great deal better looking man than him; but then, I suppose, I looked as much like him as he did like me, so we will just let the comparison stand. By the way, speaking of Sheridan, did you ever read his ride about how the mountains rose and fell, etc.? I'll tell you, there surely could not have been any flies on Phil. Sheridan.

During the fall quite a number of skirmishes, or what the western troops would have called battles, took place, in all of which I displayed undaunted courage. One little unpleasantness that took place at Mien Run, I will never forget.

Our regiment was marching unsuspectingly along the plank road, when suddenly and without a moment's warning, a troop of cavalry appeared in the rear. Well, I will not take time to tell all that happened immediately after, but simply state that no man in the Ninety-first regiment was ever foolish enough to challenge me to a foot race after that, as I broke all previous records for fast running on that occasion. But I came pretty near forgetting to mention that this happened just at dusk and the cavalry, as we learned afterward, was our own instead of the enemy's, which fact caused me some little embarrassment when the truth was made known.

Another long winter in camp was now before me and how to wear away the tedium became the all-absorbing thought with me, but I finally hit on a plan. There were quite a number of young men in the regiment of a literary turn of mind like myself, and so we got together and conceived the idea of organizing a class for the study of astronomy. Of course, I knew more about astronomy than any of the rest of them and consequently was put in for teacher; but there was apparently an unsurmountable difficulty that confronted me at the very start: How was I to teach astronomy successfully without a telescope? But I finally thought of a thing that worked like a charm. I brought into requisition

tion an old gun-barrel with the breech-pin blown out, and with that indispensable instrument skillfully mounted across a couple of limbs of a scrub oak that stood close to my tent door, of a clear night, the class could have been seen carefully surveying the heavenly bodies. Well, some of the boys thought that was just perfectly immense, but, of course, I knew better, as the planets had all been observed by me through one of the largest telescopes in the world.

The Army of the Potomac had been reinforced during the winter until it now numbered more than one hundred thousand men and, to inspire renewed confidence, General Grant was sent to assist General Meade to conduct the campaign that was to crush the Confederates at one fell blow.

This great and important campaign opened on the 1st of May, 1864, with the Battle of the Wilderness. Here on the first day I displayed an unusual amount of military skill, in keeping a tree or stump between me and the enemy, and the dexterity with which I moved from one place of concealment to another, would have put to shame the most accomplished bushwhacker or Indian fighter. I fired my entire forty rounds of cartridges, but it will probably never be known just how many Confederates paid the penalty for

their disloyalty to the Union, at my hands on that eventful day. At night I was sent in charge of a detail of five men to act as an out-post or picket, in front of and several hundred yards in advance of our lines. This is a very unpleasant and dangerous duty as any old soldier will inform you, and I was greatly delighted when we came to where a very large tree had been blown down, and lay parallel with our lines and just about the right distance from the front. Its strategic importance and advantages were at once acknowledged by the boys, and we set about to make ourselves as comfortable as possible for the long and wearisome night that was before us. As we had not had anything to eat since early morning, a couple of blankets were stretched up to serve as a kind of screen and a small fire kindled behind the log, and we were soon enjoying a good cup of hot coffee and hard tack and cold beef. We had just begun to eat when a battery directly in front of us opened fire, and as the shot and shell went screaming over our heads and crashing through the tree tops above and around us, I felt as though I was then partaking of the "Last Supper." But receiving no response from our artillery, the firing soon ceased, and we finished our dainty repast. As we had not had any sleep the night before, and in fact very little for several nights, it was almost impossible to stay awake

and the boys were soon fast asleep. But of course I didn't go to sleep, as any old soldier can tell you that it would be very unbecoming a good soldier, and especially an officer, to go to sleep whilst on picket duty. In front of us could be faintly heard the enemy at work evidently trying to strengthen their position by building breast-works, whilst in our rear could be distinctly heard the rumbling of the heavy baggage wagons and artillery over the plank road, which told that supplies were being sent to the front and that our lines were being strengthened. But as the weary hours wore away, this wore away also, and by midnight there was nothing to break the awful stillness and solitude of the wilderness, save the doleful song of the whippoorwill, which seems to ring in my ears even to this day. As I crouched behind the tree or log and peered anxiously through the darkness towards the enemy's lines, I was seized with a kind of a dull, drowsy reverie, that would be truly difficult to describe.

But I was finally aroused from this spell by the rustling of the dry leaves and the crackling of the dry brush, and the next moment heard the sound of horses' hoofs in the near distance.

As the sound came from the direction of the enemy's lines, I knew that not a moment was to be lost in deciding what to do. So I commenced at once to wake up the guard, and this was just

barely accomplished, when peeping slyly over the log, we saw two officers and two cavalrymen riding slowly by. They passed close enough for us to see their gray coats and brass buttons. They passed directly in front of us and parallel with our lines, and were evidently a party of the Stonewall Jackson style of soldiers, taking observations or making a midnight reconnaissance. As I did not want to jeopardize that part of the army under my immediate command, I told the boys to lay still and not even breathe loud.

Now, some people have a very wrong idea as to what it takes to constitute a good soldier. Most people think that bravery is the only quality necessary ; but that is a very wrong impression, a good soldier must have discretion as well as bravery.

Well, as there was six of us and only four of them, if I could have had the positive assurance that they would not have offered any resistance, I would have given them occasion to regret their disloyalty to the Union and to have cursed the day they swore allegiance to the Confederate flag. On the second day I took a very prominent part in making one of Grant's celebrated flank movements a success ; and in crossing a turnpike where the enemy had a pretty fair view of us, I moved with such alacrity that I lost my cap.

Well, the Major seemed to be the only man in the regiment who had an extra cap, and of course he kindly loaned it to me. But as I had to depend on finding one on the field, and among the dead, it was a long time before the Major got his cap back, as it was very difficult to find a cap big enough to cover even the top of my large and finely developed cranium.

The Battle of the Wilderness lasted several days, and in fact, we might say that there was one continuous battle from the Wilderness clear to Petersburg.

Of course, I was in every engagement and deported myself in the most praiseworthy manner, except at North Ann. Here a little act of indiscretion on my part caused me to forego the pleasure of taking a hand in that somewhat sanguinary conflict.

We had to wade the North Ann, which is rather an insignificant little stream, and when we got across I sat down on the bank to wring the water out of my socks. I never could march with wet socks. But while I was thus engaged, the regiment got lost from me; for any old soldier, especially the ninety days men, can tell you what terrible excitement and confusion there is just on the eve of battle. Well, to make a long story short, the regiment did not find me

until after the fight was over and the supply train had come up with the rations.

That is one duty a thoughtful soldier never neglects—is to be on hand promptly when they issue rations. Well, the captain had been slightly wounded and I suppose was feeling a little out of humor, and he said that it was setting a nice example for the men for a sergeant to sit down right when the regiment was going into a fight, and wring the water out of his socks. But I didn't say anything, because a good soldier never talks back to his superior officers. My never failing discretion and good pair of legs enabled me to pass unscratched through all the fierce and bloody encounters between the Wilderness and Petersburg. But there I paid the penalty for my reckless and fearless daring. The firing in our immediate front which had been hot and continuous since early morn, had now ceased and some of the boys said that the enemy had retreated, and so I thoughtlessly and indiscreetly crept out from behind the breastworks, whereupon I received a gunshot wound in my arm. That caused me to feel very sad indeed, as it necessitated at least a temporary absence from the regiment, when my country was bleeding at every pore, and when good men were sorely needed to crush out the most unholy and gigantic rebellion ever conceived by mortal man. I was first sent to the

field hospital at City Point, where I remained for a short time, when I was sent to Washington. But as I was not very badly wounded, and was able and willing to travel, I was soon sent on to the Chestnut Hill hospital near Philadelphia.

That was one of the finest and most extensive institutions of the kind in the country. It contained many fine and comfortable wards, one of which was fitted up and furnished by a very wealthy and patriotic lady, whose name; I regret to say, I cannot now recall. But, however, I chanced to be assigned to that particular ward, which contained among other useful things, quite an extensive little library. Of course, that was highly appreciated by me and I soon became deeply interested in Shakespeare.

Did you ever notice the apt quotations that I so frequently and appropriately use in my common conversation? Well, there is where I learned them—in Shakespeare. After a few weeks spent in the hospital, I again resumed my duties at the front. Our regiment was then in the trenches before Petersburg, and no man stayed closer to the bombproofs than did I.

It was now late in the summer of '64, and as you will no doubt remember, we were then in the midst of a great and important political campaign. By special act of Congress, or by executive proclamation, the right of suffrage was accorded

the soldiers in the field, and politics ran high, even in the trenches before Petersburg. A great majority of the Ninety-first were McClellan men, but of course I was a staunch Republican, as you know, all good soldiers were Republicans. Well, we had very many spirited political discussions around the camp fires, and to be candid about the matter, when it came right down to facts and figures, some of the boys could get away with me, because I had spent so much of my time reading the bible and studying theology, that I had neglected to keep myself posted in politics, and it frequently became necessary for me to bring my ponderous fists into requisition in order to enforce or impress my ideas on my more learned and better posted opponents.

In those days I was mighty well skilled in the manly art of self-defense, and I have many times since regretted that I did not enter the pugilistic arena, for if I had, judging by what a success I have made of everything else I ever engaged in, I firmly believe that John L. Sullivan would have met his Waterloo long years before Jim Corbett caused his sun to go down behind a cloud at New Orleans.

Of course, you have all heard about Grant taking Vicksburg, and about Sherman taking Atlanta. Well, a great many simple minded and overly credulous people have a wrong impression about

that affair. Grant was not entirely alone at Vicksburg, nor was Sherman at Atlanta; they both had a few common soldiers along with them to carry their baggage and to cook for them. Well, notwithstanding the fact that I seemed to be so perfectly cut out for a soldier, and that I had filled the important position to such entire satisfaction to myself, I was really glad when hostilities ceased and peace once more spread its white pinions over the land.

The general results of the war also met with my most hearty approval. I was delighted to see the waters of the Mississippi once more flow unfettered and untrammeled through a united country from Lake Itasca even to the Gulf of Mexico; and the glorious stars and stripes triumphantly wave over every foot of American soil that some other flag does not wave over. But the thing that afforded me the most infinite pleasure of all, was to see Captain Wirz made to suffer an ignominious death on the gallows, whilst Jeff Davis and General Wilder were permitted to go scot free.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Thinking it possible that some overly serious and patriotic person may accuse me of writing ironically of the army and the soldiers and of treating the things pertaining to the war with

too great a degree of levity, I will just explain that we have heard so much of the serious, so much of the doleful that I thought a slight diversion might not be out of place. But to make amends and to retrieve a portion of something that I may possibly have lost in connection with the matter, I will now make an effort to write seriously and give you a feeble and imperfect description, or pen picture, of one battle at least. As our regiment was more actively engaged at Gettysburg than any other of the numerous engagements in which it took part, I will choose it for my subject. We were stationed on that part of the field known as Little Round Top Mountain and should it ever be your fortune to visit the field of Gettysburg, you will have no difficulty in locating our position, as a monument has been erected to mark the spot where the Ninety-first Pennsylvania stood on that memorable day. As history has no doubt informed you, the battle was commenced on the first day of July by the First Corps under the command of General Reynolds, who was killed in the early part of the engagement. Very little fighting was done on the first and second days, both armies seeming to maneuver for advantage in position. But on the third day the battle raged throughout the day at intervals and there was probably no time but that some portion of the line was engaged. Our

command, which was the First Division of the Fifth Army Corps, was not brought into action until about one o'clock in the afternoon. Heavy firing was heard in our immediate front and we were hurriedly formed in line and marched at double-quick time and soon came to a wheat field, where a hand-to-hand encounter was going on, evidently to gain possession of a battery that was posted on an eminence a short distance beyond. This was only a few hundred yards to the right of Little Round Top, and we had only fired a few volleys when we were ordered to reinforce the troops that had already been posted there and arrived just in time to assist in repelling the furious and desperate attack of portions of the splendid fighting corps of Hill and Longstreet. From Little Round Top's rocky summit, where our regiment was posted, a commanding view of the greater portion of the field was obtained. Looking away, away to the right, a panorama of hill and valley lay before us; long lines of Confederate infantry, standing in solid phalanx,—

“A living wall,
A sacred wood;”—

extended across the plain and reached far beyond the vision's utmost limit, whilst directly facing them and not more than half a mile away, stood the Union line of battle, which was posted along the hills and highlands and extended to

and beyond Cemetery Ridge. On our left and perhaps not more than a mile away, the boom of the cannon, which came in quick succession, and the white smoke that arose in clouds and ringlets above the tree tops that partly obscured that portion of the field, told that that part of the line was threatened by the Rebel cavalry, whose long gray lines and sabers flashing in the sunlight, were plainly visible, making preparations for the attack ; but the most horribly grand and awe-inspiring spectacle I ever beheld, was the furious and desperate charge on Little Round Top. They were massed in solid column and like the waves of an angry ocean, they seemed to ebb and flow at Little Round Top's rocky base until fully one-half their number were slaughtered. These troops were mostly from Mississippi and Alabama, and I believe were led by the gallant Pickett. They were dressed in all sorts of clothing — some in gray and some in brown — and wore hats and caps of almost every shape and color ; and as they came rushing and swarming like demons and devils across the open plain, they reminded one more of the bloody commune, of a desperate mob, than of soldiers. There were cannon in front of them, cannon to the right of them and cannon to the left of them. Sebastopol could not have been any stronger. Yet in the face of this galling, double enfilading fire those

desperate and determined men advanced and when whole ranks were hurled to the ground, they coolly reformed and renewed the attack. The son sank dying at his father's feet; the father forgot that he had a child — a dying child. The brother did not see that a brother expired by his side; the friend heeded not the last groans of a friend,—all naturalities seemed to be dissolved and one feeling, one thirst panted within every bosom — revenge. The limit of human endurance was finally reached and their broken and shattered columns stubbornly and sullenly fell back, amid the Union shouts that mingled with, and hushed for the time, the groans of the wounded and dying on Little Round Top. Night finally came on, over-spreading the field of death with darkness, compassionately shutting out from the eyes of the living the sickening spectacle of slaughter. Quiet gradually returned on Little Round Top and by midnight there was nothing to break the stillness, save the groans of the wounded, as they were hurriedly but tenderly borne from the field. On our right and in the direction of Culp's Hill and Cemetery Ridge, an occasional boom of the cannon, which continued at intervals throughout the night, told that that part of the line was still threatened.

“And the rocket’s red glare,
Bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night
That our flag was still there.”

The Confederate army withdrew during the night—that is, the greater portion of it—and by ten o’clock the next day, no signs of the enemy were to be seen. Our position on Little Round Top was not changed and the Fourth was spent on that now historical ground.

I improved an opportunity to take a little ramble over the field and the scenes I beheld there will be vivid in my mind while life lasts. That part of the field known as the Devil’s Den and which, by the way, was directly in front of Round Top, was the first visited. In the language of another, so thick were strewn the dead that the “Earth might well have been called the mother of misery and the generator of despair.” There, on the space of only a few acres, more than 2,000 men, who only a few hours before stood in battle array, now lay prone in death. The old man with his silvery locks, and tender youth with his golden tresses, in many instances no doubt father and son, lay mangled and torn side by side. They were to be seen in ever conceivable shape and attitude. One poor fellow, who had been shot through the body and also through the head but who evidently had not been killed

instantly, had taken off his old ragged clay-be-daubed shoes in his delirium and held them tight, one in each hand, in his death grasp. I made an effort to take one out of his hand, but found it could not be done without a violent wrench. Another poor fellow, evidently a son of the Emerald Isle, held in his hand a little bronze crucifix, which little memento or emblem no doubt served to console his dying moments. A handsome, noble looking young officer held in his hand an ambrotype — a picture of a woman with a babe on her lap. That, in all probability represented a loving young wife and their first born — their Benjamin. And that picture was the last thing he saw on earth, for his eyes, glassy in death, were still riveted on it. A mere youth with one leg shot off above the knee, clasped an open Testament to his bosom. This was in all probability the last gift of a Christian mother to a devoted and loving son, who she was never to see again. And so the description or account could be prolonged through many pages, but we gladly turn our thoughts away from such scenes ; we try to banish from our mental vision the distorted faces and the glassy, expressionless eyes which even in death seemed to be turned imploringly heavenward. Several comrades who accompanied me in my ramble over the field seemed to make very light of the awful scenes

presented there, but for my part, I was deeply affected. Although I had seen many dead soldiers and had even seen quite a goodly number killed, the awful realities of war with its terrible consequences, seemed to have never been fully impressed upon my mind before. "I went through" one poor fellow's haversack, which was nothing more than a dirty bag made from some coarse white cotton goods; all it contained was a half dozen biscuits — half baked and half burned — and about a tablespoonful of green coffee tied up in a little dirty rag. This, I suppose, he prized very highly and no doubt had looked forward with considerable pleasure to the time when an opportunity would be had to roast his ration of coffee and have it to drink with his hard biscuits. I tasted one of the biscuits; it was so hard that I could scarcely bite it and if it contained a single grain of salt, I failed to detect it. They were evidently just made of flour and water. You have no doubt all heard tell of the drummer boy of Shiloh, and I believe there is a person known as the drummer boy of the Rappahannock, but you probably never heard of the drummer boy of Gettysburg. When we were marching to take position on Little Round Top, the regiment was halted for a few moments to allow a battery to pass; whilst standing there, my attention was attracted by a little drummer

boy who stood by the roadside, his little military cap tipped back on his head and lustily beating his drum. He certainly could not have been more than twelve or fifteen years old. I was amazed at seeing him standing there unsheltered and unprotected from the shower of leaden hail, and I drew involuntarily or instinctively near his side, when just then a fragment of a shell tore off both his arms and lacerated his side in such a manner that he died almost instantly. I heard his child-like shriek of pain mingling with the whistle of the rifle shot, as his little life winged swiftly away. No, you have never heard of the drummer boy of Gettysburg, because the impartial historian who has devoted whole pages—yes even whole volumes—to herald the praise of some noted or favorite general, who with field glass in hand stood far in the rear and directed the movements of the army, has never found space for that name, however short, and the probabilities are that the little hero's remains rest in an unmarked and unknown grave on the field of Gettysburg.

CHAPTER VIII.

I WENT to Christian County, Illinois, soon after I was discharged, where my father and many others of my kinsfolks then resided. Here I soon became accustomed to the peaceful life of a civilian, and as I had now spent the greater portion of my boyhood and early manhood away from the company of the fair sex, I esteemed it a great privilege to once more mingle in their society and benefit by the refining influence it naturally has on a young man of pure and honorable motives.

I dressed myself up in fashionable clothes and put liberal quantities of loud smelling perfume on my handkerchief and went out among them. My commanding personal appearance and fine military bearing (a peculiarity which a little close observation will detect in me even to this day) enabled me to get there without the slightest difficulty. Of course as I grew older I began to think more serious of life, and the future generally, and in due course of time, led a very good and highly respected young lady (Harriet Vermillion) to the hymenal altar. This union I most deeply and sincerely regret to say, did not bring or afford bliss exactly, certainly not bliss eternal,



HARRIETT VERMILLION.

and its culmination was in some respects not greatly unlike that of the union of Napoleon and Josephine. But the end was not nearly so dramatic, nor were the gossips quite so numerous.

"'Tis the way of things to go wrong somehow,
No matter how straight the start,
Be it politics, commerce, theology,
Or a little affair of the heart,—
For the cloud and the rain,
And the tears and the pain,
Must play their allotted part.

'Tis the way of youth to have high-souled aims,
And to swear to love alway,
But the mark is missed, or the heart doth change,
And the life-clouds turn to grey,
And the past is a wraith
That disturbeth faith,
And the mirage fills the day.

"'Tis the way of maidens to dream and dream
Of a pretty wedded romance,
But the wrong man wins, and the right man goes,
In a world of mad mischance,
And a saddened wife
Sighs out her life,
With her soul in backward glance.

"'Tis the way of age to look back and frown
On the wreckage of former years,
And to think of the turn that might have led
To the heaven that fortune rears,
But the curses die
As the shrinking eye
Shuts out the view with tears.

"Tis the way of things to go wrong somehow,
And there never yet was man
Who followed his whole life's course to the end
On a set and certain plan,
For the dark and the light
Are the infinite,
And measure them no one can."

As I had not chosen any particular profession or avocation in civil life I decided to engage in the very honorable and independent life of a husbandman. In this, I regret to say, I did not prove the success that I had as a soldier, and at the end of five or six years abandoned any further effort in that direction and with all of my earthly effects loaded into a farm wagon, and hitched behind a span of balky mules I, together with my wife and *Baby "Ruth" (don't that sound musical and familiar), set out for the west to grow up with the country and help build cities. I went to Nebraska to my wife's folks — you know there is where a man generally goes when he gets poor and hard run — to his wife's folks.

Well, unfortunately for me it happened in this case that my wife's folks were not as comfortably situated financially speaking, as some people I have heard of, and I did not locate, certainly not permanently, in their immediate neighborhood. After spending one season in Nebraska, during which time I raised a very fine crop of corn and

*Ruth Cleveland.



RUTH.

potatoes, which I finally had to give away, I came with my family to Des Moines, where I have resided ever since. I brought the same balky mules with me, as I was too honest to sell them or trade them off, and I have often thought since that that circumstance alone was the only reason why I never joined church and became a zealous and efficient worker in the cause of Christianity. Nothing happened that would be likely to interest anybody from the time I arrived in Des Moines, which was in the autumn of 1871, until in the early winter of 1882, I made a somewhat extended tour of the Northwestern States and Territories. I left Des Moines on November 8, in company with Emanuel Knadler and James Harden, who were going with their families to find new homes in the Gallatin Valley in Montana. We traveled by rail as far as Billings, which was as far as the Northern Pacific Railroad was finished at that time, and from there we traveled overland in wagons to Bozeman. After spending a month in the Gallatin Valley I crossed over to Dillon, which is on the Utah & Northern Railroad and went down through Idaho to Ogden in Utah.

There I spent quite an eventful week among the Saints, after which I set out over the Union Pacific for my home in Des Moines. A great deal of interest might be said of the somewhat lengthy trip, but time nor space will not admit.

The boys planned a very extensive bear hunt after we got through, and invited me to take part. But I told them I did not think I would enjoy a bear hunt, but if they saw fit to engage in an extensive rabbit hunt, I would be glad to accompany them. But of course, they despised the day of small things ; so I did not engage in a hunt of any kind, and escaped out of Montana without having my hands stained in the blood of any of God's creatures larger than a bed bug.

After my return to Des Moines, I engaged anew in industrial pursuits, but I am sorry to have to admit, that as a financier, I would hardly be rated as first class. Of course, I have plenty to live on, and my immediate wants, so far as I can see, are amply supplied ; yet, I don't feel able to contribute as liberally to the support of the missionaries, or to the church extension fund, as some of my more affluent neighbors.

O, by the way, did you know that I visited the World's great Columbian Exposition, at Chicago, in 1893? Well, I did, but the Infanta was not there when I was, and so she didn't get to see me. I also visited the Union Stock Yards, and did Phil. Armour the honor of inspecting his slaughtering establishment, where I witnessed the execution of a few Texas steers and Iowa swine. I also took in a part of the city, and went up on top of the Masonic Temple, and as great and

proud as Chicago is, it was once looked down on by me.

Now, I am aware that there is nothing very remarkable about that, and I only mention it to show you how very important a man can be when he gets up a little in the world.

CHAPTER IX.

I WAS not exempt from the blighting effects of the Democratic administration, and in the early part of the winter of 1893, for the first time in life, I was actually caught loafing, and how to wear away the time and make life bearable, with me, became a problem. Well, fortunately for me, the District Court happened to be in session at that time, as I suppose it almost always is, and for a couple of weeks I occupied a very hard seat among the several hundred other loafers that thronged the criminal department from day to day. At first I felt quite well entertained, but it soon became monotonous ; and after I had learned all about law and jurisprudence, the great Iowa Legislature then having convened, I abandoned my hard seat in the Court room and for the next week or ten days, I was a very prominent and conspicuous figure in the lobby or gallery of the House of Representatives, where I soon became perfectly familiar with parliamentary rules and usages, and where I had the pleasure of listening to some of our eminent Iowa statesmen ably discuss some of the great and momentous questions that now threaten to convulse our once peaceful and happy land.

A great deal was then being said and published about the great Mid-Winter Fair, that was then being held at San Francisco ; and after the most due deliberation, I decided to do my part towards making it a success.

Well, as I had never started on a long journey alone, I felt somewhat timid, and set about at once to get somebody to go along, and soon found my man in the person of the Rev. Simon Doran, who, by the way, proved a very cheerful and agreeable traveling companion, indeed. By previous arrangement, we convened, planned and conspired, to pay our respects to the people of the Pacific Coast ; and after the most extensive and elaborate preparations, we bade an affectionate adieu to our weeping and devoted families and friends, and set out on our long and hazardous journey to the sunset sea.

CHAPTER X.

“The great Pacific Railway,
For California hail,
Bring on the locomotives,
Make haste, lay down the rail.

Thundering through the mountains,
Rattling o'er the plains,
Oh! dear me, aint it pleasant,
Riding on a rail.”

WE LEFT Des Moines by way of the Rock Island, at 10 o'clock A. M., on the 14th day of February, 1893, and arrived at Council Bluffs at 2 P. M., on the same day. Our train which consisted of a dozen cars of different descriptions, seemed to regard the numerous towns and stations through which we passed, with utter contempt, as it did not deign to pay them the shortest call. As we found Council Bluffs and Omaha wrapped in their winding sheets, and the turbid waters of the Big Muddy covered with a mantle of the same spotless garb, we will omit any further mention of them at this time.

The next place of importance reached was Lincoln, but I could see nothing subjective there further than the memory of the great and good man for which it was named. After a few hours' run through what seemed to be a fine farm-

ing country, where vast cribs of corn and thousands of acres of thrifty looking corn stalks gave evidence of last year's bountiful crop, darkness shut out the view, and after a long and uneventful night's run through "bleeding Kansas" daylight found us rattling along over an undulating plain in Colorado. Here there seemed to be nothing to relieve the monotony but an occasional ranchman whose only society seemed to be the lean looking horses and cattle that were feeding on the dry bunch grass that grew around his lonely habitation. Colorado Springs was reached at 8 A. M. It is a health resort and might justly be called the city of the invalids. It is pleasantly located, and the natural scenery is by no means insignificant, the foothills of the Cheyenne Mountains being close at hand, with Pike's Peak looming up in the distance. The next place of note reached is Pueblo. It is a thriving little city, situated on both banks of the Arkansas river, and judging by the fine, capacious depot and the number of tracks leading in I should say that quite an extensive railroad traffic is carried on there. After an hour's delay, during which time we changed cars, we resumed our journey and soon reached the great oil city of the West, but our train did not seem to recognize its importance in the slightest degree, as it dashed past with such lightning speed that we could not dis-

tinguish whether the several hundred idle men that swarmed about the depot were white or black. The next point of interest reached I will not make the slightest effort to describe. Have you ever traveled over the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad? Did you ever pass the Royal Gorge in day time? If you have you will readily appreciate my position. No language can describe, no pen can portray its appalling grandeur. The Royal Gorge passed and its awful image indelibly stamped on my memory, we soon reached the Eagle Canyon, through which we climb up, up towards the clouds till Leadville is passed and the summit is reached, and here, at an elevation of more than ten thousand feet above the sea, we begin to descend the Western or Pacific Slope. But what language can describe the awe inspiring grandeur of the scenery that now surrounds us? On our right we beheld mountains piled on mountains till their snowy peaks seem to touch the azure blue above them, whilst on our left we gaze down into a yawning chasm, a bottomless abyss, and we turn involuntarily away from its appalling grandeur, for the head grows dizzy and we find relief when the train dashes into a snow shed or tunnel and there in the solitude of midnight darkness we partly regain our equilibrium only to lose it again when, a moment later it emerges like the moon from behind a

cloud. The next place of importance reached is Glenwood Springs. It is a health resort and fine commodious hotels and bath houses have been erected there. The scenery is wild and romantic. It now being night time we take it in by moonlight.

After an half hour stop, we hurry on down the canyon, our train seeming to engage in a competitive race with the waters of the Grand River, which, close by our side, go rushing and roaring down over a bed of boulders on their long journey to the Gulf of Mexico.

Whilst drinking in the grand scenery, the moon as if to disappoint us, suddenly sank behind the mountain tops in the west, and darkness, like a great pall, hung over mountain and valley. I now retired for the night, and after a few hours of much needed sleep, awoke, and daylight soon appeared.

Our train had now dashed triumphantly across the very bosom of its vanquished competitor, and left it to seek its level in the valley below. We were now crossing an undulating plain and lofty mountains which a short time before seemed to hang over us, were only seen in the far distance. A curve in the road soon brought us to where the monotony was again broken, by a range of lofty mountains standing back against the northern horizon, in awful, silent grandeur.

We were just beginning to admire the lofty snow-clad peaks towering above the clouds, and being kissed by the first rays of the morning sun, when the train men announced that we were approaching the Castle Gate.

Rising out of the mouth, or entrance to the Price River Canyon, are two perpendicular walls five hundred feet in height. They are richly dyed with red, and the tall firs and pines that grow around their base, renders this coloring most grand and beautiful. The two walls or promontories, are so close together, that there is barely room for the river and railroad to pass, and in doing so, the one presses closely against the other. Once past the gate and looking back, they seem higher than when we were in their shadow. They remind one of two great monuments, monuments which they really are—God's own monuments, reared without the aid of human hands or modern skill, and intended to perpetuate and commemorate the wonders of His creation.

"Other lips have uttered fancies,
Other eyes on thee have shone,
Other feet have walked these meadows,
Passing through the gate of stone.

But my lips can not keep silence,
Or my eyes their rapture bate,
As they catch a glimpse of Eden,
Through the cliff-crowned Castle Gate."

Another hour's run and we reach the Great Salt Lake Valley, and after a short time spent in admiring from the platform, the numerous beautiful little farms and orchards, for which the valley is so justly famous, the Jordan (River Jordan of the West) soon is passed, and great Salt Lake City is reached at last.

CHAPTER XI.

AN HALF hour's walk brought us to our stopping place, where we were kindly received, and at once made welcome.

It being in a very quiet part of the city, I congratulated myself on the prospects of having at least a short rest for the mind, as well as the body, but it was not to be so, as we were soon informed that the very house at which we were stopping was one of the old landmarks and was built away back in the early fifties and was for many years owned and occupied by an old-time Mormon, a real live polygamist, and his numerous family. Of course, my curiosity was aroused and the imagination again roamed at will. After spending a very enjoyable evening with our friend, who by the way, was our relative as well, I retired for the night, not to sleep, however, but to more fully realize where I was and to try to recall some of the many things I had heard and read about these strange and peculiar people. In memory I went back to New York State, where Joe Smith is said to have found the tablets ; in fancy I followed him from place to place on his various journeys. I involuntarily sympathized with him in his persecutions ; I left him

at Nauvoo; I turned away from him with a shudder as I saw him bleeding and dying at Carthage, for here kind nature asserted itself, and I found rest in sweet repose. But my sleep seemed troubled and I soon awoke and realizing where I was, the brain was soon awhirl. A whisper seemed to come from out those old adobe walls. The voice was that of a woman and I heard in a low murmur a mother's rehearsal to a child, of how they had crossed the plains and journeyed through the desert and after hauling their little two-wheeled carts up the mountain's steep and rugged side, had come in sight of the promised land. Ah! there is another voice — it is that of a man; it is barely audible and I catch only a few words, "revenge," "destroying angels," "mountain meadows," and as I dwell for a moment on what that last word suggests, as the memory reverts to that bloody scene, I again have occasion to praise nature for its kind interposition.

We will now turn our thoughts away from these strange people; we will leave them with all their imperfections, for the present at least, and in the plain, simple language of the immortal Lincoln, "take a little peep at the city" and the beautiful valley in which it is situated. The city, I believe, is about the size of Des Moines — that is, in point of population — but, I think,

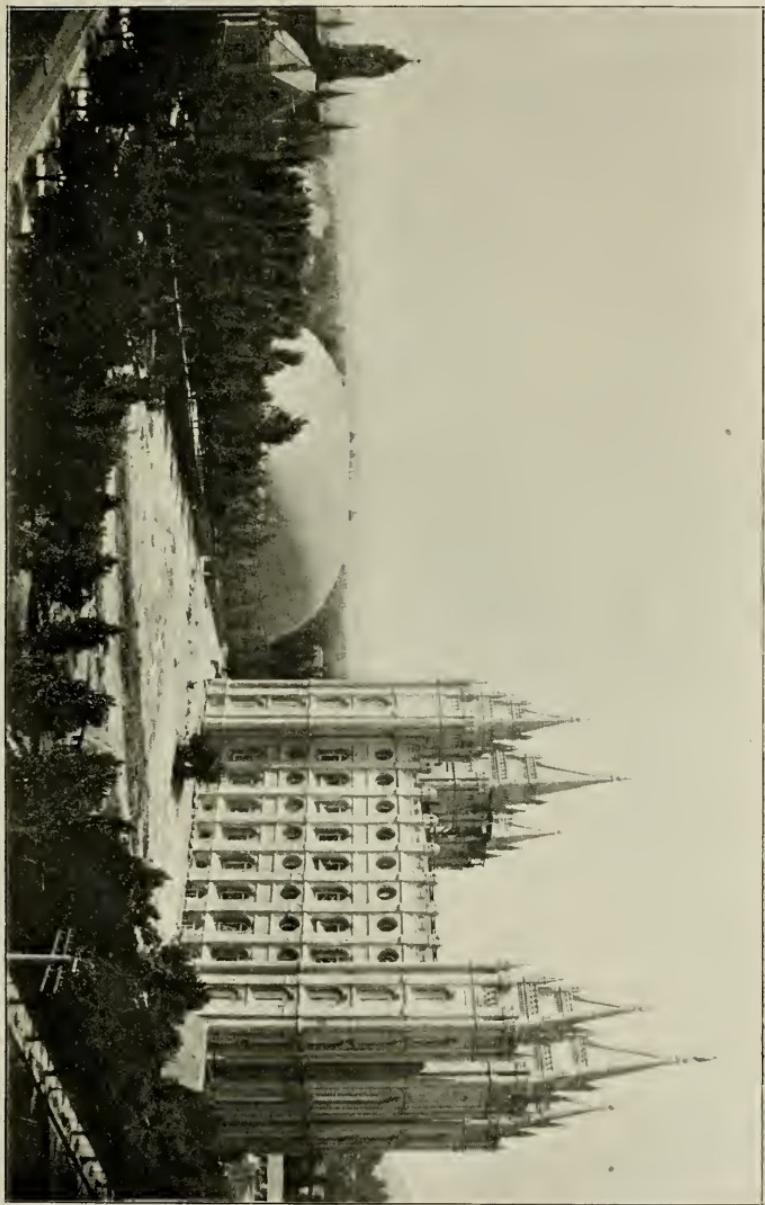
it is scattered over more territory. It is situated on a level plain near, or really at the very foot, of the Wahsatch mountains, with lofty, snow-clad mountains plainly visible in almost every direction. The valley stretches away in an unbroken plain to the northwest and south. It is dotted with well improved little farms and I am informed that the soil is very rich and productive. Farming is carried on entirely by irrigation, and vegetables, grain and fruits are grown to perfection and the city market is abundantly supplied with every article intended for the use and comfort of mankind and at prices as low, if not lower, than at Des Moines. The streets are very broad — fully twice as broad, I should judge, as our Walnut street. The principal business streets are paved with granite blocks, a material the supply of which is inexhaustible in this part of the country. Long rows of graceful shade trees line the streets on either side and almost every lot and door yard is a great or small orchard, as the case may be, and I should judge that Salt Lake City as seen in spring time or early summer, with its hundreds of gardens and flower beds, watered by the numerous little streams of clear, cool water that we encounter at almost every step and turn, and that go rushing and rippling by, leaving us to wonder from whence they came and whither they are going,

must be one of the most beautiful and pleasant cities on earth. As to street railway (the electric being in use), electric lights and all other modern improvements, I can see no reason to doubt but that it is keeping pace with the rest of the progressive world.

As to buildings — I speak now of business or commercial buildings — some are very large and imposing, there being a dozen or more the equal if indeed not the superior of our Equitable or Youngerman block. It is a very fine and important city, as viewed from a business standpoint, and as we tarry for a few moments at the corner of First, Second and Main Streets, which would correspond to our West Fifth and Walnut, and contemplate the hurry and bustle on every side, the oft-repeated saying is recalled “Westward the Star of Empire takes its way.” But we now turn unconsciously and involuntarily, as it were, to the Mormons, for the name seems to be whispered by every breeze, and indelibly written on the sky above us. We will now saunter slowly down to Temple Square. Temple Square is located in the heart of the city. It covers an area of ten acres and is surrounded by an adobe wall fourteen feet high and contains the Temple, Tabernacle and Assembly Hall. It is entered midway on either side through a great wooden door or rather a group of doors. But we will

not go in just now but start at the southwest corner and walk slowly around to the center of the east side, cross over to the other side of the broad street where a fine view of the Temple is obtained. But now what? Although standing gazing right at it in broad day-light what do we know about it, or rather what can we tell about it? In attempting to describe it it would seem proper to first state the style of architecture, but this, I regret to say, I am unable to do. I inquired of several gentlemen, who looked to be well informed, but without eliciting the desired information. I suppose that like the Tabernacle it is so strange and unique that it has never been classified. It is built of gray granite, has six towers, three at each end, the center towers rising to a considerable height above the corner towers; all the towers having ornamental spires surmounting them.

On top of the east center tower standing erect is a gilded statute of the Angel Moronia, who is facing to the east and holding in his right hand a horn or trumpet, which he is in the act of blowing. The statue, I am informed, is thirteen feet high and stands more than two hundred feet above the base of the Temple. Away up perhaps more than a hundred feet above the base of the east center is a tablet on which is inscribed in letters of gold the following inscription:



ASSEMBLY HALL.

TABERNACLE.

TEMPLE SQUARE.

TEMPLE.

HOLINESS
TO THE
LORD.
THE HOUSE OF THE
LORD.
BUILT BY THE
CHURCH
OF
JESUS CHRIST
OF
LATTER DAY
SAINTS.
COMMENCED
APRIL 6, 1853,
COMPLETED
APRIL 6, 1893.

It is a grand and imposing edifice. I am informed that more than \$4,000,000 were expended in its construction. Going south a half a block from opposite the Temple we come to the old Deseret printing office, which, it is claimed, was the first establishment of its kind in Utah. But as I fail to notice anything very interesting here we walk on east another block on Temple Street, which brings us in front of the Lion House. Of course I had heard tell of the Lion House, and had pictured out in my mind about how things looked at that somewhat noted place. I expected to see a representation of a great, fierce looking brute in bronze or marble, standing erect on some kind of an elevation snarling and growling at everybody and ready to devour the first Gentile

that passed that way. But I was disappointed at finding instead a meek, submissive looking, little, old lion, lying down, apparently asleep, on top of the rude stone portico that encloses the front entrance. It is rudely cut out of a block of brown sandstone, and I failed to notice anything remarkable about it ; and if it were not for the associations surrounding it it would be passed unnoticed. But, as you will no doubt remember, this was the residence of Brigham Young and his numerous wives, except Amelia F., who occupied the elegant stone mansion just across the street.

The rude wooden gate or door in front of the house being ajar, I ventured to step inside ; and here a very interesting little circumstance happened to occur. I had just began to try to decide in my mind, whether I was treading or trespassing on holy ground or sacred ground, or simply historical ground, when a remarkably fine and important looking elderly lady, entered through the gate. My first impulse was to run away, but not knowing which way to run, I stood my ground. She smiled complacently upon me, which calmed my emotion and strengthened my nerves sufficiently to engage her in conversation, in which the fact was soon elicited, that she was no less a personage than Margaret P., one of the nine surviving widows of the late lamented

Brigham Young. After politely apologizing, and explaining the cause of my presence there, remembering that our dear frail sisters, as a rule, are somewhat susceptible to flattery, I assured her that I esteemed it not only an honor and a pleasure to meet her, but a very great privilege as well.

This seemed to put her in a very friendly mood, and quite a lengthy conversation followed, in which a considerable amount of highly interesting, and of course, very reliable information in regard to the Saints generally, and the Young family in particular, was obtained.

I had heard a great deal said about the alleged favorite wife, Amelia F., and elicited from Margaret P., the following facts, in regard to that somewhat noted woman.

I asked the question, "Did Amelia really occupy the fine mansion just across the way?" To which she replied, "Yes, Amelia and Mother Young, occupied for a time, the house you see just across the street."

Of course, I then had a curiosity to know who Mother Young was, supposing her to be Brigham's mother; but on inquiry, was informed that she was Brigham's first wife.

Mother Young must have been a truly self-sacrificing and Christian woman, judging by the compliment paid her by Margaret P. Said she,

“And Mother Young was an angel.” At this rather amusing remark or declaration, I drew a very protracted breath, tried to look sober and nodded assent. In regard to Amelia being a favorite wife, she said that that was a very wrong impression. But so common had become the gossip, not only among the Gentiles, but also among their own people, that President Young found occasion to refer to it in the Tabernacle ; and with hands raised towards Heaven, made the declaration that if he had a favorite wife, or a favorite child, or a favorite horse, he prayed that God might strike him dead in the pulpit. She was most lavish in her praise of her late distinguished husband. She grew eloquent, and pointing to the Temple and Tabernacle (which were in plain view), said : “Do you see that magnificent Temple and that wonderful Tabernacle ? They were planned by that mighty mind, and caused to be erected by that indomitable will.”

After twenty minutes conversation with that very agreeable lady, in which I brought into requisition the very finest and high-flown language that my eloquent tongue could command, I thanked her kindly for the courtesy shown me and in taking leave of her, with the assumed grace and dignity of a Chesterfield, hat in hand, I backed and bowed, and bowed and backed my puffed up self through the gate. Once through

the gate, I again regained my head and reason (what little I have got) and sauntered listlessly across the street. The sky had become overcast and great flakes of snow began to fall thick and fast, which would suggest to a prudent man the propriety of seeking shelter, but there seemed something so strange and interesting connected with the surroundings that I tarried for awhile, notwithstanding the approaching storm. The Lion House, the Bee Hive, the Amelia Mansion and the Eagle Gate were all almost within touching distance and the great Temple and Tabernacle in plain view and only a block away. On the west side of the Lion House, ten small gables project from the roof. These overlook the site of the Temple. In fancy I then went back to Brigham's palmy days. With my mental vision I saw in each of the gable windows the face of a woman—submission, devotion and even happiness stamped on every countenance as they sat there regarding with a smile of satisfaction the swarms of devoted Saints at work on the Temple, whilst at the half dozen windows at the front the rest are shooting glances of envy and hatred across the street at the Amelia Mansion ; but here, Brigham enters the gate, the faces disappear from the windows, the curtains drop. In compliance with the request of the devoted Margaret P., I now set out to visit the last resting

place of the immortal Brigham. After passing through the Eagle Gate and walking north one block, then east one block, I arrived at the spot. A square plat of ground containing about one acre and enclosed by an iron fence and surrounded by a row of tall Lombardy poplars, is about all there is to be seen. No shaft or stone rises from its surface (the grave of Brigham being covered by a huge granite slab) and a stranger would pass it a dozen times without noticing it. I then retraced my steps and in a very short time found myself at the south entrance to Temple Square.

The snow now having ceased to fall and the blue sky then appearing, I entered and began at once to take in the Tabernacle and Assembly Hall. I will first attempt to give a short account or description of Assembly Hall. It is situated in the southwest corner of the square, and although it is a fine church edifice that cost \$100,000, so completely eclipsed is it by the Temple and Tabernacle, that it would be passed unnoticed. Like the Temple, it is constructed of gray granite rock. There are four wide entrances, one at each side and end. A wide gallery extends clear around the hall, except at the west end, where the large organ is situated and where there is ample space for a choir of one hundred singers. In front of the organ are three pulpits arranged

in terrace form or steps, one rising above the other as in the Tabernacle.

For its artistic design and the many interesting reminiscences depicted upon it, the ceiling is worthy of special mention. Paintings representing historical scenes and events in the church's early days, abound. One over the west end is very suggestive, being a delineation of the All-seeing Eye, and the emblematical Hive of Deseret. Another represents the Angel Moronia, showing the Prophet Joseph, where the tablets, or plates were hid in the Hill Cumorah. Like the Tabernacle, its acoustic properties are perfect.

We will now turn away from the Assembly Hall, and a few steps brings us in the shadow of the great Tabernacle. I fully realize my inability to write anything that will even approach a comprehensive description of this wonder of architectural wonders, and I would gladly yield the pen to some one more capable of performing that most difficult task. It is situated in the west center of the square. Like the Temple, it is so unique, that its style of architecture can not be stated. There is nothing very attractive about the building, and to be appreciated, must be seen from the inside. In shape, it is what you and I would call oblong, although it is what I believe architects call elliptical. It is claimed

that the roof is the largest self-supporting arch in the world. It is composed of a lattice truss and rests upon forty-four sandstone pillars, ranging in height from fourteen to twenty feet, and three by nine feet in size. As a means of rapid exit, there are twenty doors, all opening outward, and that look to be ten feet wide, so that in case of an emergency, the hall could be emptied of a congregation of 10,000 people in five minutes time. It is eighty feet high from the floor to the top of the roof. In general appearance, it reminds one of the back of a monster turtle. Its acoustic properties are said to be the most perfect and wonderful of any building in the world.

After walking twice around the building and counting its numerous doors and pillars, I stepped to the little office close to the west entrance, where a very polite and obliging Welsh gentleman stays whose duty it is to show strangers through the interior of the building. When we stepped inside I was so amazed at the surroundings, that I had to be admonished to take off my hat; that, of course, caused me some slight embarrassment, but then having attested my conformity with the laws of the Medes and Persians, my guide proceeded to give me a short history or account of the great organ and the Tabernacle and to display its acoustic accomplish-



INTERIOR OF TABERNACLE.

INTERIOR OF TABERNACLE
WILL SEEN BY ENTHUSIASTS.

ments. I was requested to step to the far end of the hall and listen to the dropping of a pin. Well, I never was more fully convinced of what wonderful force there is in imagination and, not wishing to tax your credulity too far, I will assume the responsibility and substitute a ten-penny nail; although I have heard it confidently asserted that one can hear a pin drop in any part of the hall. The interior presents an oval arch, without a single support. The gallery, which extends clear around the building, except at the west end, is 480 feet long and 30 feet wide.

The entire building has a seating capacity of 10,000 and my guide informed me that on extraordinary occasions 14,000 people had assembled within its walls; but the most interesting thing to be seen is the great organ which they claim is the largest in the world, with possibly a single exception. Unlike other church organs, it stands out in bold relief from niche or wall. Its dimensions are 30x33 feet and the front towers are fifty-eight feet high. It has fifty-seven stops and contains 2,648 pipes. The regular choir is composed of five hundred trained singers, and I am informed that on special occasions it has been swelled to one thousand. There are three different and distinct altars, or pulpits, arranged like steps, one rising above the other. These are occupied by the different church officials

and those holding different grades of priesthood. The upper one is reserved for the first presidency of the church, the second for the twelve apostles, and the third or lower one, for the president of the stake.

It was at 2 p. m., on Sunday, February the 17th, 1894, when the reverberations of the thunder-tones of the great organ, mingling with the trained voices of the five hundred singers that composed the choir, had scarcely died away in the far end of the hall, when the Hon. George Q. Cannon, ex-delegate in congress, slowly arose and began his discourse. Although quite audible, I scarcely caught his opening remarks, for the eyes were fixed and the attention centered on the great organ and that wondrous choir seated around its magnificent base. How unlike anything I had ever seen or heard before. The organ standing out from niche or wall, as it does, with its gilded pillars and columns towering to the lofty ceiling above, as seen from a distance reminds one of a grand cathedral. And now to convey at least a faint idea of the immensity of the thing, of its vastness and magnitude, just picture in your mind a congregation of five hundred adults, comfortably seated in chairs arranged in terrace form, one tier rising gently above the other, and all grouped within the space behind the pulpit, and on the platform,

or rostrum, and you will have at least a faint conception of what language in this particular case fails to describe. The sermon, which by the way, did not interest me as much perhaps as it ought to have done, was not yet ended and so I mused for awhile longer.

The attention was still fixed on the great organ and that wondrous choir, and in spite of a prejudice the seeds of which were sown in early boyhood, so grand, so magnificent, so superior to anything else of its kind I had ever heard before was it, that I admire, I praise, I do them homage even had they sang praises to Satan himself. I was then aroused from my reverie by the silver tray of broken bread, closely followed by the silver cup of water being passed in front of me. As a kind of a diversion, I partook of the "Holy Sacrament," for which innocent and inoffensive little act, my reverend friend administered a pretty severe rebuke or reprimand. So on the next Sabbath when we attended services at the Tabernacle, I suffered the cup to pass from me, or rather to pass by me. I then tried to turn the mind and attention away from the organ and the choir long enough to take at least a glance at the congregation. And as I gazed on that sea of upturned faces, when the fact occurred to me that I was one of a congregation of 10,000 people, all comfortably seated within one building

and under one roof, and all within easy hearing of one human voice, I was lost in utter amazement and wondered whether I was really awake or only dreaming. The last shot now fired from the great Cannon (George Q.) and the smoke rolled away, the great organ like a peal of thunder, breaks the stillness, and the choir arises. Being seated close to one of the great doors, I passed slowly out and walked across the street where I took a position where I could watch the last scene on the program ; and as I stood there transfixed with amazement, I wondered whether it was the entire population of Utah or only the church-going people of Salt Lake, that I saw pouring through those portals.

The next object of interest to claim our attention, was the Great Salt Lake, or as it is frequently referred to, the Dead Sea of the West.

Did you ever stand on its low sandy beach and look into its dead, dull, motionless, tideless waters? This inland sea, this wonder of God's creation, that has so excited and yet left so unsatisfied the curiosity of man. God seems to have issued a proclamation to every breathing thing of His creation, and to have written it on the bosom of these waters — thou shalt not trespass here,—for I am credibly informed that no living thing exists beneath the surface of its bitter, brackish waters.

“Locked in the embrace of mountains,
Whose green frontlets watch the isles,
Guarding the enchanted fountain,
Where a siren sits and smiles.

Lake of mystery and wonder,
Lake of silence so sublime,
In thy depths we look and ponder,
On the strangest gift of time.”

Although I had seen the lofty mountains in many parts of the world, from the sea level, from the plain and from the foothills, I had never yet had an opportunity to ascend to their lofty summits, but always having felt such a desire, I set out in company with my friend and host, Jacob Doran, for the purpose of gratifying that long felt curiosity. The foot or base of the Wahsatch Mountains was soon reached, and we began to climb its rugged steep.

Up, up, we climbed until we reached the first terrace or shelf, as my guide called it, and here we stopped for a short rest. From this elevation one of the grandest natural panoramas conceivable opens before us. In the foreground and lying at our very feet is the great city of Salt Lake, with the Temple, the Tabernacle and the hundred other objects of interest in plain view. Looking away to the left across and over the foothills we catch a glimpse of Old Glory proudly flaunting in the morning breeze, and this marks the spot where Ft. Douglas is located, and

whose fine and commodious barracks and capacious parade grounds are dimly outlined in the distance. Looking over and beyond the city, the valley stretches away in an unbroken and level plain thickly bespangled with beautiful little farms, till it meets the lofty range of snow clad mountains that mark its eastern boundary. To our right, and looking across the valley to the southeast can be seen the River Jordan, which in the far distance looks like a silver thread as it winds its way toward the Dead Sea, which reminds one of a great mirror as it lies motionless at the foot of the mountains twenty miles away. After an half hour's rest, during which time my guide kindly pointed out the many objects of interest, we again began the ascent. But soon dark clouds began to gather over and about us, and the sun, which an hour before shone brightly, was now shut out from view. Although everything seemed to indicate the approach of a storm, my guide assured me that we were in no imminent danger, and we continued our ascent up, up, till we reached a point where we basked in the sunshine, and laughed at the snow storm that was raging beneath our feet. It may interest you to know that to descend a mountain is far more difficult and hazardous than to ascend it, for now you are facing the precipice or steep, whilst when ascending your back is turned

to it. After mustering up what little nerve and courage I've got, we began the descent. My timidity caused my guide to take several very hearty laughs at my expense, but his most earnest and positive assurances failed to inspire very much confidence in me, and a considerable amount of time was consumed in coming down. As one result of the trip I had an occasion to practice a little of my philanthropy, as I now had a very dilapidated pair of overshoes to donate to the relief society. But now, as there must be an end to all earthly things, after two weeks' sojourn among the Saints at Zion, we bade farewell to our newly made friends and acquaintances and resumed our journey toward the setting sun.

CHAPTER XII.

THE COUNTRY between Salt Lake and Ogden is one of the most delightful I ever saw. Nestling close to the foot of the lofty range of mountains on our right, is one unbroken chain of well cultivated little farms, orchards and vineyards, whilst on our left is an unbroken plain which extends clear to the lake, and over which thousands of sheep and cattle seem to roam at will.

Ogden, which is the terminus of the Union Pacific and also the initial point of the Central Pacific, was reached in one hour after leaving Salt Lake. It is a a thriving little city of some ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, but as nothing worthy of note was observed, it would have been passed almost unnoticed had it not been for the fact that I chanced to spend quite an eventful week there about ten years ago. That circumstance, of course, called up many recollections of the past and many objects that had become familiar then, were easily recognized. Here we changed cars, taking the Central Pacific, which is now owned and operated by the powerful and all-absorbing Southern Pacific. Corinne, twenty-five miles west, was soon passed, and we

then began to ascend a low range of mountains. This is done by a succession of curves and grades and the almost life-like caution with which our long train accomplished this most difficult task was truly wonderful. Now feeling its way cautiously around a curve so sharp that we standing on the platform of the hindmost car, look straight across to see the engine; now nearing the edge of a bottomless abyss; now trembling on the brink of a yawning chasm; now dashing into a snow shed or tunnel; now emerging like a ball from the cannon's mouth; now reaching a plateau and, as if to make up for lost time, it dashes away with such lightning speed, that the brain becomes all awhirl and the nerves so completely unstrung that to escape what seemed the most imminent danger, we hurriedly retreat within the car. The sun finally sank behind the Sierra Nevadas and darkness gradually shut out the scenery.

A long, restless night was then before us, which was passed without incident and daylight found us rattling over the barren plains of Nevada. All day long our route lay through this apparently worthless region. The soil is what I believe is called alkali and the sage bush seems to be the only member of the vegetable kingdom that can exist on the food of its bitter, poisonous soil.

Have you ever seen or heard tell of a mirage? Here is to be seen that strange and most wonderful phenomenon in its perfection. In the far distance seems to be a beautiful lake of clear water and at the rate the train is running you imagine that it will be reached in a very short time. It is directly in front of you, and as you can see no bridge, you wonder how the train will cross; but you wonder still more when, after hours of expectation, the mystic fairy lake fades entirely from view and leaves you lost in wonder and amazement.

Several towns have been built up along the railroad, even in this desolate region, the male population being mostly employed by the railroad company. Large bands of Indians were assembled at most of these places and it would afford one a great deal of curiosity to see them as they appear in their many different odd and unique costumes. Some in their blankets, moccasins and feathers; some in soldier's clothes and others attired in old, cast-off citizen's clothes—the whole making up the most motley crew imaginable.

From my very childhood I have never had a particle of sympathy for the Indian, and the more I see of him, the stronger that prejudice becomes. They are a low-lived, dirty, lazy set,—they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his

glory, was not arrayed like they. Reno, which was reached about 5 p. m., is a very pleasant little city. It is situated on the beautiful Truckee River and in the midst of a fertile little valley walled in by mountains on every side. It is only a short distance from the California line which is soon reached, and we begin to climb the Sierra Nevadas. Here nature seemed to have overlooked at least one little detail, performed in the Rockies, for here, instead of a natural pass or passage, engineering skill has had to be put to its utmost test, to devise a plan by which the iron horse can climb these lofty mountains, and thus gain access to the Pacific Coast. Unfortunately for me, it was now night time, but I had heard so much said about the Sierra Nevadas that I decided to make an effort to see some of them, nevertheless. So with overcoat well buttoned up and hat pulled down, I took my position on the platform. The sky was clear and the stars shone brightly. Up, up, our heavy train climbed, puffing and panting as it followed the road's serpentine course, until a point was reached where instead of looking up to see the mountains, we actually looked down; and so awfully grand became the scenery, that I actually stood appalled, and was more pleased than disappointed, when at the next moment I found myself enveloped in total darkness, and was informed by the train men

that we had then entered a snow shed, forty miles in length. In regard to this snow shed, of which you have no doubt heard, I will just ^{*}mention a short description, even though my observations were taken by starlight. It is not one continuous shed, as is the general impression, but rather a succession of sheds, and at many places openings occur through which tantalizing glimpses of the scenery can be had. They are constructed of square timbers, mostly six by eight inches in size and of two-inch plank, and are very strongly built. I believe they are designed to protect the road from the terrible and destructive avalanche, as well as from the heavy snows that fall during the winter months. But, however, they are immense, and like most all other things to be seen in this part of the country, excite the curiosity of man. Although the summit is reached amidst the snow sheds, and in total darkness, the change is at once perceptible, for now the speed of the train gradually increases, and the clatter of the engine's iron hoofs grows louder and louder, as it goes dashing headlong down the mountain's side. The snow sheds were soon passed, and, although it was then after midnight, I again resumed my post of observation on the platform. The scenery had now become absolutely appalling. Now looking down thousands of feet into a gulch or canyon, where the great *venture*

pine trees, those giants of the forest, looked like mere bushes, now seeming to leap a mighty gorge, now listing to the right, now to the left, now redoubling its speed, it dashes headlong into a deep cut filled with snow, and as the great rotary snow plow hurls the snow skyward, we retreat hurriedly into the car as the snow descends like an avalanche on our dizzy heads. Sacramento was the next place of importance reached, but we saw so little of it that we will make no further mention of it, but hurry on to San Francisco which was reached at 7 a. m., March 1st.

CHAPTER XIII.

SAN FRANCISCO is not reached direct by rail, as Oakland is the terminus, and from there we cross the Golden Gate Harbor or San Francisco Bay. Powerful ferry boats, owned by the Southern Pacific and other companies, lay in waiting for the arrival of every train, and only twenty minutes are consumed in crossing the bay. Nothing worthy of mention occurred on the passage across, unless it was the curiosity of seeing the swarms of sea gulls that have become so tame that they are actually fed by the passengers from the boat. We were very fortunate in finding a place to put up, and that, too, at a more reasonable price than we expected, and consequently soon began to feel quite at home in San Francisco.

As it seems most convenient for me, I will write up my observations whilst in San Francisco, sort of in the form of a diary, noting what was seen and what occurred on each particular day. After being shown to our room and making some slight changes in our wardrobe, I sallied forth at once to take in the city. Our hotel is situated on Second Street, near Howard, and a few minutes' walk brings us to Market Street, which it might

be well enough to explain is the main business or commercial street of San Francisco, and of course would correspond to our Walnut Street. It is much broader, however, even than our Court Avenue. It is paved with granite blocks, has four street car tracks—two of cable cars and two of horse cars, and these together with the numerous vehicles of every kind and description as they go rumbling over the rough stone pavement from early morn until midnight, create a confusion that is bewildering and a noise that is actually deafening. Walking slowly westward, I soon came to the corner of Fourth and Market Streets. Here is situated the Palace Hotel. As nearly everybody else seemed to be going in I marched in also. Of course I was not one of the guests and therefore felt a little shy. But as nobody seemed inclined to molest me or to make me afraid I soon picked up courage and with the assumed importance of a Gould or a Vanderbilt, found myself mingling with the financiers, politicians, and other great and important men of the nation who make the Palace Hotel their stopping place when visiting San Francisco. As I wished to imitate my illustrious associates as much as possible, I had occasion for the first time in life, to regret my inability to smoke a cigar, as almost everybody seemed to be provided with one of those very useful and highly ornamental little

appendages to a well-bred gentleman's general outfit. But happening to have a toothpick in my vest pocket, the same was at once brought into requisition, and with that indispensable little article skillfully held between my teeth, I paced up and down the corridors and tried to look wise.

As I was in no particular hurry, I remained quite awhile, during which time I chanced to find out who some of my distinguished company were. Phil. Armour, for instance, Chicago's wealthiest citizen. Although he had the pleasure of meeting me face to face, he did not seem to recognize me, nor did I notice anything remarkable in his general or exterior make up. But as I had had a very early breakfast and no dinner, seeing him caused vast hams of meat and long strings of sausage to spring up before my mental vision.

By, the way, did you ever stand in the shadow of a great man and experience that feeling of littleness and nothingness that is so apt to possess one on such an occasion? Well, I have, and that is one of the various reasons why I am so seldom seen associating with that class of people.

But then, to get back to solemn, sober thought (if I possess any such thing). The Palace Hotel is certainly immense. It is 250 by 275 feet on the ground and 120 feet high. Although it is only seven stories, you will readily perceive that

its 120 feet would make, or be equal to, twelve ten feet stories.

I was informed that it contains 998 rooms, lacking only two of being 1,000. It was built by Mr. Sharon, who you will no doubt remember, was one of California's most prominent and wealthy citizens. It is confidently claimed to be the largest and finest hotel in the world.

Diagonally across the street from the Palace Hotel, is the Chronicle printing office building. It is surmounted with a lofty clock tower, and as that happened to be the first thing noticed, our Register building was recalled.

It is an imposing building, ten stories high, and of course, that familiar land mark at the corner of Fourth and Court Avenue, would sink into insignificance and pale into nothingness when compared with that magnificent structure.

The day being rainy and disagreeable, I returned to the hotel quite early, and thus ended my first day's adventure in San Francisco.

Of all the places that I had heard of before starting, and which I expected to visit, of all the places and objects of interest, none held so prominent a place in my mind or expectation, as did the wharf or shipping, and the things generally pertaining to the sea and a seafaring life. There seems to be something in the life of a sailor, or rather in a seafaring life, some kind of an enchant-

ment, an indescribable something, that clings to one even though he may abandon the sea and never see the ocean again.

Thirty-four long years had now elapsed since I left the sea, but to-day as I rambled up and down the wharf and saw the great ships from almost every country in the world, and listened to the language of almost every nationality, in thought and memory I went back and lived that period of my life over again, when in happy, dreaming boyhood, I roamed the wide world o'er having no thought for the morrow, caring naught whither I went or when I came ; the days when the past caused me no regret nor the future any concern.

San Francisco as a seaport town, proved a thing far beyond my expectation. If I had ever seen anything historical or statistical in regard to it, it had escaped my memory. My impression was, that as a seaport, it was only second class.

But here I found one of the finest natural harbors in the world, if indeed it is not the very finest, and well filled with ships from every commercial and maritime country in the world. Sailing vessels largely predominate, and very few steam ships were noticed, although there is a regular line of steamers plying between here and China and Japan, and also between here and Panama, and between here and Portland and other

towns along the coast, with an occasional steamer to the Sandwich Islands. These steamers are mere pygmies when compared with the monstrous ships of the Cunard and White Star Line Companies that ply between New York and Liverpool. After a very busy day put in along the wharf I returned to my hotel completely tired out, and felt glad that the next day was Sunday. To-day is the holy Sabbath Day, but the almanac is the only thing to convince us of that fact, as the stores are all open and we see the great loads of beer being loaded up and hauled away from the big liquor warehouse just across the street. But, however, we soon caught the sound of the church bell, and on inquiring was informed that it came from St. Paul's Cathedral (Catholic). After a short consultation with my reverend friend, we decided to lay off that prejudice caused by early religious training, with our second best coat, and attired in our best bib and tucker we were soon comfortably seated in that magnificent temple of worship. After partaking of a good dinner I took a stroll along the wharf where I saw hundreds of men busily engaged loading and unloading ships, apparently unconscious of the fact that it was the holy Sabbath Day. I returned to the hotel quite early, where I put in the remainder of the day in prayer and meditation—largely in meditation. At night we attended the Rev. Dr.

Case's M. E. Church on Howard Street, and was surprised to hear how good I could sing bass. On Monday morning we set out quite early to take in the great Midwinter Fair. It was located in the Golden Gate Park, which is about three or four miles from the business part of the city, and was soon reached by cable car. I suppose if I had not had the pleasure of seeing the World's Fair at Chicago I would probably have considered it very grand and immense indeed. But my week's experience in the White City by the lake was too fresh in my memory to be carried away in ecstasies at the first glimpse of the little side show in Golden Gate Park. Well, the first thing we looked for when we entered the gate was the Midway. But of course we looked in vain, and just began to feel disappointed and wondered how they could have a fair without a Midway. Looking away to our left and over the tops of the buildings we caught sight of a Ferris wheel, (Firth wheel). Well, as we were too stingy to pay a dime for one of the hundred little guide books that were thrust under our nose inside and outside of the gate, we did not know where to go first, so we went gawking along over toward the wheel. Unlike anything else I had ever seen, it seemed to grow smaller as we approached it. Of course we did not venture to take a ride, for fear we would break it down. But, however, this pre-

sumptuous little squeaking wheel put in all its time from morning till night in its persistent effort to imitate that monument to engineering skill, that wonder of the world's wonders, in the Midway Plaisance.

Ah! we now catch the sound of brass horns and hear the roll of the drum and, as we are great lovers of music, we hurry off in the direction from which the sweet strains emanate. On our way we were so charmed that we came pretty near stumbling over the Machinery Hall, and the Manufacturers' and Liberal Arts building was passed without ever noticing it at all. Here distance is not near so great as it was at Jackson Park, and a very few minutes' walk brought us in front of the band stand, where we were reminded of our own far-distant Iowa, the land of the corn and the home of the hog, by seeing our great Iowa State Band, with overcoats well buttoned up, playing one of their well-selected and popular pieces to about fifteen or twenty lovers of music, who occupied the half acre of benches in front of the stand. I actually felt embarrassed and I wondered how they could have the heart or patience to sit there in the cold, damp wind for two mortal hours and play to empty seats. On inquiry, I was informed that this was a daily occurrence since the Fair began. For some reason or other, the general public attending the Mid-

winter Fair did not take any interest in our Iowa State Band, or the music they played. Well, the weather is so chilly that we will have to move on to keep warm. The next place of interest we came to was the "Forty-nine" Mining Camp. It might be well enough to mention that to be a "Forty-niner" is a very great and important thing indeed, here in California, and anyone who can justly claim that distinction is looked upon as an individual of no ordinary importance. I was not as deeply interested in the "Forty-nine" Mining Camp as some people seemed to be and so made but a short stay and passed on filled full of expectations of what wonderful things were liable to disclose before us at any moment.

The Wild West Show, the Turkish Theater and the Streets of Cairo were all very fair representations of the side shows in the Plaisance and the barbaric music and other attractions carried us back to the Midway.

The fruit exhibit was as fine perhaps as it could possibly be, surpassing even that at Chicago. The Mineral Hall, or exhibit, seemed to be a very great attraction and we spent quite a little while there. I was a little amused at the wonderful amount of interest that a dozen or more enthusiastic men took in showing visitors the different specimens of ore and explaining the amount and

quality of the precious metals it contained. Of course, I tried to look wise and make them think that I understood all about it, when in reality I could not distinguish gold from brass, nor silver from zinc.

It was not until some time after my return from the great fair at Chicago that I happened to read in one of our city papers of some of the fine paintings that were on exhibition there and I felt like kicking myself for not having spent more time admiring them. So, in order to retrieve at least a portion of something I imagined I had lost, we went next to the Art Gallery. Once inside, my artistic imagination was given full liberty and allowed to roam at will. Time and space is the only reason I have to offer for not giving a full and comprehensive description of the mighty masterpieces of art that passed my inspection - here, but, as you are no doubt aware, my time is valuable and after a whole half hour spent in that Louvre, I passed out fully convinced that I had the ability to distinguish between a five dollar and a five thousand dollar picture. The Art Gallery being the nearest building to the gate, we decided to forego the pleasure of seeing any more of the Fair and took the first car for the city. In regard to the Mid-winter Fair, I will just say by way of recapitulation that it was a very small affair, indeed.

Of course no intelligent person expected to see any such an exhibition as was held at Chicago. But it did not meet the expectations of those who went prepared to make the most liberal allowance. For architectural beauty and splendor the buildings far surpassed those at Jackson Park. But everything was gotten up and done on a very small scale, and the quickest, easiest and best way to describe it is just to simply say it was pretty. Tuesday being rainy and disagreeable without we took advantage of an opportunity to visit the United States mint and also the county and city courts. Although I had the pleasure or curiosity of visiting the mint at Philadelphia, I felt no less interest on that account, as there is something so wonderfully interesting that one never tires of seeing it. For instance, don't you think it would interest you to see brand new dimes and quarters, and even standard dollars dropping from a press or stamp at the rate of five hundred per minute? How would you like to see a vault that contained twenty million brand new shining silver dollars, and stand beside a one hundred and fifty horse power engine that does not make any more noise than a Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine? These were only a few of the many wonderful things to be seen in the mint. The mint officials are very strict, not only with the employes, but

those visiting the mint. Certain hours in the day (from 9 A. M. till 2 P. M. are allotted to visitors. When you enter you are at once conducted to a reception or waiting room, where you are required to register, and then, under the care of a regularly commissioned guide, you are conducted through the different departments, during which time you are as clay in the hands of the potter. You are told to come on, and you are told to stop, etc.

We next visited the courts, but of all the things we had yet seen I feel that this is the most difficult to describe. The county courts, records and everything pertaining to an institution of that kind, as well as those of the city, are all contained within one building. The building is not lofty and imposing like our State House, but I feel perfectly safe in asserting that it is fully as capacious. Here the court business is so great that there are several police courts in session at the same time, designated Department 1, Department 2, etc. We dropped in for a few moments to see how they compared with the great police court at Des Moines. We were amused to see the motley crowd of negroes, Chinamen and repulsive looking white men that occupied the iron cage in the corner of the court room. We also went into one of the county or districts courts. It happened to be of the criminal branch, and

we remained long enough to find out that the case before the bar was that of murder—Patrick Malone, defendant, having carved William Kelly, now deceased, up with a razor. And when I make the assertion that there was apparently no more interest taken in the case than there would have been at Des Moines at the trial of an empty beer bottle you will no doubt accuse me of insincerity.

After an hour or more spent in walking up and down the long dark corridors, peering into the numerous departments, we passed out of that great stone temple where justice and vengeance are dealt out in great and small doses, as the case may be, six days in the week, and with the ever surging mass of humanity drifted along towards our hotel. As my reverend companion was feeling somewhat indisposed, I set out alone on Wednesday morning, but did not realize until I returned at night what an eventful day was before me. Market Street seeming to be the great magnet, or center of gravitation, I soon found myself engulfed in the sea of humanity that, like the ocean's restless tide, seems there to ever ebb and flow. I left Market Street at Powell, and after going north two blocks came to Union Square. This is a beautiful park and the fresh green grass and bright roses and lillies presented a sight that I had not been accustomed to seeing at that time

of the year. After a short rest I moved on slowly to the north till I came to the corner of California and Powell Streets. Here is situated the former residence of Leland Stanford. I stopped for a short time to admire its imposing grandeur and to try to recall some of the things I had read about that great and good man. I then turned east and soon came to Stockton Street. Here is situated Grace Church, which reminds one very much of our old Allen Church, at the corner of Eighth and High Streets. The Temple Emanuel, the great Jewish Synagogue, on Sutter Street, was next visited and from there I went to Dupont Street and soon turned up Chinatown. Here I saw so much of interest that I hardly know how to begin to tell about it. It had been my fortune some thirty odd years before, to see these strange people in their native land, and from that fact I had pictured out in my mind about how things looked in Chinatown. But I was greatly deceived in my expectations. Chinatown is situated, we might say, in the very heart of San Francisco and whole streets or parts of streets are built up with brick and stone buildings that would compare very well with our business houses on East Fifth Street. And that is not all. I am informed that they own the greater portion of the property. I regret to say that I cannot inform you how many of these people there are

in San Francisco, as I have no statistical account at hand to draw from; but they are far more numerous than I had expected, and judging from what I was able to learn they number from twenty to thirty thousand. They have several newspapers published there, and I availed myself of an opportunity of going into one of their printing establishments and seeing them publish their paper—*The Chinese Record*, Mun Kee Sing Lee & Co., proprietors, No. 754 Washington Street—a copy of which I purchased and brought home as a souvenir. The occupations of these people are various. There is scarcely anything that they cannot do, the work of women, as well as men.

They seem to do the washing and ironing for the entire population. They sprinkle the clothes as they iron them, by squirting water over them in a fine spray from their mouths. One of the most remarkable things about them is their genius for imitation. Show them once how to do a thing and their education is perfected. Their religion is a cheap, showy idolatry, and I am informed that there is nothing like fanaticism in it, as they are said to be the least emotional of any people in the world. Joss is their God, or idol, and the Joss houses, as their numerous little churches or places of worship are called, are fitted up with altars and images, very much like the Catholic churches. Their greatest vice is

gambling, which seems to be going on constantly in their houses and shops, and commercial women and a sort of barbaric music minister to its indulgence. Opium smoking ranks next and in several places I had the curiosity to look into their apartments and see the victim with his wildly brilliant eye and thin haggard face, lying on his mat in the midst of his fatal enjoyment.

After spending a couple of hours in Chinatown, I strolled on slowly down to Sunnyside, and proceeded to do the vegetable and poultry markets on Front and Clark Streets.

Here I saw a few heads of cabbage. As to poultry, one would think that every hen roost in Christendom had been robbed, for if there was one chicken there, there were 10,000, and the crowing of roosters, the cackling of hens, the gobbling of turkeys and the squawking of ducks and geese, mingling with the rattle of the countless huckster carts over the rough stone pavement, created a noise the like of which I don't suppose has ever been heard since Hell Gate was blown out of New York Harbor. Enough of old dirty hen coops or cages had been allowed to accumulate to make a pile as big as Bunker Hill.

As interesting as things were generally, I did not make a very protracted visit and with fingers on the nose went away, deciding in my mind that

notwithstanding San Francisco's boasted sanitary regulations, I had found one place, at least, where dirt reigned supreme and where "stink" was prime minister. I had scarcely got a block away from the market when I had the good fortune to find a brand new silver dollar, which I snatched up with considerable haste, but before I had time to hide it in my pocketbook, a poor, friendless looking red-headed woman carrying a babe in her arms and leading a hungry looking "kid" by her side, approached me and with tears running down her freckled cheeks, informed me that she had not tasted bread for two days. Whereupon my tender heart was touched to such a degree that, on the impulse of the moment, I handed her the whole entire dollar. After pausing for a moment to receive the poor woman's blessing, I moved slowly on marvelling at what mysterious ways God moves his wonders to perform.

Up to this time we had not taken time to go to any of the numerous theaters or concert halls for which San Francisco is so justly famous, so I just thought being I was alone, I would avail myself of an opportunity to visit one. On Grant Avenue the sweet strains of "castle rag" music attracted me (as, indeed, music invariably does) and I soon came to where it said in large letters over the door, "Varieties Theater." Here my selfish disposition manifested itself a little when

I read in another place, "Admission, twenty-five cents," and thought how the dollar that I had given away would have taken me in four times without having to break on my regular income. But, however, after a short deliberation I procured a ticket and went in. I was a little late and the greater portion of the audience had assembled. The audience was not very large, nor had I any cause to suspicion that any of them belonged to San Francisco's "Four Hundred." Another very noticeable thing was, there was not a single lady, woman, or even female, there to lend grace or charm to the occasion and when the curtains were raised and the actors, or rather actresses, appeared on the stage attired in their thin and transparent costumes, I was fairly shocked and, had I not been afraid that it would have been considered bad manners to leave before the play was finished, I would have got up and gone right out, but really, I never was so ashamed or embarrassed in all my days, and as hard as were the times, I would have willingly given a dollar for the use of an opera glass to hide my blushing face. I next went to the Board of Trade rooms, where is to be seen quite a museum, consisting of specimens of the various productions of California, embracing minerals, fruits, grains and vegetables, etc. There is perhaps no city of its size in the world that

affords so numerous and various attractions as does San Francisco. In my opinion, Broadway, New York, does not present the scene of bustle and business animation that is to be seen every day on Market Street in San Francisco. When I arrived at my hotel that night, I had occasion to congratulate myself on having escaped the dangers and temptations incident to a day's adventure in a great and wicked city like San Francisco. We next went to the Precedio.

This is a military reservation belonging to the United States Government. It is situated about five miles from the city, and comprises an area of 1,500 acres. It is easy of access, being reached by cable car. Two regiments of United States Troops, one of cavalry and one of artillery, are stationed here. It is close to the entrance to the Golden Gate Bay or Harbor, and here are stationed at every available point, great sable iron sentinels, ready at a moment's notice to belch flame and iron at the British Lion, the Russian Bear, or any other of the great and ferocious beasts of the earth, should they dare to trespass there. By the courtesy of Sergeant Lesco Merrill, of the Fifth Artillery, was this beautiful military post, this Gibraltar of America, shown to us.

Were you ever at San Francisco, and did you ever see the Cliff House? Well, that was the

next place we visited. A trip of about five miles by cable and steam cars, over and through the intervening sand hills, brings you to this most popular pleasure resort. It is outside of the Golden Gate, and here we saw for the first time the wide Pacific rolling in and rolling out, and as my eyes rested on its broad expanse, and as I listened again to its once familiar moan, I felt an emotion that is truly difficult to describe. O, grand old Pacific Ocean! what language have I to do thee honor, for being the largest and the greatest of all the things of God's creation. I kneel at thy shrine to-day, I praise thee, I honor thee, for having oftentimes rocked me to sleep on thy mighty bosom, and for once having borne me in safety from the Orient even to the Occident. Just at our right and around the corner is the Golden Gate, and we can see ships passing in and coming out of the Bay. A lofty cliff, rock or promontory, places your feet beyond the sands within the ocean, and from this elevation you strain your eyes to catch a glimpse of China and the Sandwich Islands ; for they are right in front of you, and as there is no intervening object it seems as though you ought to see them. Directly in front of the Cliff House, there are a half dozen fragmentary rocks which look like great ruined castles moored in the ocean. These are known as the seal rocks, and they are literally covered

with those great sleek and slimy amphibious calves. These are precisely the same kind of animals that are so frequently called sea lions, and that you often see in the shows, all body, small head and web feet, bobbing up and down in their water tanks, and making you almost weep to see their large, liquid human eyes, like those of a hungry, sorrowing woman. Crawling up from the water as awkwardly as a babe at its first attempt to creep, they spread themselves all over the rocks, twenty and thirty feet high sometimes, and lie there as if comatose, occasionally raising the head to look around and utter a coarse rough bark. Often two or three, by reason of a newcomer, get into a combat and strike and bite languidly at each other, till finally, as if in disgust, they abandon the conflict and plunge one after the other into the sea and disappear beneath the surface. An opera glass brings them close to you, and there is a wonderful fascination in watching their performances. They are of all sizes, from the baby seal of thirty or forty pounds up to the old timer, that looks to weigh three or four hundred pounds. Sea gulls and pelicans dispute possession of the rocks with them, and, as seen from the cliff, seem to walk right over them.

As we had now spent one of the busiest weeks of our life at sight-seeing in San Francisco and

vicinity, we decided to leave for Los Angeles, but as a long evening was before us, we availed ourselves of an opportunity to visit Eden Museum. If you should ever visit San Francisco, you will never regret a visit to this highly interesting place of amusement. It is situated on Market Street and so vast are its proportions that six floors are occupied by its numerous exhibits. The world's most noted events are here represented, or depicted, in wax figures in life size; and art, drama, allegory and history, both sacred and profane, have been drawn upon to produce the wonderful representations which once seen will never be forgotten. In addition to the wax figures, there is a vast collection of the most magnificent panoramic views I ever beheld, a few of which I will mention. We stand appalled at Niagara's fearful plunge, and so real does it seem that the stillness alone is all that convinces us that we are not in reality standing by its awful brink. Another step, and the great naval engagement at Hampton Roads unfolds before us, and we view with a shudder of horror the murder of the frigates Congress and Cumberland and as a soothing balm, we take another step to the right and smile at the suicide of the Merrimac. We now pass on, merely glancing at the many impressive scenes, until we come to the field of Gettysburg. Here I paused long and anxious.

Away in the distance, enveloped in the smoke and flame of battle, loomed up Little Round Top, and so real was the representation, that I imagined I could locate the very spot where the Ninety-first Pennsylvania stood on that awful day. Still another step to the right, and I came pretty near breaking into cheers as I saw my comrades fighting above the clouds on Lookout Mountain. We now come to a group of wax figures, but can only take time to mention a few of the most impressive. A striking and most interesting scene is a group in Hall No. 2. In the distance, stretching away a panorama of mountain and valley, in the foreground is Isaac, lashed to a pile of fagots, his father standing beside him with uplifted knife, while close by is the ram with horns fast in the bushes. With the Bible story, which I had neglected to read since my boyhood, passing review in my confused and clouded mind, we passed on and soon came to the drunkard's home. This is one of the most perfect and impressive pictures of real life imaginable, but I will leave you to draw on your own imagination for a reproduction of this scene, and at once pass on to the lower story, or basement, which is most appropriately called the "Chamber of Horrors." Here is a group of South Sea Islanders roasting a prisoner for the feast, whilst just across the aisle, is an Indian scalping scene,

but the most striking scene of all is Custer dying on the fatal field of Little Big Horn. He is surrounded by dead Indians, soldiers and horses ; on his bosom is seen the fatal wound, his heaving breast rising and falling in the most natural manner, and we look with awe and wonder at the skill that could so perfectly represent the dying hero.

CHAPTER XIV.

IT WAS at 9:00 A. M., on March 9th, when we showed our tickets at the gate to the Southern Pacific's magnificent depot or wharf at the foot of Market Street and in company with the several hundred other tourists passed through and on to the ferry boat that was waiting to take us to Oakland.

As the magnificent floating palace drifted slowly away toward Goat Island, a fine view of the surroundings was obtained. Looking up the Bay, almost as far as the eye can reach, is seen a fleet of fishing smacks, which, in the far distance, look like a flock of mammoth sea gulls, with their white sails barely discernible above the water's surface, whilst just a little beyond, a huge black object with a dense cloud of smoke hanging over it, tells that a steamer is coming down the Bay. Just ahead of us, and scarcely across our bows, is a clipper ship under full canvas, evidently trying to economize by slowly and cautiously tacking its way toward the Golden Gate. Directly in front of us, long rows of stately buildings at Oakland seem to slowly rise out of the water, whilst behind us an unbroken chain of wharfs, warehouses and shipping, extending far beyond

the vision's limit, gradually grow smaller in the distance.

Our route from Oakland to Los Angeles seemed to possess every condition of soil and afford every variety of landscape and scenery. We passed through the lowlands and the highlands, the good lands and the bad lands, and the ever-changing and alternating scenes afforded us not only pleasure and amusement, but a considerable amount of information as well.

We first passed the beautiful and well-cultivated little market or vegetable gardens and neatly arranged poultry farms that line the valley and extend far toward Port Costa, where the valley suddenly widens out and where we emerge into an undulating plain, where the last trace of the Bay is soon lost on our left, and where the lofty mountains on our right look like foothills and are soon lost to sight in the distance.

This looked to be a grazing country, but as I did not see any stock of any kind, I am at loss to know how it is utilized.

We had just begun to grow drowsy over the monotony, when we struck a rich farming country and now, passing through one of the levelest and most beautiful countries I ever saw, soon got our first glimpse of the orange and lemon groves of California; but we did not go very far until a change in the condition of the soil, I presume,

brought us to the grape growing region and then after more than an hour's continuous run through one vast vineyard, we struck the grain growing section, and after going to sleep whilst passing through a ten thousand acre wheat field woke up in a tunnel three miles in length ; and so on, until the next morning we took breakfast seated not under our own vine and fig tree exactly, but under somebody else's vine and fig tree and in the " Land of the Angels " (Los Angeles).

CHAPTER X V.

AS MY traveling companion, the Rev. Mr. Doran, had spent a winter here some three years before, and had become somewhat familiar with the city and acquainted with some of its good people, we soon felt quite at home at Los Angeles, and began at once to drink in the beauties and pleasures of this most delightful clime. But time nor space will not admit of anything further than a mere hint at what we saw and experienced during our very eventful three weeks' sojourn here. We took our meals whilst here at Mr. Ora Miller's, on Sixth Street, who, by the way, is a brother-in-law of Mr. Doran's, and where we had nicely prepared and set before us three times a day a liberal portion of the good things that this country produces; and if there was anything omitted on their part, to make us happy, we failed to detect it. Los Angeles is a city, I should judge, about the size of Des Moines, and contains very many fine and costly buildings. But a very few days spent in walking up and down its well-paved streets, quite satisfied me, and I availed myself of an opportunity to see some of its surroundings. Of course there is always something attractive, something even fascinating, about the

sea, the restless ocean ; and thither we repaired. The insignificant little port of Rodundo, sixteen miles distant, is the nearest point. It is quite accessible, the Sante Fe having tracks over which trains are run every two hours. The country for the first six or eight miles is the richest and most beautiful I remember of ever having seen. The surface is just as level as a floor, and here are situated the fine market gardens that supply Los Angeles with the choice fresh fruits and vegetables with which its markets are so abundantly supplied. Thousands of acres of this rich, level valley are thus utilized ; and the hundreds of Chinamen with pants rolled up, and big hoe in hand, tapping the irrigating ditches, present a truly interesting sight. After passing the gardens a few very fine orange and lemon groves are seen, when the country gradually becomes undulating and by the time we get within three or four miles of Rodundo, the green grass gradually gives way to sand and sage brush, and the little spots and streaks of green that are to be seen at Rodundo, I think have to be aided by artificial means to retain their verdure. The day was calm and we found Old Pacific in its most happy mood. Did you ever see the ocean ? Did you ever see it when angered by nature's dark, cloudy frown ? It lashes itself into foaming fury, and causes you to stand appalled at its deafening roar.

And have you seen it when under the influence of nature's calm, sunny smile ? You can approach almost to its very brink, and there listen to the soft wash of the waves as they break on the sandy beach, and watch the little white caps as they seem to chase each other in playful glee, until lost in the impenetrable distance. Going south from Rodundo the shore is smooth and level, and here for the first time since my boyhood, I had the pleasure of rambling along the sandy beach, and gathering the beautiful little shells and different shaped stones, now made as smooth as glass by the wash of possibly a million years. As I said before, the day was calm and so was the ocean calm, but not still, for it is never still, and even to-day it made manifest its restless, irritable disposition, by keeping up an incessant roar or moan, at us, and pursuing our fleeing footsteps with a sheet of foam, whenever we dared to venture too near its awful brink. As I have before stated, this is the nearest port to Los Angeles, and here is located a very large and fashionable hotel and a very extensive bathing house, or rather a dressing house, where are kept numerous bathing costumes for the use and accommodation of the hundreds of people who come here during the bathing season for a plunge in the surf. As a seaport I should say it would hardly rank as first-class, as we saw only one

vessel, a two-masted schooner, and it lay high and dry on the beach. The town proper contains a couple of stores and restaurants, and about fifty cottage dwellings.

Have you ever heard of Pasadena? Well, it is only nine miles from Los Angeles, so I will just jump on the train and run out there and take a little "peep" at it, and then try to tell you how it looks and what I know about it. Forty minutes' ride on the Los Angeles Terminal, through and across the Arroyo Secos, which is a very low range of mountains or foothills which separates the Los Angeles Valley from the San Gabriel Valley, and we are at Pasadena. It is a city of about eight thousand inhabitants. It is frequently referred to as The Home City of the San Gabriel, for the reason, I suppose, that a great many of the inhabitants, like our former well-known citizen, Calvin Thornton, after having accumulated a sufficient amount of wealth in the East, have come here to bask in the sunshine, and live out the balance of their days among the orange groves of Southern California,

Here the orange and also the lemon seem to grow to perfection, and many of the long, level streets of Pasadena are lined with these beautiful green trees, laden even now with their golden fruit. In fact, it might be said that Pasadena is one vast orange grove. Did you ever see an

orange tree? If you have not, I will try to tell you how they look. They do not grow as large as do our apple trees in Iowa, nor do the limbs branch out or spread out from the trunk or body as does the apple tree. The bark is smooth and of an ash color. The foliage is very dense and in shape and color very similar to our osage orange that is grown in Iowa as a hedge or fence. I am informed that it is ever green, the shedding process being imperceptible. The fruit at different stages is to be found on the tree at any and all times of the year.

In addition to the orange groves, there are also large lemon groves in the San Gabriel Valley, while peaches, apricots and all kinds of small fruit are produced in abundance, but it might be interesting to note, that we did not see any apple or cherry trees and no very extensive vineyards.

As to natural scenery, there is nothing particularly striking about Pasadena, unless it is the Sierra Madre range of mountains, which mark the northern boundary of the valley about five miles away. They are not lofty like the Rockies or Sierra Nevadas, but as seen from the valley, present no mean appearance, and as the Terminal takes us to their base, we will just run up there and get a bird's eye view of Pasadena and the San Gabriel Valley.

But, before I proceed any further, I will have to relate a little circumstance that had I been traveling alone, would surely not have been mentioned. Professor Low, the once celebrated aeronaut, conceived the idea some years ago of having constructed an incline, or cable railroad, to lead up the side of the mountain three thousand feet to where it reached a natural shelf, or plateau, large enough upon which to construct a number of buildings, and to lay off and ornament pleasure grounds, making a most delightful resort for tourists. This incline is as steep as the roof of a house half pitch and, as already stated, 3,500 feet in length.

Well, to make a long story short, although we set out with the avowed purpose of going up, when we got to the foot of the mountain and saw how frightfully dangerous it looked, I backed right out and no amount of ridicule and persuasion could induce me to go up. Of course, I was laughed at and made fun of by everybody and really I never felt so ashamed of myself in all my days to think I was so cowardly and timid when everybody else was so brave and daring, and, in fact, it became necessary for me to go to work and relate some of my deeds of daring when in the early sixties I rushed to the front to save my bleeding country from dissolution before I could again command respect; but

to lessen our disappointment and to retrieve some of my lost reputation, I decided to ascend the mountain on foot, but a considerable amount of persuasion was required to get my reverend friend to consent to accompany me, as of course he blamed me for the disappointment in not going up the incline. But, after a short rest and many protests, we began to ascend. We had not gone a great distance until we came to the mouth of a canyon, where we were greatly surprised at finding not only a snug little cottage, but a good deal snugger little woman, standing outside, who saluted us pleasantly, whereupon we engaged her in conversation.

This little unforeseen circumstance changed or altered the condition of affairs, and when we went on from here, it was me that was mad, and my reverend friend that was glad—made so by the friendly conversation with the lady, whilst I was mad because he monopolized all the conversation, and hardly gave me a chance to slip in a word edgeways. But, however, soon all went merry as a marriage bell, whilst up, up, we went, following the narrow path which ascended gradually from the bottom of the canyon, until finally the low murmur of the little rivulet as it followed its serpentine course towards the valley below, was heard no more, and so awful had become the stillness, that we fairly start at the sound of our own

voice. Our path now led through dense thickets of underbrush and past projecting ledges of rocks, and soon visions of grizzly bears, mountain lions, brigands or highwaymen, began to loom up before me. Up to this time I had been quite bold and fearless, and had persisted in taking the lead, but now for the first time in life I suddenly became deeply interested in the study of botany, and stepping aside to admire a wild flower that was just bursting in bloom, allowed my reverend friend to pass in front. But just then happening to recall my army experience, and remembering that there is about as much danger in the rear as in front, I never took time to pluck the flower, but followed slowly on, glancing nervously to the right and left, and wondering how some people could seem so perfectly oblivious of imminent danger. I had just studied up what I considered a good excuse for turning back, when we came to where a man was digging a tunnel in the side of the mountain. This, of course, afforded me a world of delight. This man proved to be a prospector, or miner, and very willingly entered into a conversation with us. It might not be out of place to mention right here that, although this part of California is not noted as a mining country, yet it is supposed that gold in paying quantities is to be found within fifteen miles of Los Angeles, and we might say at the

very gates of Pasadena. While we were conversing with the miner, we were joined by two gentlemen, sight-seers from Chicago, now making a party of five. The miner kindly laid down his pick and shovel and as guide conducted us up the side of the mountain to where we had the curiosity of looking down into a deep shaft or incline, and seeing a real gold mine. We were now above the timber line, and what I called high up on the mountain. When a few weeks before I stood on the Wahsatch Mountains in Utah, overlooking the city and valley of Salt Lake, I thought that nothing in the world could be found to surpass it in grandeur of scenery. But here I found its superior, not only in vastness and magnitude, but in grandeur as well. Directly in front of us, and to the south, almost hidden in the deep green foliage of the orange groves, is Pasadena ; whilst to our right and left, stretching away to the east and west, is the beautiful San Gabriel Valley, bespangled with orange groves, flower gardens, and hundreds of little irrigating reservoirs, their silvery waters dancing in the sunshine and looking like jewels set in a diadem. But the grand scenery does not end here. Looking south across the Arroyo Secos, we catch a glimpse of the Queen City of the Angels as she peeps slyly over the foothills, whilst away, away, sixteen miles further south, and beyond the Los Angeles

Valley, we see where the low coast range seems to suddenly halt, and judging by what our guide tells us, this marks the spot where presumptuous little Rodundo with its big hotel, is hiding by the sea ; whilst another sweep of the vision to the westward, and we see where the southern horizon dips into the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean.

CHAPTER XVI.

WE HAVE now enjoyed the glorious climate of Southern California for more than three weeks, but as our time is limited we must bid adieu to our newly-made friends and acquaintances, and say farewell to the sunshine and flowers and set out on our long journey for home. We left Los Angeles over the Southern Pacific, at 8 A. M., on April, the 2d, and arrived at Des Moines at 6 A. M., on April 6. For the first half day our route lay through green fields and orange groves. But when we got beyond Colton or the Red Lands, there was nothing to be seen that the average traveler would consider attractive, and with the exception of a very narrow strip of fertile or productive land here and there, the entire route clear to El Paso, is through a barren waste, and even Texas has that appearance to one accustomed to seeing the fertile soil and green meadows of Iowa. The plains were literally strewn with dead sheep and cattle. It was a sad sight to see hundreds of Texas steers, their former huge proportions now reduced to a mere shadow, and actually starving to death. Yuma was the first place of any importance reached after leaving Los Angeles. It is in Arizona, and is situated on the Col-

orado River. I did not ascertain the number of its inhabitants, but should judge it to be a town about the size of Winterset or Indianola. The state prison is located there, but judging by the size of the buildings and the amount of ground within the stone wall enclosure, should say that very few people are paying the penalty for their misdeeds, at this place. Quite a numerous delegation of the Yuma Indians, a once powerful tribe, were assembled at the depot to see us arrive and depart. They are a very low specimen of humanity, and to me seem much inferior to the tribes farther north. They are very dark, being almost as black as the African. El Paso is the next place of any considerable note reached. It is in Texas, and the Rio Grande, a very insignificant, turbid little stream, is all that intervenes between it and the land of the Montezumas. It is tributary to all the farming and stock growing country for many miles around, and is quite a flourishing little city.

Fort Worth, in Texas, Wichita and Topeka, in Kansas, are all flourishing cities. As for Kansas City, I considered it simply immense, as viewed from a business standpoint. We were fortunate enough to pass through the Cherokee Strip in day time, and saw a great many of the rude little habitations now occupied by the adventurous men and women who made the exciting

run for homes in the heart of the Continent. As far as the eye can reach, a perfectly level plain stretches out before you without a tree or bush, or even a knoll or sand hill, to break the monotony. Many poor families who were doubtless unable to build a little shanty even ten by twelve, are still living in their covered wagons which were securely staked down to keep the strong winds that so frequently sweep over these plains, from carrying them away. Can it be that this barren, desolate looking region will ever make a country ?

“I hear the tread of pioneers.
Of Nations yet to be,
The first low wash of wave,
Where soon shall roll
A human sea.”—*Whittier.*

I esteemed myself fortunate to have an opportunity to pass through the entire State of Kansas in day time, as I had heard so much said about that country, that I had grown to regard it as a real wonderland. But really I saw nothing remarkable about it. To me the soil and general landscape looked very much like Iowa ; as to climate of course I am unable to judge. Southern Kansas, at least that portion lying along the line of the Rock Island Railroad, is a very beautiful and well improved country. Large farm houses and barns and fine apple and peach orchards, are everywhere to be seen. But now as our long

journey is about ended, as we are once more within the borders of our own fair Iowa, where the vast cribs of yellow corn and droves of fat hogs and cattle, the first we have seen since we have been gone, reminds us anew of the wealth and prosperity of our own State, it seems but proper to go back and as a kind of a review or recapitulation, mention, or refer briefly to several things, California in particular, as that seemed to be our objective point, and as the greater portion of our time was spent within its borders. As I have not had access to anything historical or statistical, you will have to accept what you read here as simply my impressions formed by a month's personal observations, and strengthened or rather made more reliable by the information obtained from the different individuals with whom I chanced to converse. The climate is what I believe is called semi-tropical. There is no winter and summer in California. They are represented by a wet and dry season. The wet or rainy season is not marked by a continuous or heavy down-pour, as many suppose, but instead, is a continuous cloudy, showery season, and many people have told me that they considered it the most pleasant part of the year, as it is in fact the very birth of the beautiful springtime that follows, and the bare brown hills and valleys are transformed into living green, and bespangled

with wild flowers. I am informed that the nights are cool all the year through and that blankets and coverlids are never wholly dispensed with. Snow is a thing unknown at Los Angeles, and of very rare occurrence at San Francisco. Sergeant Merrill informed me that he has not seen any during his two years' stay at Precedio. In regard to its products it is truly a most difficult task to give an authentic account, as it is claimed that everything can be raised there, and as to quality and size, especially size, the accounts I have heard seem so perfectly fabulous, that I will not relate them. Grain of all kinds, even corn, is produced there, and some of the largest wheat fields in the world are there to be found. Barley is peculiarly a California crop, and large quantities are produced for feed and brewing purposes. As to hay, from what I could learn, timothy is a thing unknown, and as a substitute large quantities of wheat and barley are cut while in the milk. Alfalfa is a very important crop there, as it also is in Utah, and I suppose in all the Pacific States. As a forage plant, I consider it the most valuable in the world. It belongs, I believe, to the clover family, but seems coarser and more woody than does our red clover in Iowa. I am informed that it is not only very palatable for stock, but highly nutritious as well. I am credibly informed that as many as six crops have been raised in a year,

and where properly cared for there seems no end to the life of an alfalfa field. As to fruits and vegetables, I don't suppose there is a country in the world to equal it, and it would seem a reflection on any well-informed person to dwell very long on this subject, so generally is this fact known, and so universally conceded. But with all this, it is to me a most difficult thing to determine California's real source of wealth, and I consider it one of the most over-rated countries I was ever in. There are no manufactures to speak of; as to minerals, it has long since lost its importance as a mining State. Another very remarkable thing is, they import millions of dollars worth of the necessaries of life, even to flour, notwithstanding their immense wheat fields. San Francisco, situated on the San Francisco Bay, has one of the finest, if indeed it is not the very finest, natural harbors in the world. It is a large, flourishing city, and of course is the principal seaport on the Pacific Coast. Los Angeles is tributary to the greater portion of Southern California and, viewed from either a business or commercial standpoint, is a place of no little importance. But it is more famous as a pleasure resort than anything else, and during our winter months thousands of people from almost every part of the United States, and even from Canada, go there to spend at least a portion of the winter.

CHAPTER XVII.

THAT THIRST for travel and adventure that seems to have been born in me, manifested itself to such a degree that I decided to brave the dangers of the deep and once more cross the wide ocean and take a few observations in London and Paris.

I do not know how it seems to Americans going abroad generally, but my experience was that everything *en route* on this side of the Atlantic was so completely eclipsed, in imagination at least, by the wonderful things on the other side, that little or no attention was paid to them, and, as was the fact in my case, received what little consideration they got on the way back.

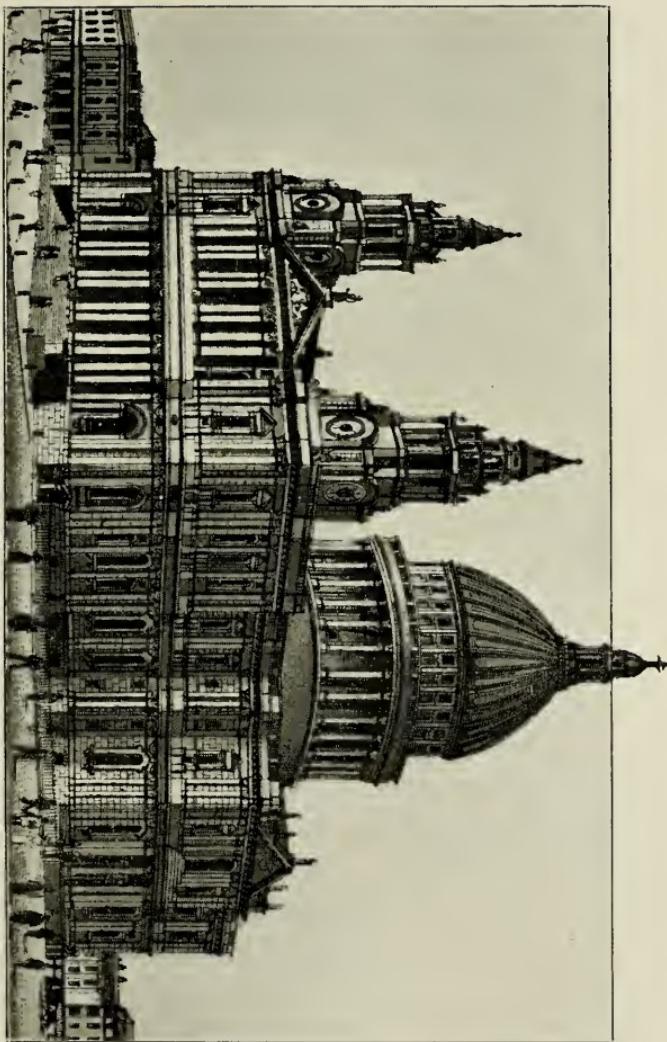
I believe most people who visit Europe have a kind of a morbid desire to see the Royal Family. Well, I must confess that I felt at least a slight touch of the infection myself, but I am sorry to say that I did not have the pleasure, or rather curiosity, of seeing England's beloved Queen, nor their next most noted and popular personage — Albert Edward, Prince of Wales — but I did see a great many of the noted places that we often hear of, a few of the most prominent of which I will try to tell something about. In my descrip-

tion, or account, I will not try to soar in lofty rhyme, nor march in stately prose, nor will I attempt to take you back to the almost forgotten past and have you groping through and stumbling over the antiquities, but without borrowing a single line or sentence from any traveler, or author, living or dead, will in my own plain, simple language try to tell you what they are, where they are, and how they look and appear at the present time.

As I had been in Liverpool several times before, it was slightly shorn of its interest, but the very moment I set foot in London, I was cast, as it were, upon a boundless sea of imagination and reverie.

The British Museum, the Bloody Tower and Westminster Abbey passed in review before my mental vision, whilst I strained my eyes to catch a glimpse of the gilded ball and cross that surmounts the dome on St. Paul's Cathedral.

As St. Paul's is one of the largest and most conspicuous things in London, I will speak of it first. Now, you must remember that I am not going to give you a full and detailed account, or history, of St. Paul's, as that is a thing I certainly have not the ability to do, even did time and space admit, but simply mention a few of what seems to me the most interesting things connected with it.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

The marvelous edifice we see to-day is not as ancient as most people imagine, it being, as nearly as I can find out, the third church that has occupied the present site. The first building, which was, of course, the first and original St. Paul's Cathedral, was completed in about the year 607 A. D., and was destroyed by fire in 1087. The second building was erected on the same spot and was destroyed by the great fire which broke out September 2, 1666. This second building is what I believe is generally referred to as Old St. Paul's Cathedral. It might interest some people to know that this building was larger and greater in some respects than the present building. As, for instance, its length was 586 feet, whereas the total or extreme length of the present building is only 515 feet. Again, the height of the spire from the ground was 489 feet, whilst the height of cross from pavement of church yard on present building is only 365 feet.

Shortly after the great fire of 1666, Sir Christopher Wren, of whom you have no doubt heard, was appointed chief architect and manager and the work of rebuilding commenced, and as a result we see the grand and imposing edifice of to-day. Although standing, as I believe it does, third in the list of the world's great cathedrals (St. Peter's at Rome, and the Milan Cathedral, taking the precedence), it is believed by many to

surpass, in some particulars, all others. To give you an idea of the immensity of the old building it seems only necessary to state that two whole years were spent in moving the debris to make room for the present building.

The first stone of the new building was laid by Wren himself, on June 21, 1675, and on December 2, 1697, twenty years later, St. Paul's was open for divine service, but it was not until the year 1710 that the last stone on the summit of the lantern was laid. So you can now figure out for yourself exactly how old the St. Paul's of to-day is. The plan of St. Paul's is what I believe is called a Latin Cross. The style of the architecture is Early English.

To give you an idea of the wonderful strength of the building, it seems only necessary to state that the lower or foundation walls are sixteen feet thick. Its dimensions are : Exterior length, exclusive of the projections of the front steps, is 515 feet ; the interior, 479 feet ; width across the transept from door to door, 250 feet ; that across nave and aisle, 102 feet, and between the stone piers or columns, 41 feet. The western front, 180 feet ; the diameter of the octagonal area at the crossing of nave and transept, 107 feet. The diameter of the drum beneath the dome, 112 feet ; of the dome itself, 102 feet ; the height of the central aisles, 89 feet ; the total height of the

lantern from the pavement of the churchyard to the cross, 365 feet; that of the western tower, 221 feet.

I made a most persistent and determined effort to find out the cost of the building and also its seating capacity and, notwithstanding the fact that I inquired of some of the church officials, I failed to obtain the desired information, and it is my impression that it is not definitely known just how much it did cost. As to its seating capacity, or the number of people that it would contain, well-informed persons placed the number at from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand. The former figures would perhaps be the nearest correct. As to its seating capacity, I question whether it will surpass that of the Mormon Tabernacle at Salt Lake. I have now written more about St. Paul's than I had intended to and we must begin to abridge and abbreviate or we will not have any space left for the many other things that are to claim our attention later on.

We will now walk slowly up the broad flight of stone steps in front, and pass between the great granite columns, and enter the main aisle or corridor. Here we pause for a moment, involuntarily as it were, for a feeling of amazement, slightly mingled with disappointment, comes over us. We look in vain for the fine cushioned seats and chandeliers and other fixtures that adorn our

large churches of America. But nothing of the kind is here to be seen, and it can be truthfully said that St. Paul's, as seen from the interior, is great, lofty, immense, but not grand or magnificent. After passing on perhaps a hundred feet or more from the entrance, we come to the first seats, which are long wooden benches of the rudest pattern. As we proceed on up the broad aisle, we soon come to what is called the drum, which is the space directly under the dome. Here we find a slight improvement, for instead of the long wooden benches we find very old-fashioned straw-bottomed chairs. Here the greater portion of the congregation are seated.

There are two large organs, one on either side of the altar. The walls are profusely embellished with paintings and statuary, commemorative of the public services which the subjects rendered to their government.

We will now descend into the crypt which you and I would be apt to call the basement or cellar, and see the tombs of the illustrious Wellington and Nelson. But before we can do this a ticket must be had which we procure at the bottom of the library stairs marked "R," and for which we pay a sixpence (12 cents). This ticket we present at the door marked "J." From here a very polite guide conducts us down a flight of steps into the crypt. Here a feeling of awful solemnity comes

over us, for we are now within a vast tomb, and we are actually standing, as it were, in the presence of some of the world's most noted heroes. But we must be brief and only take time to mention a few of the most noted. At the east end of the south wall, is the grave of Wren. It is covered by a plain slab, and is no doubt passed unnoticed by hundreds of people. But where is his monument? It is beneath us, above us, and all around us—St. Paul's Cathedral. Retracing our steps we soon find ourselves beneath the center of the dome. Here, occupying as it were the post of honor, is the tomb of the immortal Nelson. He is not buried beneath the surface, as is Wren and many others, but a beautiful polished marble sarcophagus resting upon a granite base, contains his remains. A few steps further on brings us to the tomb of the great Duke of Wellington. His tomb is very similar to that of Nelson, being a marble sarcophagus resting upon a granite base. My guide informed me that his remains are enclosed within five coffins, as indeed are those of Nelson also. In the same chapel and only a few paces distant from Wellington's tomb, is to be seen the funeral car upon which his remains were borne to the Cathedral. It is a marvel of workmanship, the material being composed of cannons captured by the Duke in his many battles. Its weight is eighteen tons. The bier upon which

he was borne is also to be seen. I took occasion to lay my hand on that very interesting relic. Notwithstanding the awful gloom and solitude that seems to pervade the place, we would feign spend many hours there, reading the inscriptions on the tombs, and trying to recall some of the incidents in the lives or history of the great men whose remains rest there.

But time will not admit, so we will now return to the staircase marked "R," where we procure another ticket which admits us to the library, whispering gallery, and stone gallery. These things, although full of interest, will have to be slightly gone over, as it is a most difficult thing to describe them. After ascending several very long flights of steps, we come to a long aisle which leads us to the library. The library is a very spacious room, and contains a choice collection of about six thousand volumes, mostly theological works. In a very large show case standing in the middle of the room, is to be seen some very interesting relics, among which is the original subscription list, which was circulated just after the great fire, for funds to build the present church. The autograph signature of Charles II. heads the list.

Returning the same way, and turning to the right, another staircase is ascended which brings us to the "whispering gallery." Here a nar-

row passageway leads clear around the dome on the inside, and we are instructed by our guide to walk around to the opposite side of the dome and be seated. He then proceeds to give us a short history of St. Paul's Cathedral in a whisper, every word of which is distinctly heard as the sound seems to come around the dome instead of across it. How this apparently strange and wonderful phenomenon is produced I am unable to explain.

We next ascend to the "stone gallery," which is simply a broad walk around the outside of the dome. Here an additional charge of one shilling (twenty-four cents) is made for the privilege of going to the top of the dome, but I felt that I was well repaid, as the day happened to be clear and a fine view of the city, as well as quite a considerable portion of the surrounding country, was had. From this elevation, I feel that I could write many pages, for now the world's mighty metropolis lays at my very feet, but I am admonished afresh that my space is limited, so I will now leave you to draw on your own fancy or imagination for a picture of London as seen from the dome on St. Paul's Cathedral.

As mentioned already, I have written a great deal more about St. Paul's than I had originally intended, yet I feel that there are still a few

things of interest yet to mention. For instance, as often and as much as I had read about these churches and cathedrals as tombs or places of burial, the mode or style of disposing of the bodies was never exactly clear to my mind or understanding. What is meant by "crypt" in St. Paul's is what you and I would call the cellar or basement story, but it is not, because it is not below the natural surface of the ground; but what makes it appear so is the lower, or main floor of the Cathedral is elevated about eight feet and is reached by a broad flight of stone steps, very similar to those at the entrance to our Iowa State House. The main floor is of marble slabs, alternate colors — gray and brown — and laid in diamond shape.

Many marble and bronze statues are to be seen on the main floor, but no tombs or sarcophagi, but in the crypt many people are buried and the slabs (many of which are very plain, even to rudeness) which cover their graves, form the floor to the crypt.

In Westminster Abbey and also in St. Margaret's and St. Bartholomew's there is no crypt and the tombs or slabs which cover the remains form the floor to the church; except, however, in Westminster Abbey the Royal tombs are in most cases above the floor. It might be interesting to note that although many names un-

known to fame or even to history are to be seen on the tombs in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, no common people are now buried there.

I was informed that there have been no very recent interments, either in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey ; but there is still space left which will no doubt be occupied in the future. For instance, when William Gladstone dies there will in all probability be room provided for the "Grand Old Man" in one or the other of these historic places. Divine or religious services are held in St. Paul's twice every day, at 10 A. M. and at 3 P. M. As I chanced to be stopping quite close, I took occasion to attend quite often, because to me there is something very pleasing in the solemn and impressive services of the Episcopcal Church. There is room for all, and everybody seems perfectly welcome. The millionaire, the banker, the merchant and the beggar, all seem on a common level in St. Paul's. Hundreds and thousands of poor, homeless people go there to get in out of the cold, damp atmosphere, and to get warm. St. Paul's is built of gray granite blocks smoothly dressed. A tall iron fence encloses the rather narrow yard about it. Well paved walks and grass plats, flower beds and shade trees, with here and there a much neglected tomb, make up the principal attractions in St.

Paul's small and rather unpretentious church yard. *Westminster Abbey.*

Mortality, behold and fear !
What a change of flesh is here :
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within those heaps of stones :—
Here where the end of earthly things
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings :
Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,
Of those who fought, and spoke and sung.

Of all the places I visited in London and Paris, none interested me so much as did old Westminster Abbey. As I spent one whole day groping among the tombs, besides attending services there twice, my account or description of it will necessarily be somewhat lengthy. But I trust that what I have to tell about it will be sufficiently interesting, so that you will not grow impatient whilst reading it.

Westminster Abbey is a great deal more ancient than St. Paul's. But to determine just how old it is, is a thing a little difficult to do. And if you will take the trouble to investigate, you will find that even historical accounts conflict in regard to it. The Abbey we see to-day is not the first building that has occupied the present site. Tradition has it that a Pagan Temple once stood there. But it is believed that the first and original Abbey was erected in about the Sixth Century. This building stood until about the time



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

of Edward the Confessor, when the greater portion of it was torn down and the erection of the now world-renowned grand old fabric began. But bear in mind that at least a small portion of the old building was left standing, so that it may be said that Westminster Abbey dates from the Sixth Century, although in reality the church, as we see it to-day, dates only from about the year 1502, which was about the time that Henry VII. added the chapel which bears his name. The style of architecture is Gothic.

It is not nearly so spacious as St. Paul's, nor is it so lofty and imposing. No dome surmounts it, but instead, two massive square towers at the west end rise to a considerable height above the roof. These are surmounted with ornamental spires.

Its dimensions are : Length from east to west, 375 feet ; breadth from north to south, 200 feet ; breadth of nave and aisle, 75 feet ; height from pavement to inner roof, 101 feet ; height from pavement to roof of lantern, 140 feet. It may be well enough to mention that this is the interior measurement of the Abbey.

Like St. Paul's it is to be viewed in the triple light of a church, a tomb and picture gallery or museum. There is perhaps no cathedral in all Europe which contains so many tombs as Westminster Abbey. My guide informed me that

more than 1,200 bodies had been deposited there. The door is now open, as I suppose it most always is, so we will step inside and admire its grand and magnificent interior and muse for awhile among the tombs.

On entering we pause for a moment's reflection, for a strange feeling comes over us when we realize we are standing in the midst of the remains of some of the great men of past times who have filled history with their deeds and the world with their renown, and this feeling is only intensified as we still further contemplate the awful solemnity of the surroundings. We will now pass slowly on, but we must tread lightly, for as strange as it may seem to you, we are actually walking right over the mortal remains of generals, admirals, poets and authors, whilst from niche and wall, kings and queens, statesmen and philosophers in bronze and marble look grimly down at us. We will first take a walk through the nave and come back through the south aisle and muse for a while in the Poets' Corner.

In this walk a great many tombs and monuments are seen, but space will only admit of the mention of a very few, and in making the selection I will try to choose the ones that I think will be most likely to interest you.

In the nave we see the tomb of David Livingstone. I trust you are all somewhat familiar with

the life or history of that great and good man and will be a little interested in a few remarks about his last resting place. He is buried beneath the surface and a very large, black, marble slab covers his remains. It bears the following rather lengthy inscription :

Brought by faithful hands over land and sea, here
rests

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

Missionary, Traveler, Philanthropist.

Born, March 19, 1813; died, May 1st, 1873, at
Chetamba's village, Ulala.

For thirty years his life was spent in an unwearied effort to evangelize the native races, to explore the undiscovered secret, to abolish the desolating slave trade of Central Africa, where, with his last words, he wrote : All I can add in my solitude is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world. Other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also I must bring and they shall hear my voice.

Coming back through the south aisle is to be seen a thing that would no doubt interest some of my Methodist friends ; it is the memorial tablet of John and Charles Wesley. It bears the following inscription :

JOHN WESLEY, M. A.,

Born, June 17, 1703 ; Died, March 2, 1791.

CHARLES WESLEY, M. A.,

Born, December 13, 1708 ; Died March 27, 1788.

“The best of all is, God is with us.”

“I look upon all the world as my parish.”

“God buries His workmen, but carries on His work.”

Proceeding along the south aisle, we soon come to a tomb the mention of which will no doubt interest most of you. It is the tomb of the young and lamented Andre. On a rather plain sarcophagus, we read the following inscription :

Sacred to the memory of

MAJOR JOHN ANDRE,

Who, raised by his merit at an early period in life to the rank of Adjutant General of the British forces in America, and employed in an important but hazardous enterprise, fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his King and Country on the 2d-day of October, 1780, aged 29; universally beloved by the army in which he served, and lamented even by his foes.

His gracious sovereign, King George III., has caused this monument to be erected.

His remains were not deposited here until in the year 1821.

We next come to the south transept, or "Poet's Corner." Here a slight thrill of emotion is felt as we see in a very prominent and conspicuous place the bust of our own Longfellow. The following inscription explains itself:

This bust was placed among the memorials of the
Poets of England

by the English admirers of an American Poet,

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW,

Born at Portland, United States of America,
February 27, 1807.

Died at Cambridge, United States of America,
March 24, 1882.

This, so far as my observation extended, is the only thing in Westminster Abbey that is not wholly and intensely English or Scotch. I will now explain for your benefit that that part of the church through which we have just passed is the part used for public worship and of course everybody is admitted free, but now we come to the brass gate at the north transept where we pay a fee of one sixpence for the privilege of visiting the Royal tombs.

You are not permitted to wander about alone through this sacred place, but a guide accom-

panies you, who seems to never tire in pointing out and explaining the many objects of interest to be seen there.

It might interest some to know that this part of the church is divided into apartments, rooms or chapels, designated, for instance, as the "Chapel of Henry the VII.," "Chapel of St. Edward," etc.

Although this part of the church is known as the "Royal Tombs," it may be well enough to mention that it is not occupied exclusively by kings and queens, as many persons not of royal birth have been buried there. It might interest some people to know how many kings repose here, so I will just give you the number and also the names : Sebert, Edward the Confessor, Henry III., Edward I., Edward III., Richard II., Henry V., Edward V., Henry VII., Edward VI., James I., Charles II., William III., George II. — fourteen in all. An equal number of queens, or wives of kings, occupy, as a rule, places less conspicuous in this vast tomb. So, according to the belief of some of our orthodox friends, some wives will rise up and frown at their cruel and tyrannical husbands when Gabriel's trumpet shall sound and when the walls of old Westminster Abbey shall crumble and fall before its withering blast.

A great majority of the royal bones rest in a marble or granite sarcophagus, although there

are a few buried beneath the surface. I was shown the spot where Oliver Cromwell was buried, but as you will probably recall, his remains were subsequently taken up and banished from the Abbey, as were, indeed, his entire family excepting one daughter, who for some unknown cause, was not disturbed and who sleeps quietly and peacefully on to the present time. The tombs are not magnificent like those of Napoleon, or the Duke of Clarence at Windsor Castle.

The most magnificent of all, according to my judgment, is that of Mary Queen of Scots. This is in the chapel of Henry VII. A marble figure of Mary is stretched upon the tomb. As we stand for a few moments a feeling of awful melancholy pervades the memory as it reverts to the circumstances connected with her long imprisonment and tragic death, and right here is presented a most impressive instance of the equality of the grave which brings the oppressor down to a level with the oppressed, for in the same chapel, and only a few steps away, repose the remains of the haughty Elizabeth. Poor Mary, no doubt many tears have been shed by her tomb whilst no doubt many words of condemnation have been uttered by the tomb of her persecutor. In the same chapel is a beautiful little marble monument, a child in a cradle representing Sophia, infant daughter of James I.

" A little rudely sculptured bed,
With shadowing folds of marble lace,
And quilt of marble primly spread
And folded round a baby's face.

Above the peaceful pillow'd head
Three centuries brood and strangers peep
And wonder at the carven bed,—
But not unwept the baby's sleep."

A very interesting relic is to be seen in the Chapel of St. Edward ; it is the old coronation chair ; all the kings and queens of England, from Edward I. down to Queen Victoria have been crowned in this chair. Underneath the chair is a stone which, according to tradition, is the real and original Jacob's pillow. It was formerly used for a coronation stone or stool by the kings and queens of Scotland and was brought here by Edward I. Judging from the size of the coronation chair there must have been some very corpulent kings and queens, as it is large enough for two common-sized people to sit in. It is a wooden arm chair (oak, I believe,) with very high and straight back. It is completely covered over with letters, signatures, I presume, some written and some carved with a knife. It was evidently upholstered at one time but there remains nothing to indicate that fact, save portions of the under-padding on the arms, which very much resemble an old, faded gunny sack.

An inquisitive lady in our party asked the guide whether Queen Victoria sat in the chair as it then appeared ; his answer was "No,"—a fine velvet robe was spread over it on that occasion. I had often heard tell of the old coronation chair, and I had a curious desire to lay my hand upon it. So, dropping in the rear of our little party, or procession, a very long stretch of the arm over the rail which has recently been put up before it, enabled me to gratify what you may call a very strange, if indeed not a very ridiculous, curiosity. It may be well to state that the sovereigns of Great Britain are crowned within this chapel ; so the old chair is never moved any farther than in front of the altar behind which it now stands.

As gloomy and awe-inspiring as one would naturally believe Westminster Abbey to be, I would delight in spending many days within those gloomy old walls.

At every step and turn, new revelations of wonder and amazement seem to unfold before you. And what food for reflection is here afforded ! Here we are reminded of what is really the end of earthly things, for now we see crowded within this narrow space a dozen or more ambitious men, who in life whole kingdoms could not satisfy.

The interior of Westminster Abbey presents, we might say, one vast picture, mingled with glory and decay.

I availed myself of an opportunity to attend services at Westminster Abbey the first Sunday I spent in London and should you ever visit London and go to church at the Abbey (which you will be sure to do), you will have no difficulty in locating the spot where I sat if you will carefully follow my instructions. Go to the south transept, just in front of the Chapel of St. Faith. There you will find the tomb of Charles Dickens. The back seat extends right across his tomb, and there is where I sat, my feet resting upon the slab which covers his grave. The slab is of a dark gray marble about six by four feet in size and bears the following inscription in letters of gold :

CHARLES DICKENS,

Born, 7th of February, 1812: Died, 9th of June,
1870.

From over the door just at my back, Oliver Goldsmith looked disdainfully down at me. After the services were ended I came out and was just in time for the services at St. Margaret's Parish Church, which it might be proper to explain is a

church almost as ancient as the Abbey, and which, strange to say, stands so close to the Abbey that they almost touch. Here I had the pleasure of listening to a very able discourse by the great Canon Farrar, who, by the way, I believe, is Chaplain of the House of Commons. I was a little late and took the last seat in the back part of the church. A stone slab which really formed the back to my seat, and which bore the following inscription, indicated that the mortal remains of one of Britain's heroes rested beneath my feet :

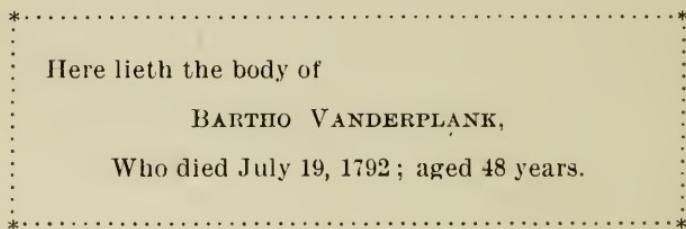
SIR PETER PARKER,

Baronet ; aged XXVIII. years. Captain of his
Majesty's Frigate Menelaus.

A few days later, when I came to visit the Parliament Buildings, which by the way, are only a stone's throw distant, I took a stroll through St. Margaret's. It is here that the members of Parliament go to worship before each "sitting," as it is called here. Gladstone's seat was pointed out to me and I took occasion to sit down in it.

Now, that I am writing about churches, I will just mention that I attended services at old St. Bartholomew's, which is said to be the oldest church in London. It is situated in what is known as

Smithfield. It is, indeed, a quaint old church of the Norman style of architecture. Here, as in the Abbey and at St. Margaret's, I was seated directly over a grave. A very shelly looking old sandstone slab with following inscription lay at my feet:



I also went to Spurgeon's Tabernacle, but if you ever go to London, I should advise you not to waste your time to go there. It is nothing but the commonest kind of a church edifice that will seat five thousand people. They have no organ or musical instrument of any kind and such singing I never heard before. Young Spurgeon, son of the noted Spurgeon, conducts the services there.

Of course everybody has heard of the British Museum, but I doubt whether anybody who has never seen it, has a very correct conception of its magnitude and greatness.

The building, which is situated on Great Russell Street, is square, having four wings, the center space being round, forming a great circular room, known as the library or reading room.

The library and reading room is worthy of special mention. It is a sort of a dome, 106 feet high, 140 feet in diameter. It contains a collection of about 2,000,000 volumes.

The books are placed in tiers and 60,000 volumes can be reached from the floor. The books have been acquired by purchase, presentation and other means. The King's Library, which comprises 65,000 volumes, was presented by George IV. All sorts and descriptions of books are contained in this vast library. A Chinese cyclopedia, embracing 5,000 volumes, half the size of Webster's unabridged, was pointed out to me. The British Museum was first started in 1759. So numerous had become the collection of curiosities and relics that it became necessary a few years ago to erect new buildings, which was done at Cromwell Road, near South Kensington. In these new quarters is to be seen the museum of natural history, etc.

To give you at least a faint idea of how vast the institution is I will just mention that one of the museum officials informed me that it had been estimated that the different objects and curiosities could not be counted in an average lifetime. As you advance step by step you become fairly dazed and you are finally lost in utter amazement. Indeed the very poles and the mighty deep have been ransacked, and the mountains and deserts

searched until now a specimen of everything in existence seems to be gathered here. It is not only a place of amusement but it is a school for the student and man of research as well.

Several large halls are occupied by the Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities. Here is to be seen the Egyptian, Babylonian, Assyrian, Greek, Roman and prehistoric collections. Great stone images of winged bulls and lions (such as you have so often seen pictured in ancient history), some of which would weigh many tons and that once adorned the gateway or entrance to some Pagan temple in the Far East have been brought here, where they will continue to gaze down on the millions of curious people who come to see them until time shall be no more.

Numerous human male figures which would put our modern sculptors to shame for more reasons than one, have been brought from the ancient cities in the East and have been placed in the most conspicuous places in the halls. It is quite evident that the question of the nude in art was not much discussed in those days.

A very interesting relic is to be seen among the Egyptian antiquities; it is the embalmed body of Cleopatra. She is to be seen in case marked V, and in the case marked Z, in the same hall, is her coffin. It is of wood, completely covered inside and out with pictures of birds,

fishes, dogs, reptiles and other animals. It is very capacious, being large enough to hold two common-sized women. Although composed of wood it looks to be in a perfect state of preservation.

Some very interesting things are to be seen in the manuscript department, and here the scholar or man of research could spend many days. A vast collection of specimens of wood and copper plate engravings from the very earliest period down to the present time, showing the advancement that has been made. Also numerous specimens of the earliest production of the printing press. A very interesting and rather amusing thing is a map of the world made in 1500.

In large show cases are to be seen numerous specimens of original, historical and royal autographs and autograph-manuscripts. Occupying a very conspicuous place in one of the cases is a highly prized and much admired little relic. It is the autograph signature of Queen Victoria, made when she was only four years old. It is written or printed in Roman letters, disconnected, just as you have often seen little "tots" write their names and, by the way, it is very ordinary, indeed.

Many pages could be written descriptive of the many things to be seen here, but we cannot possibly spare space; so, after having taken only a mere glance at many of the wonderful things, we

will hurry off to the museum of natural history at South Kensington.

A most imposing structure of modern pattern it is. When you enter by the great door in front, you step into a large square room, with a broad sky-light for a ceiling ; two tiers of spacious galleries, well filled with curiosities, extend clear around the room on three sides. Occupying the space in the center of the room is a skeleton of the whale, whose jaws you fairly run into as you enter the room. At the far end of the room, occupying the space or landing at the top of the first flight of broad marble steps, is a most appropriate and suggestive object — it is a life-size statue of Charles Darwin. It is of polished marble and seated in a chair of the same material.

As I have already stated, this is a museum of natural history, and I trust you will all comprehend what it is like.

Here is to be seen specimens of every living, breathing thing of the animal kingdom that mortal man has been able to get his fingers on. Not alive you must remember, but stuffed or mounted, preserved in alcohol, or in fossil state. What seems the most wonderful thing about it is the immensity of the collection. So vast indeed is it that one could spend many days and then not see it all ; it does not simply afford one

delight and pleasure, but information and instruction as well.

Here an opportunity is afforded to study the habits and peculiarities of the brute creation.

You are fairly startled as you come to where you see the lurking boa, as he appears on his native heath, seize the unsuspecting deer or antelope and crush it within his deadly coils.

A few steps farther on and the blood fairly curdles as you see the tiger dragging the torn and lacerated body of the native into the jungle.

Still a little farther on and you are delighted at watching the dear little wren and mocking bird building their tiny nests, whilst just a few steps beyond, you almost grow enthusiastic when far above your head you see a projecting cliff of rocks, upon which is an eagle's nest, the young eaglets standing on tip toe watching the mother bird (who is suspended in mid air by a wire so fine that it is indiscernible), returning with a lamb in her talons.

And so the description could be prolonged until many pages were filled, but we must now say good-bye to the British Museum for a similar institution situated a short distance away claims our attention next.

The South Kensington Museum, like the British Museum, belongs to the government or is at least under government control.

It occupies a magnificent building or rather a group of buildings, and covers an area of about twelve acres. Although dating back no further than 1857, it is claimed by some to be fully as great as the British Museum. As a nucleus on, or around which to build, the things exhibited at the world's exposition held in London in 1851, were gathered here. To this already large collection additions have been made from year to year until now the South Kensington Museum has the appearance of a great world's fair. Many spacious halls are filled with machinery of all kinds from the earliest period down to the present time, showing of course the wonderful improvements that have been made.

Here is to be seen what is claimed to be the first reaping machine that was ever used. This rather surprised me as I was of the impression that the first reaping machines were made and used in America.

I had the curiosity to lay my hand on the first locomotive engine in the world and also on the second, which I saw at the World's Fair at Chicago. As nearly as I could remember the two are very similar. As seen, standing as it was by the side of the locomotive of to-day, it presented a truly amusing sight.

The first and original printing press used by Ben Franklin is also to be seen. To people

interested in the art of printing this would no doubt prove a very interesting relic. It is of very rude pattern or workmanship, and so small that it could be hauled in a one-horse express wagon.

A very interesting thing for literary people is the original manuscript of Charles Dickens. It is bound in volumes about half the size of Webster's Unabridged, and fills a show case ten feet long and four feet wide. The books lay open, showing the style of penmanship, which is so peculiar that it was with great difficulty that I could read a single word of it. Erasures and interlinings were noticeable and numerous on every page. The desk upon which he used to write is also exhibited.

Queen Elizabeth's piano and guitar are things that would be apt to interest some of my musically inclined friends. I should have been glad of an opportunity to put my fingers on the keys of that old piano, and the strings of that old guitar. But as they were securely housed within a great show case I had to forego that pleasure.

Connected with the institution is a very extensive museum of natural history, and also a library and picture gallery. The library contains 36,000 volumes, mostly educational books. Comfortable reading rooms are provided, and many students go there to read and study. The picture gallery

contains over two thousand oil paintings and water color drawings, many of them being specimens of the work of some of the most noted English artists. I recall three pictures which I consider especially worthy of mention, and should you ever visit the museum don't fail to see them ; Napoleon on Board the Bellerophon, Cromwell at Dunbar, and Christ Crowned with Thorns. We would gladly spend many days admiring the beautiful pictures and other objects of interest, but it is getting late and we must hurry out and catch the first 'bus for Madam Tussaud's.

Many of you have probably never heard tell of the collection of wax figures, paintings and other relics in Marylebone Road, known as Madam Tussaud's, so I will occupy a little time and space in giving you a short account of it, and telling you about a few of the many wonderful things I saw there. This is no doubt not only the most extensive institution of its kind in the world, but the oldest as well, having been established in Paris before the first Revolution.

It is not a government institution, as are the British and South Kensington Museums, but so well established is its reputation that everything you see there can be fully relied upon as being just what it is represented to be. Although it is not the most convenient, we will enter the Chamber of Horrors first, as I would much rather leave

you feeling happy and cheerful than to leave you feeling melancholy or even serious. The Chamber of Horrors is situated in what you and I would call the basement, so we will have to go down stairs to reach it. Here a most shocking and blood curdling spectacle meets our gaze. Depicted in life-size figures, so real that the awful stillness alone is all that betrays the deception and convinces us that we are not in reality standing in the very midst of the horrible crimes, and in the presence of the desperate and repulsive looking people who committed them. As is the case with the British and South Kensington Museums, the immensity of the institution causes the greatest surprise. Here is reproduced or represented every species of crime known to the criminal code. We see murders, suicides, imprisonments, executions, different modes of torture, etc., and the blood fairly curdles in our veins as we contemplate the awful surroundings.

Perhaps the most interesting relic is the execution ax, which it is claimed was used in the time of the first French Revolution, and which cut off the heads of 2,000 people, among which were Louis XVI., his Queen, Marie Antoinette, Madam Elizabeth, the Duke of Orleans, and also the notorious Robespierre himself. In shape it is very similar to a butcher's cleaver. The blade is about twelve inches long and six inches wide with

band on back. The memory flashes back across the sea as the assassin, Guiteau, suddenly confronts us, and we see Kemmler securely strapped in the execution chair, awaiting the fatal volt that is to launch him into eternity. The most affecting scene of all is a tableau representing the execution of the lovely Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. The handkerchief is tied over her eyes, thus shutting out forever the light of day. She is kneeling on the cushion, stretching her hands out over the block, repeating her last prayer. The Dean has just ended his exhortation and the executioner stands ready with the fatal ax. Seven figures immediately surround her, and armor clad soldiers stand with spears at parade rest in the background. And so we walk on through the long halls that seem to never end, taking an occasional peep through a grated door or window into a cell or dungeon where we see some noted person like Sir Walter Raleigh or Count de Lorge, with large staring eyes and long hair and beard, now turned as white as snow from long years of solitary confinement. A very suggestive and impressive scene is presented in six compartments. The first scene is a very respectable looking party seated around a table in a very luxuriously furnished room, engaged in a game at cards. A young man is induced to try his hand for the first time. There is no money on the table, nor is

there any wine, and it is probably only a game of progressive euchre. Only a step brings us where we look into the next compartment. Here we see another party at the card table. We only recognize one of the figures—that of the young man. His handsome face has not changed much unless, perhaps he looks a little more anxious. There is money on the table now. Another step sideways and the third scene opens before us. We see the same once handsome young man, with clothes now faded and face and countenance so changed that we scarcely recognize him. A man lying upon a cot with a mortal wound on his breast, the young man ransacking a trunk. A robbery and a murder has been committed. We turn away with a shudder, and another step brings us to the next compartment. In a very plainly furnished room we see the same young man, but he has now become so changed that we just barely recognize him. A woman and little girl occupy the same room. At the door are two police officers; one has just entered with warrant in hand. The look of anguish depicted on that young wife's countenance I leave you to imagine, whilst the little girl crouches with terror in the corner. From this scene we turn away with a sigh, and the next opens before us. Seated in the dock, with his silken moustache now shaved off, is seen the once handsome young man. At-

tired in their official robes, the judges look grimly down at the lawyer who is earnestly addressing the twelve sober looking men in the jury box. Another step brings us to where we look on the last scene in the sad drama—a man being led to the gallows. Dear young man and young woman, take the advice of one who has visited many of the great and wicked cities of the world, and whose fortune it has been to penetrate beneath the veil that covers a poverty, vice and wretchedness, an account of which would cause the blood to chill in your veins, and don't play cards. Whilst I am ready and willing to admit that some very good and highly respectable people play cards, yet I contend that it is an evil, and I imagine I can see Satan grinning in every spot on them. Trusting that I have not offended even the least of you and that you will pardon the slight digression, we will now try to forget for the present, at least, the unhappy scenes through which we have just passed and return to the first floor, known as the Hall of Kings, where more pleasing scenes await us.

We will not return by the same way we came in, as there is a stairway at the back end of the Chamber, and it is more convenient to go up that way. But we pause for a moment at the bottom of the steps, for standing at the head of the stairs a great, fierce looking policeman looks sternly

down at us. We look around on every side to see whether we can see the notice—"Private," "No Admittance," etc., but as we see nothing to indicate that it is not a public thoroughfare, and as a gentleman and lady have just passed up, we follow slyly after. We are fairly shocked at the lady's impoliteness as she stops right in front of the policeman and laughs and grins right in his face. But it does not seem to embarrass him in the least, as I suppose he has become quite accustomed to such acts of rudeness during all the long years he has stood there without moving hand or foot.

It seems but proper to refer briefly, at least to some of the attractions in these halls, but they are so very numerous and diversified that it is the most difficult thing in the world to decide what to select or what to omit, and I really feel inclined to just sneak out and go away and leave you to draw on your own imagination.

We will first go to hall No. 2, or Grand Saloon. A spacious apartment opens before us. Lined on either side, and extending clear around the room, are generals, admirals, poets, authors and statesmen, whilst ranged in a row in the middle of the hall are kings and queens surrounded by their glittering courts. The walls are profusely embellished with paintings, representing historical events in the world's history. On the right

of the great door or arch where we enter, occupying the most elevated and conspicuous place of all, is to be seen a thing that causes the American an emotion. Standing upon a block or pedestal and towering high above everybody else, is a most perfect representation of our immortal Washington. He seems to be looking disdainfully down on Henry VIII. and his court, who occupy the space on the floor just in front of him. Just across the arch, and directly opposite, is Ben Franklin. They are both attired in the old Continental dress. Charles Dickens (who, by the way, reminds me very much of our Rev. Dr. Frisbie) stands on the floor by the side of Washington, his head just reaching to the skirt of Washington's coat. A group in the same hall and only a few steps away causes our thoughts to fly away beyond the sea and mingles the scenes and recollections of former days with those that now occupy our mind—a most perfect reproduction or representation of Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, and Andrew Johnson. They are all attired in citizens clothes (black). In the reproduction of these figures the strictest attention to every little detail has been paid, as to size, build, complexion, color of hair, beard, etc. Standing off by himself and looking rather lonesome is our little Bennie Harrison. These, I believe, are the only Americans in the hall.

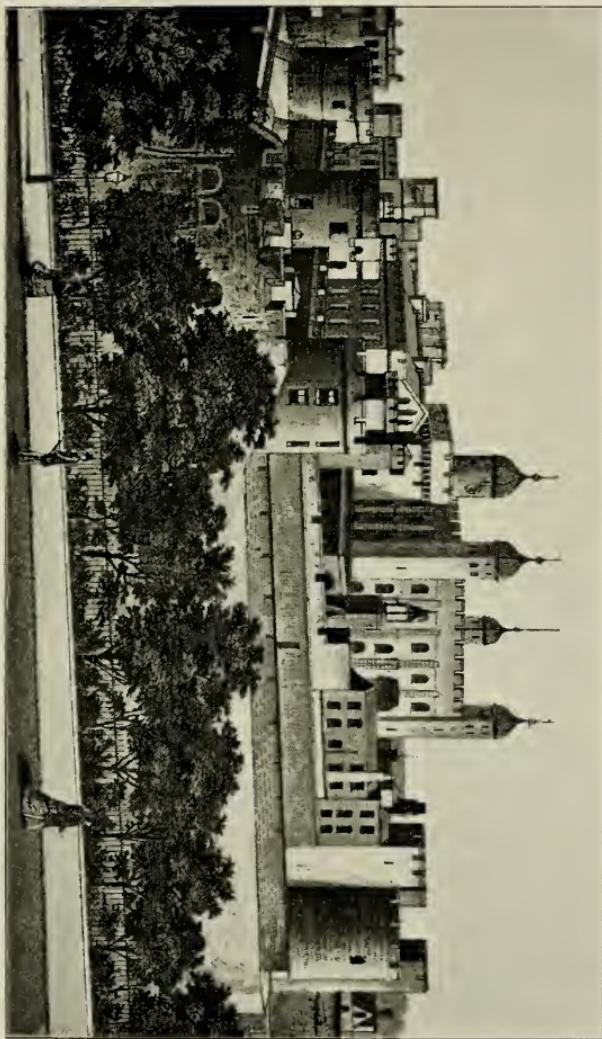
We will now go into what is called the Napoleon Rooms, because anything and everything connected with the life and history of that wonderful man is full of interest to me. Madam Tussaud's, as well as her predecessors and also her successors, have taken advantage of the unsettled state of affairs in France during the last one hundred years, and have procured by different means a great many different relics that would have otherwise been locked up in old Notre Dame or the galleries of the Louvre, until now the most extensive and interesting collection of relics connected with the history of Napoleon and France, that perhaps the world possesses, has been collected here. But they are so very numerous that we can only take time to mention a few without attempting to give a description or even referring to the slightest details : His military carriage, which he used in his Russian campaign, and which was captured at Waterloo, camp equipage of Napoleon, coffee cup used at St. Helena, tooth of Napoleon extracted by Dr. O'Mera, camp bedstead used at St. Helena, mattress and pillow on which he died, cloak worn at the battle of Marengo, sword worn by Napoleon in Egypt, military carriage used by Louis Napoleon and which was captured at Sedan. Many more relics equally interesting are here to be seen, but space will not admit, and with the mind all bewildered

we will now turn away from these scenes, which will be vivid in our memory so long as we live.

Of course you have all heard of the Tower of London, as there is no one thing in the history of England so frequently mentioned and referred to, and it would seem almost a reflection on any well informed persons to undertake to tell them very much about it. It is perhaps the proudest monument of antiquity, considered with reference to its historical associations, that the world possesses. Whole volumes could be written, and probably have been written, descriptive of the scenes that have been enacted within its gloomy walls. It is one of the most ancient, if indeed it is not the most ancient, of all the public places in London.

Tradition claims Julius Cæsar as its founder. According to history, however, William the Conqueror, erected the first building, which is known as the White Tower. It is not as many people imagine a great round lofty building, but instead a group or cluster of buildings. It is situated on the banks of the Thames. It is surrounded by a moat, which can be flooded or filled with water should occasion require. This, however, has not been done very recently, judging by its present appearance. Grass plats, flower gardens, and even vegetable gardens, cover its surface. The moat, I should judge, is about ten feet

TOWER OF LONDON.



deep and forty feet wide. It is walled, of course, the walls of the tower forming the inner wall, and the outer wall being composed of brick and stone. I have nothing historical or statistical to refer to, but I should judge that the moat and the buildings cover an area of about twelve or fifteen acres. I was sorely disappointed in my visit to the Tower, as I was of the impression that the public was admitted to the old cells and dungeons that we have so often read of in history. But this is not the case, however, and I was informed by one of the Tower officials that these places had been closed, not only to the general public, but also to privileged persons, many years ago. But, notwithstanding all this, the tower has by no means been shorn of its interest and there is perhaps no place in all London where one could be better entertained for a short time, at least, than at the Tower.

A stone in the court yard marks the spot where the scaffold stood on which Queen Anne Boleyn, Catherine and others were beheaded. In the White Tower the old council room, in which many noted people were tried and condemned to death, is to be seen. It is a very large room and contains many highly interesting relics, a few of which we will briefly refer to. The most interesting of all, perhaps, is the old execution block and ax. The block stands on a table or counter

in the middle of the room, and on the same table is the ax, suspended from a rack or frame. In size the block is, as nearly as I could judge, about two feet high, eighteen inches wide, and probably twelve inches thick. The top of the block is grooved or beveled in the middle to the thickness of about four inches, so as just to fit the neck, or the neck fit it. Three niches deep enough in which to lay a rye straw, and of course which were made by the blade of the ax, are still to be seen. In color the block is dark, almost black. I looked very closely for blood stains, but saw none. I laid my hand on the block and drew my thumb across the blade of the ax, and shrank back with a shudder at the recollections of the associations surrounding its history. In shape the ax is very similar to the one described at Madam Tussaud's, but not quite as large. Coats and other garments worn by Wellington and Nelson, and also the cloak on which General Wolf was laid when wounded, and upon which he died, fire arms, swords, armor plates, shields, etc., make up the principal attractions. In what is called the Regalia or Jewel House is to be seen the royal crowns and scepters, and other jewels. As may be imagined, they are grand and dazzling beyond all conception. The most interesting thing in the collection is, of course, the crown or diadem worn by Victoria at

her coronation in 1838. It is composed largely of very ancient relics, a great many of the jewels and precious stones having been taken from old crowns, but it is, of itself, quite modern, having been made for the use of Victoria on the occasion of her coronation. The crown comprises one large sapphire, one large ruby, twenty-six smaller sapphires, eleven emeralds, four rubies, one thousand three hundred and sixty-three brilliants, one thousand two hundred and seventy-three rose diamonds, four pendant-shaped pearls and two hundred and seventy-three smaller pearls. It is believed to be the heaviest and most uncomfortable crown, or diadem, in Europe. As many of you will no doubt recall, the Tower has been used in former times as a fortress, a palace or royal residence, a court of justice and a prison. To-day it might be viewed in the triple light of an armory, a barracks and a museum. A strong garrison is stationed there, and hundreds, and perhaps thousands of people go every day to see the soldiers parade and drill. And by the way, there was nothing that I saw in London and Paris that astonished me more than the interest that everybody seems to take in the soldiers and everything pertaining to the military. I went one morning in London to see the Royal horse and foot guards mount guard and go on duty. Although it was a cold, rainy morning, hundreds

of people (many of whom were women and children) stood there shivering in the cold to see them. One would think that the people in those soldier-cursed and military-oppressed countries would become tired of such scenes.

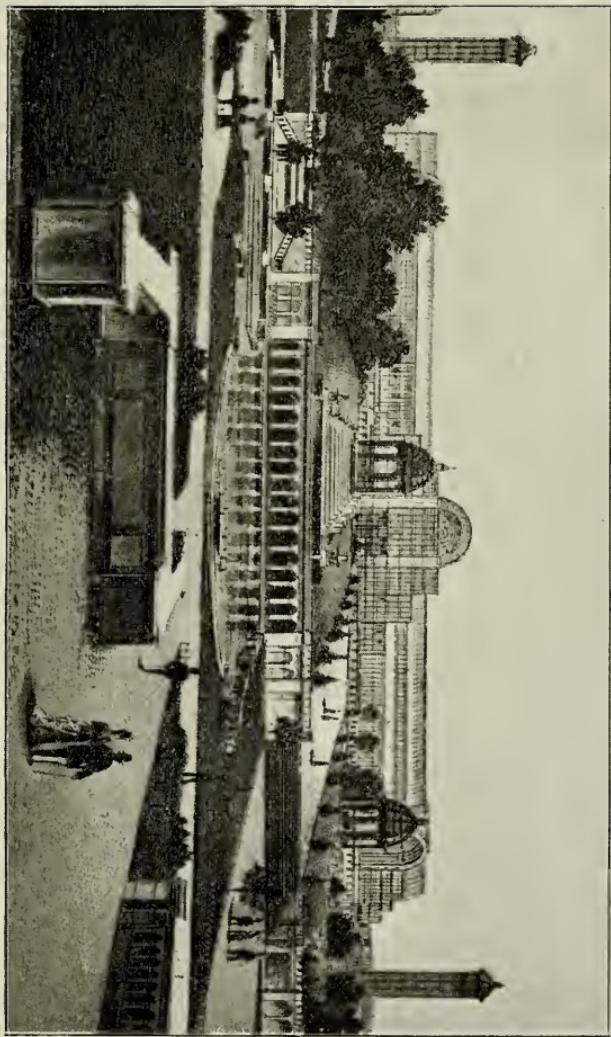
I believe it is generally, if not universally, conceded that the Zoological Gardens in London are the greatest of any institution of its kind in the world. They are situated in Regents Park and are quite accessible to almost any part of the city. The society, which is known as the Zoological Society of London, was instituted in 1826 and the gardens opened to the public in 1828. Through all these long years the work of collecting and adding to has been going steadily on, until now there is perhaps no living animal (at least mammals) that will live in a state of captivity but what is represented there. The collection is very large, and as near perfect as the skill and untiring effort of man can make it. Although an admittance fee of one shilling is charged the gardens are well patronized, thousands of people going there every day to see the animals fed, which is indeed a most interesting thing, and which seems to be one of the greatest attractions. Commodious quarters are provided for all the animals and birds. Some of the specimens require great care and attention, as in the Reptile House thermometers are placed to indi-

cate the degree of heat or cold, and notwithstanding all this caution I was informed that many fine specimens had been lost. I had the curiosity to ride on the back of an elephant, and also on a camel. A very curious and rather unpleasant feeling or sensation is produced—a feeling not easily described, but not greatly unlike that of sea sickness.

To one interested in the science of botany, a visit to the Botanic Gardens would be well repaid. They are situated in Regents Park and embrace an area of about twenty acres. All kinds of plants, tropical as well as native, are to be seen here. A large library of botanical works, and a museum are among the attractions at the garden. Botanical lectures are given free to visitors to the garden.

As quite a goodly number of seemingly well informed persons have asked me the question, "What is the Crystal Palace?" a short description or account of it might be of interest to some of you. I regret that I have nothing statistical or historical at hand to draw from, and so will have to depend on my own personal observation and the few notes hastily but carefully taken during a short visit there. Although generally supposed to be in London, it is situated at a place called Sydenham, distant about eight miles from London, and to reach it (which we do by rail) we

pass beyond the outskirts of the great metropolis, and through the silent woodland and across the babbling brook. The main building is perhaps the largest exposition building in the world, being one thousand six hundred and eight feet in length, with two wings, each five hundred and seventy-four feet in length, making in all two thousand seven hundred and fifty-six feet, which with the seven hundred and twenty feet in colonnade leading from the railroad station, makes a total length of three thousand four hundred and seventy-six feet, or nearly three-quarters of a mile, covered with a transparent roof of glass. When you enter you pause for a moment, for you are transfixed as it were with wonder and admiration, for the interior of the building itself is a marvel of splendor and beauty. Allegorical groups in bronze and marble, wax figures representing different tribes and nations, beautiful fountains, native and tropical plants and flowers, besides numerous other attractions, occupy the space on the main floor. In the spacious galleries numerous busts, historical and other paintings are to be seen, and also a fine museum of natural history. A very spacious concert hall, with large organ and brass band, as well as a regular theater, is there to attract the young and frivolous, whilst the more sober and sedate, the scholar or man of research,



CRYSTAL PALACE.

can more profitably put in the time in the Egyptian and Greek courts, where an opportunity is afforded to gain a practical lesson by inspecting and studying the various phases and developments through which the arts of architecture, painting and sculpture have passed from the earliest known period down to the present time. Connected with the Palace is a tract of land embracing about two hundred acres, known as the park and gardens. All the different varieties of trees, plants and shrubs known to that climate afford shade and ornament. Grand, ragged fragments of rocks, lakes, brooks and waterfalls serve to make the scenery picturesque and romantic. Artificial fountains, said to be the most stupendous in the world, are to be seen here. Lining the broad walks are numerous marble and bronze statues; in fact there is everything to attract and please. A fine panorama of the Siege of Paris occupies a large building and is well worthy of patronage. A most interesting thing is to be seen on the islands and around the borders of the lakes, specimens of the mammoth birds, lizards, turtles, and other animals now long extinct, but that lived when the world was young. These monstrous creatures have been reproduced as nearly as the art and skill of man can reproduce them, and are here looking so real and natural that we feel like congratu-

lating ourselves that we did not live in the age in which they existed.

A very fine collection of living birds and animals of the smaller species, such as monkeys, parrots, etc., are exhibited there. Indeed it would require many pages to enumerate and describe even the most prominent objects of interest, for the Crystal Palace is a great fair that is open throughout the year, and so great are the attractions there that, as I was informed, more than 68,000,000 of people have visited it since it was opened in 1854.

A most difficult thing to describe are the British Houses of Parliament. They are not lofty and imposing like our National Capitol at Washington, but certainly great, immense, capacious, when we take into account the fact that they cover an area of more than eight acres of ground. Although different buildings and parts of buildings intended for legislative purposes have occupied the present site since the days of William the Conqueror, the edifice we see to-day is comparatively new, having been commenced in 1837 and completed in 1852. The material used in its construction is hard magnesian lime stone, and judging from the thickness of its walls, we have no reason to doubt but that it will stand till time shall be no more. A more correct idea may be formed of its extent when we are reminded that

it contains five hundred rooms of different kinds, with separate residences for eighteen different officers of the House of Lords and Commons. Now you are not to understand that these are all embraced within one building, and that the English Houses of Parliament is one vast structure that covers eight acres of ground. It is rather a group of buildings and, although all seeming to be attached or to join onto each other, there are courts, walks and promenades for the use and convenience of the Parliament officials and their families, within the outer walls or enclosure. I was not fortunate enough to be present at any of their sessions (or as they call it there, one of their sittings) but went on Saturday, the day on which the general public is admitted. Here, as at the Tower and British Museum, policemen are stationed at every door and entrance, and the way they seem to watch a stranger is truly embarrassing, at least it seemed that way to me. I was informed that this seemingly unnecessary vigilance was observed for the reason that there has not only been threats, but even attempts made to blow up these several institutions. But here, as at every place else throughout the city, the greatest civility is shown to strangers. All questions are willingly and civilly answered, and many objects are voluntarily pointed out to you. The Queen's Robing Room, the Royal Gallery, and the Princess'

Chamber, are three grand and magnificently furnished apartments through which we pass, and are well worthy of special mention. But as anything like a comprehensive description of them would require more space than we can possibly spare, we will have to omit any further mention of them.

In regard to the English Parliament, there are a few facts not generally known by everybody, the mention of which may interest some of you. It consists of the House of Lords and the House of Commons, the House of Lords corresponding to our Senate and the House of Commons to our House of Representatives. The members of the House of Lords are not always men especially fitted or qualified for the place, but have attained the important and exalted position they hold, we might say, by accident, caused by certain conditions of birth or relationship not easily understood or explained. It is hereditary, and of course they have a life tenure of office. The House of Commons, however, is quite different, the members being elected by the people very much the same as are our members of the House of Representatives elected. The term of office is seven years, but they seldom serve that long, as they have a very curious and most ridiculous habit of resigning (generally in a body) whenever their party is defeated in any important or political measure.

before the House. So that an election for members of the Commons is liable to take place at almost any time. You have no doubt all heard of the Right and Left in connection with the House of Commons. There is no fixed or permanent Right or Left, nor any political distinction between the two portions, the right hand side of the house being always occupied by the party in power, and the left by the opposition whatever may be their respective principles. It may interest some of you to know that the members receive no salary, the office being considered an honorary one.

Who has not heard tell of Windsor Castle, and who has the ability to write a comprehensive description or account of it? I certainly have not the audacity to undertake such a task. There is perhaps no royal residence or palace in all the world so strikingly beautiful in its situation, so grand, lofty and majestic as Windsor Castle. Nor is there a place more replete with historical interest, for upon this beautiful eminence and within these venerable walls have been enacted many of the thrilling and important scenes and incidents that make the history of England so peculiarly interesting to all English speaking people. It has not only been the home of many kings, but also their birthplace, and is now their last resting place. Windsor is a pleasant little

city situated on the Thames, distant about thirty miles from London. Two lines of railway, the Great Western and London & Southwestern, make it quite accessible to the great metropolis, and there is perhaps not a day in the year but that people go to see the Castle. I took the early morning train, and arrived just in time for morning services at St. George's Chapel. After the services were over I came out and had the good fortune to meet an old guide, who had been serving in that capacity for more than forty years. He was fairly intelligent, and in making the rounds of the Castle and grounds imparted to me quite a considerable amount of useful and highly interesting information. I was amused at the old gentleman's intense loyalty and the wonderful amount of pride and interest he seemed to take in everything connected with the Castle and Royal Family. As for instance, great pains were taken to point out certain gates or doors, through which Her Majesty was wont to pass on certain occasions. Also a number of rustic seats or benches (some quite ancient), placed at convenient and pleasant places along the walks and about the grounds were pointed out as having often been occupied by Her Majesty and the Prince Consort. I availed myself of an opportunity to sit down for a moment in some of them, and felt terribly disappointed at not expe-

riencing some peculiar sensation on the occasion. After spending an hour rambling about the grounds in company with the old guide, I gave him a shilling, which was very gratefully received, and after procuring a ticket at one of the doors where a soldier and two policemen stood guard, was conducted by a regularly commissioned guide, through the interior of the Castle. A very strange rule or practice is observed in conducting visitors through the Castle. When you enter you are ushered into a waiting room, where two policemen carefully scrutinize you, and where you are required to wait until a squad or party of a dozen or more have assembled. You are then beckoned to follow the guide. A policeman, carrying a great bunch of keys, follows a step or two behind the guide. When an apartment is reached the policeman hands the keys to the guide, who unlocks the door and hands the keys back to the policeman, who after the party has entered the room, locks the door, and so on until every apartment is gone through.

Here, as in all other public places in London, you are never from under the eye of the police. The apartments through which we were conducted are grand in the extreme, even dazzling, and would have to be seen to be appreciated. They are also very numerous, so numerous

indeed that we must not attempt to mention all of them, much less undertake to give any description or account of them. There is the Throne Room, the Waterloo Chamber (which is the Queen's private theater), the State Ante-Room, the Grand Reception Room, St. George's Hall (which is a vast banqueting hall or dining-room), the Audience Chamber, the King's Closet and the Queen's Closet, the Presence Chamber, and the Council Chamber. It was in the last named chamber that the Empress Eugenie slept when here on her visit to the Queen in 1855. We have not named near all of the different chambers and halls, because space will not admit. A great many of these apartments are very spacious, as, for instance, there is St. George's Hall, 200 feet long, 34 feet wide and 32 feet high. The Council Chamber is 28 feet long, 26 feet wide and 19 feet high, making quite a commodious bed room for the proud Eugenie. In the Presence Chamber fancy could paint many pictures, for in this room the Kings and Queens of England for many centuries past have received the great and illustrious people who have come to visit or to do business at Windsor Castle.

Many of the apartments have the appearance of a museum and picture gallery. The presents which Queen Victoria and many of her predecessors have received from the other crowned heads

of Europe and other nations of the world, are to be seen here. It is hardly necessary to state that many of these presents are grand and magnificent beyond all conception. In the Guard Chamber is to be seen a relic that is no doubt very highly prized. It is a portion of the fore-mast of the "Victory," Nelson's flag ship. There is a perforation through it, made by a cannon ball during the engagement at Trafalgar. The furniture in the different apartments is the most splendid I ever saw, far surpassing that which I saw in the apartments of Marie Antoinette and Josephine, in the Palace at Versailles. It might be well enough to state that, although the Queen was absent, we were not admitted to her private apartments. The apartments to which we were admitted are known as the State Apartments.

We will now return to St. George's Chapel, which, I neglected to mention, is an appendage to the Castle, and, of course, is within the Castle grounds. It is quite ancient, having been commenced in the year 1474. The interior presents a much grander appearance than does that of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. It is most profusely embellished with flags, pictures, monuments, busts and statues, and the surroundings generally present a scene that is simply sublime. Like Westminster Abbey, it contains many tombs, and to one interested in English history

a day spent in groping among the tombs and monuments, reading the inscriptions would be time very profitably spent.

Here you see in several instances an illustration of how friendly the English people, as a rule, are to the brute creation. As, for instance, in the Lincoln Chapel, where the Earl of Lincoln and his Countess are buried. The recumbent figures on the tomb represent the Earl, clad in armour, his feet resting on a grey-hound, who has a small chain fastened to its collar. The Countess, in robes of state, with a monkey at her feet. In the same chapel is to be seen the original tomb of Edward IV. On a black marble slab appears his name in brass letters, surmounted with his arms and crown, supported by a cherub with the following inscription :

.....
KING EDWARD IV., and his Queen,

ELIZABETH WIDVILE.
.....

In the Bray Chapel is to be seen a very interesting relic, an account of which will show you that the author of this book is not the only one who has received kind treatment at the hands of the English people, and who has been constrained to sound their praise for the hospitality shown to

strangers. It is a beautiful white marble monument, erected to the memory of the Prince Imperial of France. On the tomb is a figure recumbent of the Prince, clad in the uniform he wore in Africa. At the head of the tomb is the following inscription :

To NAPOLEON LOUIS EUGENE JOHN JOSEPH,

The only son of Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, and of Empress Eugenie. Sorrowing friends have erected this monument. Born, March 16th, 1856. Died January 1st, 1879.

At the foot is the following :

The well beloved youth, the comrade of our soldiers, slain in the African war, and thence carried to the tomb of his father. Queen Victoria embraceth as her guest in this holy domicile of Kings, represented in funeral marble as he is.

On the left side of the tomb is the following inscription in French, which if translated into English would read thus :

I shall die with a feeling of profound gratitude for Her Majesty, the Queen of England, for all the Royal Family, and for the country, in which during eight years, I have received so cordial a hospitality.

Now you are not to understand that the Prince is buried here, for he is not. This is simply a cenotaph or memorial tomb.

We will now turn our attention to the Albert Memorial Chapel, which adjoins the east end of St. George's Chapel. The interior of this Chapel has very much the appearance of a cathedral. But to describe it or to convey anything like an adequate idea of its magnificence is a thing scarcely possible. To realize its splendor it must be seen. It is quite capacious, being sixty-eight feet long, twenty-eight feet wide and sixty feet high. Occupying the space in the middle of the floor is the tomb of the Duke of Clarence, the tomb of the Duke of Albany, and also the cenotaph of the Prince Consort. At each of the four corners of the cenotaph are figures of angels supporting shields of arms of Her Majesty and Prince Consort. At the foot is a statue of the Queen, mournfully interesting ; at the head another of Science, weeping ; at the two sides, figures of Charity, Piety and Hope ; Justice, Honor and Truth — the center figures holding the shields. On the top lies the recumbent figure of the Prince in white marble. He is attired in the robes of the Garter, his head resting upon a pillow supported by angels, with his favorite dog, Eos, at his feet.

The tomb of the Duke of Clarence consists of a massive sarcophagus surmounted by a bronze recumbent statue of the Duke. This is really the Duke's tomb and his remains repose here. His name, or title, was Prince Albert Victor of Wales, Duke of Clarence and Avondale. He was the eldest son of the present Prince of Wales, and of course was the direct heir to the Crown after his father. It is said that he was a fine young man, and was dearly beloved by all who knew him. He was engaged to be married to his cousin, the Princess Maud Victoria—Princess May of Teck, but after a short illness died on January 14, 1892.

Now muffled be the marriage bell,
The nuptial wreath is rent,
Palace and tower must toll the knell
Of his dark tenement.
The flowers we twined to blush and bloom
Around the bridal bed must pale about his tomb.

—*Alfred Austin.*

His tomb is the most magnificent I ever saw, far surpassing even that of Napoleon at Paris. Massive wreaths of natural and artificial flowers almost hide the tomb.

The tomb of the Duke of Albany (who was Prince Leopold, Victoria's youngest son) consists of a sarcophagus, and is very fine. Many flowers and wreaths were scattered over and about it.

Underneath the Albert Memorial Chapel is a vast tomb which contains the remains of the following named royal personages: George III., George IV., William IV., Queen Charlotte, Queen Adelaide, Frederick Duke of York and Albany, Edward Duke of Kent (who was Victoria's father), Princess Amelia, Princess Charlotte, Princess Augusta, Prince Octavius, Prince Alfred, Duchess of Brunswick, George V. King of Hanover, and several infants.

The Castle and grounds embrace an area of about twenty-seven acres. The location is high, and a commanding view of the surrounding country is obtained. My guide pointed out many places of historical interest, among which was Eton College, which is less than a mile away. This grand old college was founded more than three centuries and a half ago. It can point with pride to the names of Wellington, Gladstone, Fox, Pitt, Salisbury and Moultrie, besides many other great and illustrious men who got their education and training there.

There are a great many other places in London that I visited. For instance, the Bank of England, the general Postoffice, the Customs House, the Courts, the different Markets, etc.; and I have no doubt but that a great deal could be said about them that would be of interest to some of you. But when I look back over the many

pages I have written, I am reminded that a great deal more space has been used than I originally intended. So I must now say good-bye for the present, to dear old foggy London, and set out for Paris.

I don't remember of ever having spent a more pleasant time than I spent in London. Nor was I ever as loth to leave any place I had visited; because in addition to the hospitality of the people, the attractions seem never ending. Although I had planned to leave London on the same day I returned from Paris, I made my visit one day shorter there, so as to give me one more day in London. For this I was well repaid. I went to the fish, poultry and game markets, and to the monument which marks the spot where the great fire broke out on September 2, 1666. It is a lofty tower, and I ascended to the top of it, where a commanding view of the most business portion of the city is had. Lying almost at our very feet is the London Bridge, on which two endless processions of vehicles and footmen meet and pass. Just beyond the far end of the bridge we see the trains arrive and depart at the elevated railway station, at the rate of a train a minute. Turning slightly to the right, we see the old dingy Bank of England which is almost hidden by the more modern and lofty buildings that surround it. Now casting a glance down the river we see,

standing upon the banks of the Thames in awful silent grandeur, the Tower of London. Up the river as far as the eye can reach hundreds of steamboats and barges are passing to and fro. Lining both banks of the Thames an endless chain of docks and warehouses stretch away in the distance. Now turning away from the Thames, and looking away, away, in the direction of the British Museum and Bunhill Fields, more than five hundred churches with their lofty spires pointing heavenward fall within range of the vision; and towering high above them all St. Paul's shows its lofty crest in burnished gold.

Perhaps but very few American tourists have gone to Paris under more unfavorable conditions than did I. I had no letter of introduction to the United States Minister or even to the Consul; nor was I acquainted with a single person in the American Colony, nor could I speak or even understand a single word of French. In short I went to Paris with barely knowledge enough to keep from getting run over in the crowded streets. But notwithstanding all these disadvantages I went there and had a very pleasant time, indeed. I visited a great many of the most noted places of interest, a few of which I will try to tell you something about. I did not go direct from London to Paris by way of Dover and Calais, as travelers generally do,

but instead went by way of New Haven and Dieppe, and thence by rail to Rouen, where I spent one day. As you will probably recall, Rouen was the capital of Normandy. It is a very ancient city, situated on both banks of the Seine, and contains a population of about one hundred thousand people. Many thrilling incidents of which we read in history occurred there. Perhaps the most noted and certainly the most pathetic of all was the imprisonment, trial and execution, or rather the torture of Joan of Arc. I visited the great old gloomy tower in which she was immured, and mused for a while in her dark, narrow, damp cell. I was also in the council chamber in which she was tried and condemned, and had my guide and interpreter conduct me along the very route taken by the procession to the little public square where she was burned. A fine lofty marble statue, representing the maid leaning on her sword, now marks the spot. The old buildings that then surrounded the square are still standing. As I stood for a few moments at the base of the statue contemplating the surroundings, fancy painted a picture. Long lines of armor-clad soldiers, with spears at parade rest, surrounded the square, whilst from every door and window protruded the heads of barbarous men and women, whose hoots and jeers mingled with the

shrieks of the poor maid as the cruel flames enveloped her body. I invested two francs (forty cents) in a bead wreath, which I hung up at the entrance to her cell. I imagine I see you smile when you read this; but let me assure you, it afforded me a pleasure to contribute this little token to the memory of her whom I have always regarded as the greatest, noblest and grandest type of womanhood in history. The things connected with the life and history of the Maid of Orleans are not all that are of interest to be seen at Rouen, for here are to be seen some of the most quaint old cathedrals in all Europe. They are very numerous, and it might be said that Rouen is a city of cathedrals. I visited a half dozen or more of them, but of course must not attempt to give any account of them. A very extensive museum and picture gallery are among the attractions at Rouen. In the museum I saw a great many old Roman tombs or coffins. They were of stone. Hundreds and perhaps thousands of little phials, which had contained the tears of friends, and which had been put in the coffins, were to be seen there. I also went to the old Parliament Houses, and sat for a few moments upon the old throne, and also in the speaker's seat. Many other objects of interest well worthy of mention were seen there, but we must now hurry off to Paris.

Four hours' run up the beautiful valley of the Seine brings us to the Queen City, which we reach just at dark. I put up at a place called Austin's Railway Hotel at No. 26 Rue d'Amsterdam, which is directly opposite the Dieppe Railway Station. Fortunately for me, a dining-room girl who had spent a year in London, could speak a little English, so I got along fairly well. I arose quite early the next morning and began to "take in" the city, which I did, we might say, quite systematically, or by detail. Of course it was necessary to hire a guide and interpreter, which I was very fortunate in procuring on much more reasonable terms than I had expected. The first place visited was the Madeleine, or Church of St. Mary Magdalene. It is situated in the Rue Royals. It is a grand and magnificent church edifice of the Greek order of architecture, and although begun by Louis XV. in 1764 the work of its construction had been so often disturbed and suspended that it was not wholly completed until in 1842. The interior is not greatly unlike that of other cathedrals in France. Fine altars, pictures, busts, statues, priests attired in robes, and many people of all classes and conditions worshiping at its shrine, make up the attractions.

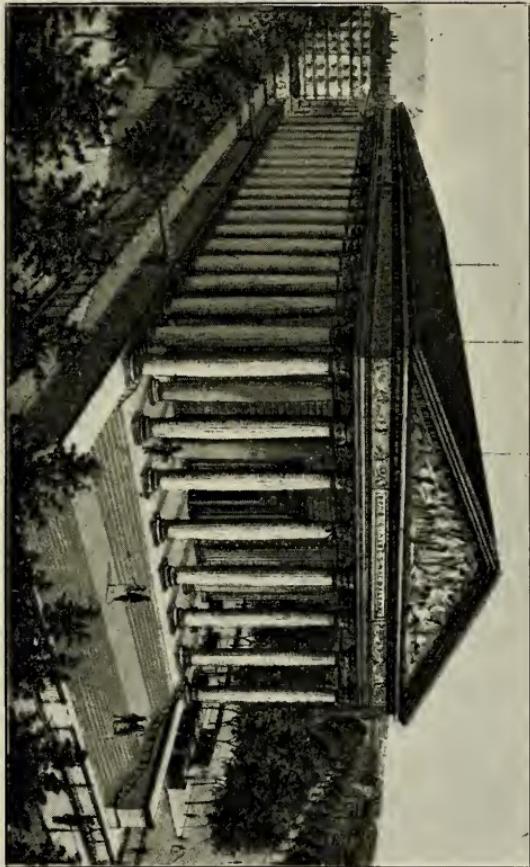
Like most public places in Paris, it has its tragic history. For directly in front of the

church the Bloody Commune erected a barricade, or breastworks, and here a desperate conflict with the troops of Versailles took place. When the government troops finally prevailed, several hundred of the insurgents took refuge in the Madeleine and were killed on the spot.

From the Madeleine I went to the Place de Concorde, which is not a great distance from the Madeleine, and which is situated between the Champs Elysees and the Gardens of the Tuilleries. This is said to be the finest place in Paris, if indeed, not in all Europe. The Champs Elysees, the finest and most popular boulevard in Paris, leads from here to the Arc de Triumph. In the center of the place, and marking the spot where was erected the guillotine at the time of the first Revolution, and which is a sister monolith to Cleopatra's Needle which stands upon the Victoria Embankment in London, stands the Luxor Obelisk. It is a solid piece of stone seventy-six feet high, and weighs two hundred and forty tons. The gray granite pedestal on which it stands is a single block and weighs ninety-six tons. As we will have occasion to refer to the Concorde later on, we will now turn to the left and enter the Garden of the Tuilleries.

As we stroll slowly through this beautiful park many incidents in the life and history of Louis Napoleon and Eugenie are recalled, for as

THE MADELEINE.



you will no doubt remember, it was in these beautiful grounds that the Palace of the Tuilleries stood until it was destroyed by the Commune in 1871. After order was restored the ruins were fenced in and remained so until in 1882, when they were removed and the site of the once splendid palace transformed into gardens and lawns.

The Louvre is not only a great picture gallery, as I find many well informed people imagine, but indeed is a great national museum as well; and bears, we might say, the same relation to Paris that the British Museum does to London. Space will not admit of anything beyond a mere hint at the many wonderful things we saw in the Louvre. So vast is it that it is claimed the picture galleries, if placed end to end, would extend several miles. The Egyptian and Assyrian Museums are more extensive even than those of the British Museum. There is also the Christian Museum, the Jewish Museum, the Chinese Museum and the Marine and Ethnographic Museum, all of which contain a collection of curiosities so vast that it would require many days to see them all. The building, I should judge, is far more spacious than that of the British Museum. It is situated on the banks of the Seine, consists of four wings with large court yard in the middle. Although certain portions of the building have been used

for a museum since 1793, the Louvre, as we see it to-day, was not completed until in 1852.

Who has not heard tell of Old Notre Dame ? And who is the man or woman that would not appreciate a visit to that quaint old church ? It is, perhaps, the most ancient of all the cathedrals I visited, having been founded in the year 1163. Of course you are not to understand that Notre Dame as it appears to-day was built and completed at that remote age, for changes and alterations have taken place from time to time, from that date even up to the year 1845. The west front, which is surmounted by two lofty towers, was built in the thirteenth century. The church is open to the public every day, but admission to the Sacristy, Treasury and Chapter House is by ticket, for which we pay a half franc (10 cents). These apartments (which are similar in construction or arrangement to the class rooms in some of our large churches), contain very many interesting relics, such, for instance, as the French Crown Jewels (or at least a portion of them, some being shown in the Louvre), the Coronation Robes of Napoleon, the cup used by Louis XVI. when partaking of the Last Sacrament, the cap worn by the Pope at the coronation of Napoleon, and also fragments of the Crown of Thorns, as well as a piece of the true and original Cross, and one of the nails. In regard to the three last named

relics it might be well enough to take a little salt, as the saying is. But then, if these highly interesting relics are really yet in existence, and if I were to start out to find them, I would just be as apt to look for them in Old Notre Dame as any place else in the world. In the Chapter House is to be seen the blood-stained garments of the Archbishop (Darboy) of Paris, who was murdered by the Commune in 1871. The building is perhaps some larger than Westminster Abbey, but not nearly so large as St. Paul's. My guide informed me that it would hold about twenty thousand people. The grand old fabric has had several very narrow escapes from destruction. In the time of the first Revolution it was condemned to destruction, but the order was rescinded and the sculpture, altars and paintings only were destroyed. Again in 1871 the Commune took possession of it, and after using it for a time as military depot, attempted to burn it, but fortunately without success.

I suppose every large city in Christendom has its morgue, but there is perhaps no morgue in all the world of which we have heard so much as the Morgue in Paris. As it is situated just behind Notre Dame, we will just "slip" around and take a little peep at it. It is a very small and insignificant building, and would no doubt be passed unnoticed were it not for the crowds of

anxious looking and excitable people who seem to be always gathered there. All persons who are found dead, from whatever cause, within the city, are taken to the Morgue and their bodies exposed upon marble slabs for a period of three days, unless sooner claimed and taken away by friends or relatives. The bodies are kept from decay by some process of refrigeration. A partition of glass separates the room in which they lay from that used by the public. The clothing worn at the time of the death is hung up over or beside the body, and every means of identification afforded. Four ghastly looking bodies, three men and one woman, afforded attraction for the crowds of idle, curious people when I was there.

Of course you have all heard tell of the siege and taking of the Bastile, for perhaps no writer of French history since that time has failed to refer to it in some way or other. It is not our purpose to reproduce a history of it, any further than to refer to a few facts that will enable you to recall what you may possibly have forgotten. The Bastile was formerly a massive castle, erected by Charles V. and Charles VI., and was used afterwards as a state prison. At a time during the second Revolution it was garrisoned by government troops, but was besieged by the mob and finally taken, after a most des-

perate and bloody conflict. The officers were put to death, their heads cut off and carried through the streets on pikes. These thrilling events occurred on the 27th, 28th and 29th of July, 1830, and that is why the lofty and imposing monument which now marks the spot is sometimes referred to as the Column of July. The Column is of bronze, thirteen feet in diameter and one hundred and fifty-four feet high. The base or pedestal on which it stands is of white marble. The figure at the summit represents the Genius of Liberty, standing on a globe, holding in one hand a bird, in the other the broken chain of slavery. In the western corner of the place may be seen, traced in inlaid stone, the outlines of the old prison walls, which formerly occupied the site. Again, in 1871, a desperate encounter took place there between the Army of Versailles and the bloody Commune. Although it is not the most convenient we will go from here to the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, because our visit to the Morgue and to the site of the Bastile has served to put us in a very suitable mood for such an experience.

As the Prison de la Roquette is directly on our route we will stop there and take a few observations. It is a massive castle-like building, where condemned prisoners are lodged before execution or transportation. Just across the street and

directly opposite is the prison for young criminals, and between the two is the place of execution. The Commune took possession of la Roquette, and it was there that Archbishop Darboy and five other noted priests were led out and shot down like dogs. Their bodies were then thrown into a common trench in Pere la Chaise, which accounted for the archbishop's clothes, which I saw at Notre Dame, looking like those of a beggar.

It is possible that some of you are not greatly interested in cemeteries, tombs and burying grounds, and I will have to admit that they are not things calculated to create enthusiasm, or to afford a very great amount of pleasure and delight. Yet, as strange as it may seem, to me there is a sort of fascination, an indescribable something that attracts, and in all my travels I have never lost an opportunity to visit the tombs and burying places, notwithstanding the fact that in doing so one seems to be standing, as it were, at the very threshold of eternity and contemplating a condition of things the most gloomy and foreboding imaginable.

Pere la Chaise, which I believe stands at the head of the list of the great cemeteries of the world, was first opened as a burying ground in 1804. It embraces an area of one hundred and ten acres and contains more than eighteen thou-

sand monuments. That many of them are grand and magnificent beyond any conception it is unnecessary to state, for here repose the remains of many of the greatest and wealthiest people of the French nation. In the Jewish quarter or cemetery is to be seen the tomb of Rachel, and also the family vault of the Paris branch of the Rothschild family. In the principal avenue leading to the right from the back of the Casimir Perier monument is the splendid tomb of M. Thiers. Many of the field marshals of France have splendid tombs there. Thousands of the tombs are decorated with artificial wreaths made of beads.

As you pass along the beautiful walks and avenues you can look through the glass or grating, as the case may be, and inspect the interior of the tombs or vaults. Many of them have the appearance of splendidly furnished rooms. In many of the tombs of the noted and wealthy people candles are constantly kept burning. In a vault, evidently containing the remains of a little girl, was seen the little toy table and tea set, and little crib or cradle with doll in it, besides many other little trinkets with which some mother's darling used to play. In another tomb one great arm or rocking chair, probably father's. In another tomb two chairs, indicating that father and mother had both crossed over

the Dark River. In several tombs I saw women and children who had come to spend a while near the remains of their departed loved ones. In most cases they were engaged in prayer. This little incident reminded me afresh of how much better and more devoted women are than men, for I saw no man engaged in such devotion.

Pere la Chaise is not without its tragic history, for here it was that the bloody Commune made their last desperate stand, and were shot down like wild beasts by the Army of Versailles. Numerous scars made on the tombs and shade trees by the bullets were pointed out to me. In one corner of the cemetery is situated a crematory. As quite a large number of people were assembled there, conspicuous among whom were a great many policemen, we went over, and on inquiry learned that the body of a noted local Anarchist had just been brought to the crematory.

Of course you have all heard about the fate of poor Ney, the bravest of the brave. When it was learned that Napoleon had escaped from Elba, Louis XVIII. sent Ney against him. Ney pretended to be very loyal to Louis, and said he would carry the usurper in chains to Paris. But when he met his old commander, Napoleon said : "Embrace me, my Ney," which completely disarmed the brave Ney who put himself and troops

at the disposal of his old commander. For this little breach of discipline, the brave Ney was tried by the Chamber of Peers, condemned and shot. An equestrian statue of Ney, standing on a granite pedestal, with drawn sword in hand and held aloft, now marks the site of his execution. The names of the battles in which he fought are inscribed on the pedestal. We will next spend a half day in the Bois, or Big Timber. But on our way we will just stop for a few moments at the Triumphal Arch, for fear we will not have an opportunity to pass that way again.

The Arc de Triumph, or the Arch of Triumph, as you and I would call it, is an immense stone arch one hundred and sixty feet high, one hundred and forty feet broad and seventy feet deep. The idea was conceived by Napoleon, and designed as a monument to the glory of France and the French army. Napoleon, however, never had the pleasure of gazing upon its splendor and magnificence, as it was not completed until in 1836. The following are the groups of statuary carved in high relief and gigantic proportions on the arch : Right, Departure of Troops to the Frontier in 1792 ; above, Funeral of General Marceau ; left, Triumph of Napoleon I., after the Peace of Vienna ; above it, Capture of Mustapha Pasha at Aboukir. West side towards the fortifications : Right, Resistance of the French to the Allies,

1814 ; above it, Passage of the Bridge of Arcola ; left, Blessings of Peace ; above, Taking of Alexandria. I went up on top of the arch, where a fine view of a considerable portion of the city is obtained. From here radiate twelve fine avenues, nearly all of them sloping upward toward the arch. Among these is the Champs Elysees, at the far end of which is plainly seen the grand old Obelisk, which seems to stand as a great sentinel guarding the historical Concorde, whilst just beyond is seen the Gardens of the Tuilleries and the Palace of the Louvre.

The Bois, as it is commonly called, is a public park and embraces an area of two thousand two hundred and fifty acres. A fine broad avenue, also called the Bois de Boulogne, leads from the arch to the park and, as an illustration of how very fond the French people are of pleasure and amusement and out-door exercise, of an afternoon, even at this season of the year (March), the avenue is thronged with vehicles and even pedestrians going to and coming from the Bois. So vast are these pleasure grounds that, as my guide informed me, it costs the municipality more than \$100,000 a year to keep it up.

The attractions are numerous and various, consisting of artificial lakes, water courses, cascades, shady walks and drives, besides many other objects of interest too numerous to mention. A

very noticeable thing is the swarms of water fowl that stay around the lakes. They are so tame that they will actually pick crumbs from your hand. Within the grounds is a Zoological Garden that would even compare well with that in Regents Park in London.

There is also a sort of Botanic Garden, a great portion of which is under glass. I was informed that a specimen of every known plant, tropical as well as native, is grown there. It was in the Bois that I saw what I believe to be the most wonderful and interesting thing I saw on my journey, it was a panorama of the antediluvian world, or the world before the flood. This vast picture alone occupies an entire large building. So perfect is the illusion that as you stand gazing away in every direction you can scarcely be convinced that the sky and clouds you see above you are not in reality the real sky and clouds, and that the monstrous beasts, birds and reptiles that surround you are not indeed living, breathing creatures. Looking away, away in every direction mountains, hills, valleys, rivers and lakes fall within range of vision. Tribes of strange looking people dressed in the skins of wild beasts; the mighty mammoth and the mastodon; monstrous water fowls swimming on the lakes, winged lizards and crocodiles flying in the air, tigers twenty feet long, and serpents large

enough to swallow an ox, are only a few of the many things that have come within scope of the artist's fertile brain or imagination.

On our way back from the Bois we will take a stroll of a few miles along the fortifications. These immense defenses, which extend around the city in a circle, were constructed by order of M. Thiers in 1841. They are made of brick and are thirty-three feet high, and are circled by a moat eighteen feet deep. Now you are not to understand that this wall stands thirty-three feet high above the surface, for that is not so; it is thirty-three feet high from the bottom of the moat. The walls are angling in shape, as I believe walls of defense generally are. In addition to this wall there are sixteen detached forts at various intervals (outside of this wall, of course), mounted with guns of the most scientific, modern construction, so it may well be said that Paris is indeed a fortified city. I think it was on these forts or outer line of fortifications that they depended most at the time of the siege by the Prussians in 1871.

PALACE AND GARDENS OF THE TROCADERO.

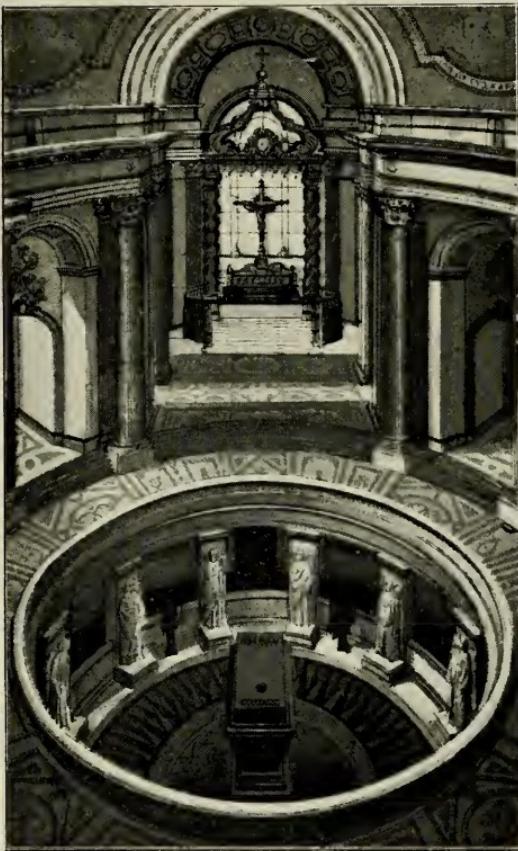
An edifice the most difficult to describe of any I have yet seen. The center consists of an immense circular building surmounted by a dome one hundred and seventy-three feet in diameter,

exceeding the width of that of St. Peter's at Rome by thirty-five feet and that of St. Paul's in London by sixty-five feet. On each side of the dome are lofty towers, from the top of which a fine view of the city is had. There are two wings or crescent shaped buildings nearly a quarter of a mile in length. These contain museums, picture galleries, sculptures, etc. In the central building is a festival hall that will seat seven thousand persons. From the center springs the large cascade which falls over eight plateaux towards the Seine into a large basin. In front of the palace and sloping gently towards the Seine are the beautiful gardens, and it is here, of course, that is seen the cascade just described. This palace, and also the many other things we have described, are all on the north side of the Seine, and although there are yet many others, some of which possess an equal amount of interest, space will not admit of any further mention of them, and we will now cross over the Seine and visit a few of the most noted places on the south side of the river.

Just across the river from the Trocadero and directly opposite stands that proud monument to modern engineering skill, the Eiffel Tower. This enormous structure in comparison with which our great Washington mounment sinks into insignificance and pales into murky nothingness, is nine

hundred and eighty-five feet high, rising thirty-five feet higher than would the Washington monument if set on top of the Great Pyramid of Egypt. It is a frame work of steel and rests on four immense granite piers, or abutments. It is built directly over a public street and hundreds and perhaps thousands of people pass directly under it every day. It has three platforms, the first, which is as high as the towers of Notre Dame, contains several cafes or restaurants, and there is ample room to entertain several hundred people in various ways. The second platform is three hundred and seventy-six feet high, being eleven feet higher than the top of the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral. The third platform is eight hundred and sixty-three feet high. It was my ambition to ascend to the third platform but when I got to the second my curiosity was fully satisfied, and if I were to visit Paris a dozen times I could not be prevailed on to repeat the experiment.

No place perhaps in Paris has so great an attraction for the old soldier as does the Hotel of the Invalides. Situated in the very heart of the city and covering or rather occupying an area of about thirty acres, is to be seen the group of buildings which constitute that historical place. It was founded by Louis XIV., in the year 1670, and I believe was originally



TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

intended for a soldiers' home ; and may, indeed, be considered such even now, as several hundred deserving old veterans are now quartered there. But many changes have taken place from time to time, until now it's most conspicuous features are an immense museum of artillery, a picture gallery, a library, etc.

The Church of the Invalides, which forms the middle of the group, is rather an imposing edifice, surmounted with a gilded dome three hundred and forty feet high. The interior of the church (which is called the Church of St. Louis) does not present any particular attraction, unless it is the numerous flags and other trophies captured by the French armies in battle, and which makes it seem more like a museum than a place of worship. But directly in the rear of the church, or rather that part just referred to, is to be seen an object which afforded a far greater attraction for me than did all the other things connected with the institution combined. It was the tomb of Napoleon. Now you may not be an admirer of Napoleon, but I certainly am. I esteem him the greatest and most extraordinary man who has ever lived—certainly who has lived in modern times. Now you are not to infer that I imagine that I have detected something good or noble in his life or history, for that, I think, would be very difficult to do, and I admire him

for his genius only, and in my opinion, if ever a man received his just deserts it was Napoleon when he was placed upon the barren rock of St. Helena. Immediately beneath the dome, and at the bottom of a circular crypt which is thirty-six feet in diameter and twenty feet deep, is to be seen the marble sarcophagus which contains all that is mortal of that wondrous man. The pavement at the bottom represents a wreath of laurels. The walls or sides of the crypt are of polished granite, with marble reliefs, the effect of which is greatly enhanced by the golden rays of sunlight, admitted through the stained windows above. An inscription over the entrance to the vault if translated into English would read thus : "I desire that my ashes may rest on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I have so well loved." This is perhaps the finest and most costly tomb in the world, although in my judgment the sarcophagus is not so magnificent as that of the Duke of Clarence at Windsor Castle. This crypt might be compared to a great cup or bowl, the rim of which is of polished marble and rises about three feet higher than the floor above, thus forming a kind of a rail or a guard against which millions of curious people have leaned and gazed down into the vault below. Whilst standing there I took out my book and pencil and

scratched down a few thoughts and also wrote a short letter to my daughter, Mary. A small chapel to the right of the entrance contains the sarcophagus of Jerome Bonaparte, and one on the left of similar design and construction contains the sarcophagus of Joseph Bonaparte. Although both are very fine, so completely eclipsed in splendor are they by that of their illustrious brother's that they are, no doubt, often passed unnoticed, or if noticed soon forgotten.

The Pantheon, an imposing structure in the form of a Greek cross three hundred and sixty-nine feet long, one hundred and eighty-nine feet wide and two hundred and seventy-two feet high, and standing on the highest ground in Paris. Its construction was commenced in 1764 and was originally designed for a temple of worship. But it has since been secularized and religious services discontinued within its walls. Busts, paintings and statuary form the principal attractions. The portico is said to be very similar to the great Pantheon at Rome. The remains of some very noted men have been buried in the crypt, among whom were Voltaire, Marat, Mirabeau and others. Their bodies were subsequently removed, however, as my guide informed me, but the bodies of Victor Hugo and others still remain. The Pantheon is not without its tragic

history, as it was taken possession of by the Commune and held for several days. My guide pointed out the spot where Millirie, one of the principal leaders, was shot dead on the front steps. Like most public buildings of its kind, it is surmounted with a lofty dome, and as I seem to have a kind of mania for going up on high places I invested a half franc in a little piece of yellow pasteboard, which served as a passport to that lofty elevation. The sky happened to be clear and the atmosphere transparent, and from that elevation one of the grandest real or natural panoramas I ever beheld unfolded before me. Looking straight to the north the lofty towers of Notre Dame catch the gaze, while just a little beyond is plainly seen the Madeleine and Grand Opera House. Now making a half turn to the left and facing the west, the Arc of Triumph, the Trocadero, and the Eiffel Tower fall within easy range of the vision, whilst beyond the fortifications and stretching away, away, until it meets the western horizon is seen the Bois or Big Timber. Now facing to the east, or rather to the southeast, we trace the course of the murky Seine, on its meandering way to the sea until it is lost to view behind the vine-clad hills in the impenetrable distance.

An hour's pleasant ride along the banks of the Seine and through the beautiful country resi-



MARY.

dences and market gardens beyond the fortifications brings us to Versailles. Few places hold a more prominent place in the history of France, for here is situated the Palace of Versailles, where has been enacted some of the greatest and most important events in the history of Europe. It was there that Napoleon resided a considerable portion of time, and where no doubt many of his great campaigns were planned. Louis XIV. died there; Louis XV. was born and died there. It was there that Damiens attempted to assassinate the last named king. Louis XVI. was forcibly carried away from there by the mob in 1780. In 1795 the Palace was converted into a manufactory of arms. In 1815 it was pillaged by the Prussians. After the fall of Napoleon it was occupied in succession by Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Louis Phillippe. In 1855 the Queen of England was received there by Louis Napoleon. In 1871 it was occupied by a portion of the Prussian Army, and King William was there proclaimed emperor of Germany. After the departure of the Germans it became the seat of government, under the presidency of M. Thiers, and remained so till the year 1880. To give a comprehensive account or description of the building would be a thing scarcely possible. It is very immense, being a quarter of a mile long. It embraces various styles of architecture, and

although composed principally of brick and stone almost every kind of material has entered into its construction.

The principal attraction at the palace is a vast picture gallery which contains some of the largest and most costly paintings in Europe. Many of these represent battle scenes, and there is perhaps no battle in which the French army took part (excepting, of course, Waterloo), but what is here represented on canvas, even Yorktown has been remembered, and we feel a slight emotion as we see our immortal George standing head and shoulders above a group of officers in the foreground.

Everything seems to be dedicated to the glory of France and the French army. Besides the picture gallery there are numerous other objects to be seen. I was shown through the private apartments of Marie Antoinette and also the private staircase by which she fled. Like the Windsor Castle it has a fine chapel connected with it. A painting directly over the altar was pointed out to me as being the work of some noted artist who spent three long years in its execution. It was in this chapel that Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were married. I availed myself of an opportunity to stand for a moment on the very spot and sat down and rested for a few moments in the royal or imperial pews, where

kings, queens and emperors had often sat. I was also shown the room in which Marshal Bazine was tried and sat for a moment in his seat. But the thing that interested me most of all was the Grand Trianon; but before I go any further I must explain to you what that is. Directly in rear of the palace which we have just described is a vast lawn or park which was, of course, the pleasure grounds of the royal and imperial families who used to occupy the palace. It is quite thickly wooded with forest trees (many of them looking to be centuries old) and most profusely embellished with fountains, monuments, statues, busts and such other ornaments that go to make such a place attractive.

We start from the old palace and we walk for perhaps a half a mile down through the thick woodland when we come to a long, low, one-story, white stone building, and this is what is known as the Grand Trianon. It was built for Madam de Maintenon by order of Louis XIV.; but what makes it of interest it was afterwards used as a residence by Napoleon and Josephine. The apartments are very numerous and I was conducted through the entire building. I was shown the private apartments of Napoleon and also those of Josephine. The furniture which they selected and bought for housekeeping is to be seen there just as they left it, even to the beds. The furni-

ture is fine but not nearly so fine as that which I saw at Windsor Castle. In each room there is a great, broad, old-fashioned fire-place. In Napoleon's sitting or reception room, standing in the middle of the floor is a large round table with marble top. Around this table, no doubt, Napoleon, Talleyrand, Duroc, Soult and Ney spent many hours poring over the map of Europe and planning the great campaigns and battles that startled the world and deluged Europe in blood and tears. I took out my book and pencil and wrote a few lines on that historic table. I also sat down and rested for a few moments by the great fire-place where, no doubt, Napoleon and Josephine had spent many long winter evenings (cracking nuts and eating apples, I suppose). In Josephine's sitting-room there is also a table similar to the one described in Napoleon's room. It was on this table no doubt that the lovely and devoted Josephine penned many of the tender little epistles to her illustrious husband when he was away conquering the other nations of Europe.

The coach house which contains the state carriages is here also; but I tarried so long in the Trianon that I was just a few moments too late to get to see them, as everything is closed up at a certain hour.

We will now return to Paris, but our time set for returning to London is so near at hand that

we will not have time to see much more of the city and a great many places and objects of interest will have to be passed unnoticed. When I visited the Zoological Gardens and the museum of natural history in London, I imagined that there couldn't possibly be anything in the world to compare with it in point of magnitude, splendor or perfect system of arrangement, etc., but in Paris I found its equal if indeed not its superior. The museum of natural history in particular I considered far superior to anything I saw in London, and when it comes to scientific research I think it is pretty generally conceded that the French lead the world. One of the most interesting places in Paris is the Musee de Cluny. The building is an old Roman palace and is perhaps the most ancient structure I saw on my trip. The old Roman baths are yet to be seen and also a very dilapidated Roman altar said to be the oldest existing monument in Paris. Here I had the curiosity to look down into a well that was in use more than a thousand years ago. It is walled with smoothly hewn stone and has a massive stone curb with stone spout. The well is not now used nor has it been for several centuries, so my guide informed me. The building is very capacious and contains a very extensive museum.

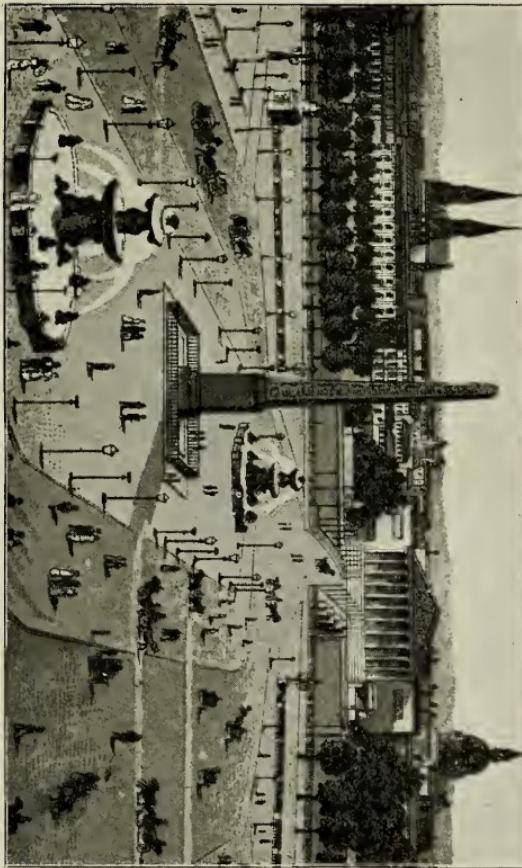
A great many of the curiosities and relics on exhibition are very ancient, such, for instance, as

prehistoric tools and farming implements. I saw hoes and other tools that were in use more than three thousand years ago. If you should ever go to Paris don't fail to see the general market, for it certainly is the most wonderful thing of its kind in the world and is one of the many things that could only be appreciated by being seen. So vast is it in proportions that I feel perfectly safe in asserting that it would require an entire day for one to walk through the various departments.

First, there is the meat market, then comes the fish, game and poultry markets, then the fruit and vegetable markets, and last, but not least, of all, the flower market. A very interesting thing about this market is to see how systematically and neatly everything is arranged. I also visited the great wine market. This institution is just simply immense, beyond all human conception. Ten acres of ground are occupied by it, and here millions of gallons of wines and other liquors are stored to be bottled up and cased up in various ways, to be distributed throughout the city and country. In addition to the thousands of great tanks that hold thousands of gallons, my guide showed me great cisterns underneath which contained millions of gallons more.

It was my custom whilst in Paris to arise very early in the morning and make a short excursion

PLACE-DE-LA-CONCORDE.



before breakfast. As the distance was not very great I went one morning to the Place de Concorde. It was very early and I seemed to have the place almost entirely to myself, for even Paris sleeps, and the short nap it takes is late at night] and during the early hours of morning. There is, perhaps, no spot upon earth that could afford the thinking man or student of history more food for reflection. For a while the memory is held to the present, for in plain view is the Madeleine, the Garden of the Tuilleries and the Arc of Triumph. But the thoughts soon turn from these, and the memory reverts to the past. No place has a more tragic history, for here it was that on the 30th of May, 1770, at a display of fireworks to celebrate the marriage of the Dauphin with Marie Antoinette a panic occurred which resulted in more than one thousand two hundred persons being crushed to death, and two thousand being seriously injured. During the Réign of Terror in 1793 the guillotine was erected on the spot where now stands the obelisk, and within the space of two years Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette and two thousand other persons of lesser note were executed there. At three different times foreign armies have been camped here, the allied armies in 1814, and a part of the British Army in 1815; in 1871 the Prussian Army again encamped here after the capitulation,

and it was here that the bloody Commune was first attacked by the Army of Versailles. But as full of interest as all these seem to be the thoughts are not wholly confined to the history of France or Europe, for as we are standing at the base of the Egyptian obelisk in fancy we are transported across the continent and beyond the seas, and we stand for a moment in the shadow of the Great Pyramid and gaze with awe and wonder in the face of the Sphinx, which there in the presence of the awful desert, stands solemn and silent, disputing with time the empire of the past and forever gazing on and on into a future that will yet be distant when we and generations that are to follow have lived out our little lives and disappeared.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silvery stream
Of things more than mortal sweet, Shakspeare would dream :
The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed.
For hallowed the turf which pillow'd his head.

—*Garrick.*

As it seems to be the rule for our learned and literary people who go to Europe to visit the birthplace and home of Shakspeare, I thought I would have to imitate them, and so I made a short pilgrimage to that now historical place known throughout the civilized world as Stratford-on-Avon. I cannot but infer that an account or

description of some of the many interesting things I saw there will not fail to interest some of my literary friends, no matter how plain or unpolished it may be. Stratford is a quiet little city of about eight thousand inhabitants, situated on both banks of the little river Avon, distant about eighty-five miles from London. I believe it is in that part of England known as the Mid-Land. To reach it from London we travel up the beautiful valley of the Thames and through a portion of the most picturesque part of England. And by taking the slow train, as I did, and stopping off at Windsor, Redding, Oxford and Warwick, a succession of pleasures and delights mark the entire journey. I arrived at Stratford just at dark and put up at the Shakspeare Hotel, which is situated on Chapel Street and is kept by C. Justins. After partaking of a very good supper I retired, and after a good night's rest I arose very early and made quite an extensive tour of the quiet little city before breakfast.

I wish you all could have been there to enjoy that walk with me, to breathe the warm, balmy breath of that beautiful spring morning, and to hear the robin and the redbreast sing, and to see the beautiful, nicely arranged little lawns and dooryards, now all dressed in living green. And more than all, to feel the enthusiasm that the surroundings inspired.

The Avon, which seems to flow through the middle of the city, is a sluggish little stream, scarcely as large as our 'Coon River, but is confined to much narrower bounds. There is nothing remarkable or even attractive about the city, and if it were not for its association with the memory of Shakspeare, no traveler would think of spending an hour there. But it is now breakfast time, and we will have to retrace our steps. But on the way back we pass two objects that we will have to give a little attention for fear we will not have an opportunity to pass this way again. One is the Red Horse Hotel, where Irving used to put up, and the other is the American Monument. The Red Horse Hotel, a very plain looking three-story stone building, is situated on Bridge Street. A mammoth bunch of artificial grapes suspended from a beam over the sidewalk, is most conspicuous. Just what it is intended to signify I did not happen to learn. I went in and sat down for a few moments at the table where Irving no doubt first put on paper many of the thoughts that so richly embellish English literature. I also sat by the great fire-place where he used to roast his shins. Standing in the middle of Rother Street Square is what is known as the American Monument. It is a beautiful granite fountain where man and beast may go to quench their

thirst. On one side there is a tablet bearing the following inscription :

The Gift of an American Citizen, GEORGE W.
CHILDS, of Philadelphia, to the town of
Shakspeare, in the Jubilee year of Queen
Victoria.

Over one of the stone troughs another tablet bears the following :

Ten Thousand Honors and Blessings on the
Bard who has gilded the dull realities of
life with innocent illusions.—WASHINGTON
IRVING.

It is now 9 A. M., and my kind hostess informs me that the Shakspeare home is now open to visitors. It is a rickety looking old two-story building, situated on Hanley Street. Wood, stone, brick and tile all enter into its composition or construction, and to attempt to describe it would be folly, as it is so unlike any of the houses in our country that you would have no more correct idea when I got through than you had before I began. But of course it is the interior that affords the attractions. The visitor is met at the door of the old kitchen or living room of John Shakspeare (who was William's father) by the lady custodian in charge, and who kindly con-

ducts you through the different apartments. We pause for a while to inspect the old kitchen, with its low ceiling and wide, old-fashioned fire-place and rough stone floor. From here we ascend a very ancient stairway and enter the room in which he was born. The room, I should judge, is about eighteen feet square, with ceiling so low that an ordinary sized woman could write her name on it. A table or stand upon which stands the bust of Shakspeare, was the only furniture the room contained. The walls on every side, from the floor to the ceiling, and the ceiling also, is completely covered over with autograph signatures of the thousands of people of almost every nationality, and of all classes and conditions, who have visited there.

The custodian kindly pointed out the names of quite a number of noted persons, such for instance as Browning, Balfour, Byron, Burns, Scott, Dickens and Irving, besides many others. I did not write my name for two reasons — first, there was not vacant space enough on the walls or ceiling ; next, I have certain well-defined rules governing my actions, that I scrupulously adhere to — and one of them is to never write my name in public places — “Fools names, like their faces,” etc. Now, you are not to infer that I quote this saying as a reflection on the learned and illustrious men and women whose names so profusely em-

bellish the walls of the Shakspeare home at Stratford. But, as a rule, I consider the saying a very true one, and well applied. The house contains six rooms, three down stairs and three up stairs. Each room is provided with a great, broad and very deep fire-place. One room is occupied as a record room and contains the valuable historical and other documents belonging to the corporation of Stratford and, of course, is private. Another room contains the museum, and still another the library. These contain original manuscripts, rare copies of the poet's works, also records and relics connected with him and the town of Stratford. There is also a committee room the interior of which I was not invited to inspect. Fortunately I happened to be the only visitor there at the time, and a splendid opportunity was afforded to see the place. The custodian, who by the way is one of the most agreeable ladies I ever met, seemed to take a special delight in conducting one through the different apartments, and in explaining and giving a history of the many different objects of interest; and as we pass slowly from room to room new revelations of wonder unfold before us, until the imagination finally kindles into reverie and rapture.

It might interest some people to know who owns the Shakspeare home, and how, and by whom it is now managed, etc., so I will just try

to tell you something about it. In the first place, you are to understand that this was the home of John Shakspeare, who, as I have said before, was the father of William Shakspeare, and I can find nothing to indicate that William Shakspeare ever resided there after he had grown to manhood. But then of course many of you are no doubt more familiar with his history than I am, so we will not discuss this unimportant question any further. I was unable to find out who have been the owners of the property during all the long years that have elapsed since Shakspeare's time, but I think the following statement can be fully relied upon. In the year 1847, joint committees of literary people in London and Stratford, set about to raise means to purchase the property. They soon succeeded, and the place was bought, the price paid being £3,000, or \$14,400 in our money, and the place is now owned by the corporation of Stratford.

The salaries of the custodians and other expenses incurred in keeping up the establishment are paid out of the admittance fees charged. An admittance fee of one sixpence (12 cents) is charged at the outer door, and an additional sixpence to see the museum.

I have now spent more than twice as much time at the old homestead as I had intended to, for which you will no doubt excuse me when you re-

call that I was there alone with the fair custodian. But now a party of ladies accompanied by one gentleman has just entered, so we will now hurry off to the church.

But we must not forget in our haste that there is an object of no little interest between here and the church, as the custodian explained. In a beautiful corner lot in Chapel Lane is to be seen portions of the foundation walls of the house in which William Shakspeare died. To give you an idea of what a mania people have for carrying off things as relics or souvenirs, it seems only necessary to state the fact that in order to protect the old foundation walls (of brick and stone) it became necessary to enclose the lot with a high fence made of stone and iron, and which looks to be impregnable. And as a further precaution, heavy wire screens have been placed over the walls. The custodian at the Shakspeare home informed me that of all the people of the different countries who visited there, none were so enthusiastic or so reverent as the Americans. She related quite a number of strange and amusing incidents that came under her observation. Among others, she told of a lady from Boston, who gathered up a handful of dust and tied it up in her handkerchief to carry away as a relic.

On the banks of the dear, placid, little Avon, surrounded by a beautiful church-yard, shaded by

great oak, elm and birch trees, and containing many tombs, stands, in awful silent grandeur, the Collegiate Church of the Holy Trinity. The church is quite ancient, the central tower having been built in the thirteenth century. Like Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, it may be viewed in the triple light of a church, a tomb, and a museum. It contains quite a number of tombs besides that of Shakspeare.

At the east end of the north aisle is the old Chapel of Our Lady. Here is to be seen the tombs of the Cloptons. Of course, it is interesting to stand there and read the strange sounding inscriptions, but as the things associated with the memory of Shakspeare are what attracted us here, we will now turn to them.

Just inside of the altar rail is to be seen the tomb of Shakspeare. The remains of Anne, his wife, repose by his side. A plain stone slab covers his grave, on which is inscribed the following inscription :

GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE, TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOASED HEARE; BLESE BE Y MAN Y SPARES THES STONES, AND CVRST BE HE Y MOVES MY BONES.

Now, this does not read just precisely as Irving and many other writers and travelers have repro-

duced it, but I will stake my reputation for truth and veracity that it is here correctly transcribed to the minutest detail. His monumental bust on the north wall represents him in the act of composition, holding a real quill in his right hand. Underneath are the following lines :

.....

“Judicio Pylium, Genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus maeget, Olympus habit.”

.....

These lines, I am informed, if translated into English, would read thus : “The earth covers, the people mourn, and Paradise possesses him, who was in judgment a Nestor, in intellect a Socrates, in art a Virgil.” Below this is the following rather long inscription or verse :

Stay, passenger, why goest thou by so fast,
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plast,
Within this monument; Shakspeare, with whom
Quick nature dide; whose name doth deck this tomb,
Far more than cost, sith all that he hath writt,
Leaves living art, but page to serve his witt.

Obit anno Domini 1616, Ætatis 53, Die 23 Ap.

Another interesting thing to be seen is the old Chain Bible, and the stone font in which he was baptized. The old Bible dates back to the sixteenth century.. The precious old relic is kept under glass, and is opened at the pages which show the entries of the baptism and burial of William Shakspeare.

SHAKSPEARE MEMORIAL.

A beautiful brick building of modern pattern, standing at the foot of Chapel Lane, and on the banks of the Avon. It contains, among other things, a library of about 7,000 volumes, which embraces, of course, all the works of the poet, besides a great deal of his original manuscript, and other highly prized relics.

I have now written more than twice as much about Stratford as I had intended to when I commenced, but if time and space would admit, I would like to write twice as much more. I never visited a place where I was so kindly treated. Everybody I came in contact with seemed to use every means to make me feel at home, and to make everything pleasant for me. And I can assure you that they succeeded. I don't feel at all surprised at the long sojourn that Irving and other Americans of intelligence and fine sentiment made there and in other parts of England. Everything there seems to be dedicated to the honor and remembrance of the noble bard—as for instance, there is the Shakspeare Depot, the Shakspeare Restaurant, the Shakspeare Hotel, the Shakspeare Bakery, etc. But let it be recorded to the honor and credit of the good people of Stratford, that so far as my observations extended, there are no Shakspeare Saloons.

LIVERPOOL.

I returned to Liverpool, arriving there just at dark on Friday. As the ship on which I was to sail (Cunard ship *Aurania*) did not leave until 5 p. m., on Saturday, I improved the intervening time by taking a little jaunt through the city, and a stroll along the docks. I tried to recognize some of the places that I imagined had become somewhat familiar in my seafaring days, but in vain, and I was as completely lost in Liverpool as I was in London and Paris. It is simply astonishing to note the wonderful changes and improvements that have been made, even in these old cities, within the last twenty-five or thirty years.

Here, as in London, the old and traditional is gradually being replaced by the new and convenient. The last time I was in Liverpool, which was in 1857, my recollection is that there was nothing but wooden docks. But now there is not a single trace of the old wooden docks to be seen, so far as my observations extended, but instead, solid granite docks line the banks of the Mersey for the distance of seven miles. As you all are probably aware, Liverpool still maintains its position at the head of the list of the great seaport towns of the world. It is an interesting experience to spend a day rambling along the docks,

and seeing the great ships discharging their cargoes, and to study the characteristics and peculiarities of the many strange people seen there. At one pier a great, four-masted ship is discharging a cargo of wheat and rye. Several of her crew are engaged in an animated conversation, not a single word of which we can understand, and our inference is that she is a Russian ship, just in from some port on the Baltic. A little further on and we come to where they are hoisting great logs and timbers out of the hold of a three-masted schooner. This is a lumber ship from Australia. We pass on to the next pier where we tarry much longer, for here a ship from far distant India is discharging a cargo of spices, and the air is laden with the sweet perfumes. Next is a ship from China with a cargo of rice, whilst just beyond is one from Japan, with a cargo of tea, and still another from California, with a cargo of canned fruits. And so the description could be prolonged through many pages, for here is to be seen hundreds of ships of every kind and description, and from every part of the world. And when one sees the enormous amount of provisions and merchandise that is stored in the great warehouses along the docks in Liverpool, the question naturally comes up: who consumes all this vast amount of stuff? where are the people? is all Europe fed and supplied from

here? Liverpool is not only great as a seaport, but is also important as a manufacturing town. They claim a population of about 800,000. The time is now come for the *Aurania* to leave, and we must hurry on board.

THE RETURN PASSAGE.

We left Liverpool at 5 p. m., on Saturday, March 23d, and arrived at New York at 5 p. m., on Monday, April 1st. This is a longer time than is generally consumed by the Cunard ships in making the passage, and was caused by bad weather and a rough sea which was encountered most of the time. The passage was made without incident or adventure we might say, but not without interest, however. We touched at Queenstown (as do all the Cunard ships) where 700 Irish emigrants were taken on board. Our ship came to anchor a mile from the town, and the emigrants with their baggage were brought off by a tender. Many of them were accompanied by friends and relatives to see them off, and the parting presented a most affecting scene. There was the father and mother bidding a last farewell to the son or daughter; there was the brother and sister parting, and in some instances, no doubt, the husband and wife. And when the last trunk or box was put on board and the tender began to move slowly away, a sadness seemed to

pervade everyone, even the saloon or first cabin passengers. Indeed it was a scene long to be remembered.

After leaving Queenstown, the ship's course lay along the Irish coast for many miles, and as those people stood on deck eagerly watching their dear native isle gradually melting in distance, I just thought how interesting it would be if one could read their many thoughts.

A very interesting, and indeed a thrilling scene, is the meeting and taking on board the pilot. When the sea is calm it is a thing very easily done. But in a rough sea, as was the case on this particular occasion, it is exciting in the extreme. On Sunday, at about 2 p. m., a small schooner was seen approaching, and the word soon went through the ship, "the pilot is coming." As this is generally considered an event of great importance, everybody was astir, and the upper decks were soon thronged with people, notwithstanding the rough sea. The engines were stopped, and the great ship tried to lie still. When the schooner had approached as near as it was safe for her to do, three men — two sailors and the pilot — were put into a small boat and lowered from the side.

And now the awful thrilling part of the scene begins, for no sooner had the boat touched the water than it disappeared, and as seen from the deck of the ship, it seemed to have sunk beneath

the waves. A stillness like that of death now comes over the passengers, which is broken the next moment by a sort of a suppressed cheer, as the boat again appears on the surface. And so it appears and disappears alternately with every wave that comes along, until the ship is reached. At times the suspense was awful, and some of the lady passengers shrieked with terror as they watched the frail little craft plunge head first out of sight among the great waves. As soon as the small boat is near enough, a rope is thrown to the pilot, who ties the end around his body just under the arms, and is then hoisted on board. The two sailors with the small boat then return to the schooner, and the same thrilling scene is enacted over again, and anxiously watched by the people on board the ship.

The steamer does not start on her course until the small boat has reached the schooner, and the men are once more safely on board. Sometimes quite a while is consumed. I think the *Aurania* was detained fully two hours. The pilot now takes command of the ship, in a sense—that is, he directs its course and governs its speed, etc.

There are certain rules and regulations that have to be strictly adhered to by the company, so as to keep themselves right with the insurance companies. We have now arrived at New York, and I am growing impatient to get home, but now

after saying so much about London and Paris, and even Liverpool, I am afraid that I will be accused of prejudice or partiality, if not indeed downright disloyalty, if I do not stop in New York at least one day and gather a few items.

NEW YORK.

“City of refuge for the world’s unrest,
Where Old World troubles on the New are cast,
Making a load of discontent so vast—
That Freedom reels beneath it in protest.”

As we are stopping at Exchange Place in Jersey City, we will take the ferry-boat at the Pennsylvania Depot and cross over the North River and walk leisurely up to Broadway. We will then turn to the right and follow Broadway till we come to City Hall Park. Here we will stop for a while to take a few observations. But we do not feel fully convinced that this is City Hall Park,—although several gentlemen have assured us that it is,—because it does not seem possible that this is the beautiful green square through which we strolled on the 4th of July, 1860, and where we witnessed the fine display of fireworks at night. The green grass has long since been covered over with cement, and the beautiful shade trees, all but just a few, have disappeared. The tall stately buildings that have replaced the ones that then surrounded the Park, make it look

much smaller. But a moment's reflection calls to mind the fact that New York has been keeping pace with the rest of the progressive world. There is perhaps no place in the city where one can see so much of the real life, bustle and animation of the New World's mighty metropolis. For here thousands of people of every class and condition pass to and fro from early morn till late at night. Here is to be seen the millionaire and the beggar as they hurry past side by side in their exciting race through life: the one in pursuit of more wealth, more gain; the other, an existence. Not far from where we are standing is a party of emigrants just up from Castle Garden, who are gazing with wonder and amazement at the tall buildings that seem to tower almost to the clouds. Just a little beyond is a poor blind man who is grinding a hand-organ, and as we watch him sitting there with his glassy eyes turned Heavenward, and see the throngs of well-dressed people pass him by unnoticed, we are moved to practice a little religion by dropping a nickel in his cup.

But time is passing, so we will now fall in with the largest procession and move on. Only a minute's walk brings us to the Brooklyn Bridge. But we must cross it very slowly because it is not the only thing of interest to be seen on the way over. As we slowly ascend the foot way

the great city of Brooklyn gradually and grandly unfolds before us, whilst behind us the New World's mighty metropolis grows larger and greater. Now casting a glance down the river, the Statue of Liberty, Governor's Island and the Battery all come within easy range of the vision, whilst beneath us hundreds of ships and steam-boats of every class and description throng the river, the whole presenting a scene of maritime and commercial bustle and animation, the equal of which could not be found perhaps any place else in the world.

The Brooklyn Bridge is just simply immense. It is the greatest bridge in the world with possibly a single exception (Forth Bridge in Scotland) and is one of the things that will have to be seen to be appreciated. Now that we are across the river and in Brooklyn, we will just run out and take a little peep at Greenwood.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

A half hour's ride on the Fifth Avenue Elevated Railway brings us to Greenwood. I am sorry that I have nothing historical or statistical at hand to enable me to give you a more correct account of this noted burying ground. I can not tell you how many acres it embraces, or how many tombs it contains. I think it is much larger, however, than Pere le Chaise, but does not contain

nearly so many tombs. It is neatly and conveniently arranged, all the avenues being named and marked by hand or finger boards. It embraces almost every variety of landscape, and great forest trees shade the thousands of graves that so thickly dot its hills and valleys.

The first object that attracts the attention as you enter is a lofty gray marble shaft, erected to the memory of the victims who perished in the Brooklyn Theater on the night of December 5, 1876. Two hundred and seventy persons were burned to death on that awful night. A little further on and we come to the Soldiers' Monument, which, although standing in Greenwood Cemetery, and in the great Empire State of New York, sinks into insignificance and pales into murky nothingness when compared with the lofty granite shaft that marks the spot where the old Iowa State House used to stand. About mid way on Down Path, on a beautiful green terrace, sloping gently to the south, and overshadowed by the far more pretentious monument of General Slocum, is to be seen the grave of Henry Ward Beecher. Nothing more than a gray granite block, about four by five feet in size, marks the spot. It bears the following short inscription :

H. W. B.
June 24, 1813, March 8, 1887.
"He thinketh no evil."

After a short rest on the green grass by his grave, I strolled leisurely on, stopping for a moment occasionally to admire a monument or to read the inscription on a tomb, and finally came to the grave of Horace Greeley. It is situated upon a mound or eminence on Oak Avenue. A gray granite block, about eight feet high, and surmounted with a bust in bronze, marks the site of his last resting place. On the shaft is the following inscription :

HORACE GREELEY,
Born February 3, 1811, Died November 29, 1872.
Founder of the New York Tribune.

It happened to be the noon hour when I visited Greeley's tomb, and the several gangs of laborers that I had noticed at work a short time before, had now all gone away, and, so far as I could see, I was, for the time, the only living person in Greenwood. The din of the busy city seemed to have ceased, and not even the chirp of a bird broke the stillness. And there in the midst of the awful solitude, and in the presence of the tombs, I mused for a while by the grave of Horace Greeley. I followed him through all the years of his busy and eventful life, from the printer's case to where I saw him reaching for, and almost grasping the last, or top round in the ladder.

When I stand by the tomb of a great man, as it has been my fortune to so often do, every emotion of envy dies within me. For then it is that we so fully realize what the final, the end really is. A narrow room, a narrow bed, a narrow coffin, a secluded or solitary tomb.

CENTRAL PARK.

As was the case with Greenwood, I am unable to state the extent of its area or to reproduce anything statistical or historical in connection with it. But judging by how awfully tired I got in my long ramble through it, it must embrace quite a wide scope of territory. On entering at the head of Broadway, the uneven surface of the ground, and the ragged cliffs of rock that first meet the gaze, partake somewhat of the wild and romantic.

As you advance along the beautiful shady avenues, new wonders and attractions unfold before you on every side. Artificial lakes and water-courses, cascades, monuments, busts, statues, etc., are not wanting to make up the attractions. A walk of perhaps a mile from the Broadway entrance, brings us to the Egyptian Obelisk. This you will probably remember was presented to the city by the late William H. Vanderbilt. I believe it is a sister monolith to Cleopatra's Needle which stands on the Victoria Embankment in London,

and the Luxor Obelisk which stands in the Concordia in Paris. At least they all three looked precisely alike to me. If that grand old shaft could only talk, what a history it could relate about the millions of strange people who gazed on it, and who read the hieroglyphics that cover its surface, centuries before the giant oaks of Central Park had even sprouted to grow!

TRINITY CHURCH.

As I had given special attention to the churches and cathedrals in London and Paris, I thought I would visit at least one of the old churches in New York, and see how they compared.

Trinity Church is situated on Broadway. It is a stately brown stone edifice of the old English Gothic style of architecture. It is an Episcopal church, and not greatly unlike the churches in England. I don't think there are any tombs inside of the church, but the churchyard is well filled with graves; and now, true to what seems a natural instinct, we will spend a while groping among the tombs.

On the left as we enter from Broadway, is the tomb of Captain James Lawrence, of the United States Navy, who commanded the frigate Chesapeake, and who immortalized his name by the words, "Don't give up the ship." The remains

of his wife and also those of Lieutenant Ludlow repose by his side.

A little farther on is the very plain and unpretentious tomb of Alexander Hamilton. As we tarry for a moment by his grave, many incidents in the early history of the country or government are recalled and a feeling of sadness pervades the mind as the memory reverts to the circumstances connected with his sad and tragic death. The tall stately elm and birch trees that embellish the churchyard, seem to sigh an eternal requiem over his grave.

A day spent in New York is full of interest, and a great many more things were seen than I have had time and space to mention. But it is now train time, and we will have to resume our journey.

NIAGARA FALLS.

I saw the cataract's wild stupendous leap
Into the churning, foaming depths below;
I heard the roar that never knoweth sleep,
And watched the mounting spray-cloud's drenching flow;
Mute, insignificant, and mean, I bent
Before this might of majesty and awe!

—James Bromley.

Although I have been presumptuous enough to undertake to give an account or description of some very large and great things, yet I certainly have not the audacity to dip my little dull pen of description in Niagara, and I will content myself

by here reproducing what one of the intellectual and literary giants of the nineteenth century, has had to say about it. In his American Notes, Charles Dickens says: "I think of it in every quiet season now. Still do those waters roll and leap, and roar and tumble all day long ; still are the rainbows spanning them a hundred feet below. Still, when the sun is on them, do they shine and glow like molten gold. Still when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll down the rock like dense white smoke. But always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid : which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since Darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the Deluge—Light—came rushing on creation at the word of God." I had procured a lay-over ticket, and put in about three hours seeing the falls. Although I had seen them twice before whilst passing on the train, I had no real conception of their awful grandeur.

There are two falls ; the one called the American Fall ; the other known as the Horse Shoe or Canadian Fall. It has been estimated that 150,000,000 cubic feet of water passes over the American Fall each minute of time. This mighty

torrent takes a plunge in a mad, stupendous sweep, but is caught by a hundred craggy rocks and thrown out in wild and singular beauty. But I must stop right here, because I said at the beginning that I would not attempt to describe Niagara. I crossed the suspension foot-bridge and went to the Horse Shoe Fall, which is much greater even than the American Fall, as the amount of water that passes over it is estimated to be 1,350,000,000 cubic feet each minute. I also went to the Whirlpool Rapids, and saw where Captain Webb made his last swim.

"Flow on forever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on,
Unfathomed and resistless. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet. And He doth give
The voice of thunder power to speak of Him
Eternally — bidding the lip of man
Keep silence, and upon thy altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise."

CHICAGO.

"City of mightiest growth of later days !
How proud thy multitudes must be of thee !
Thy marts the greatest betwixt sea and sea," etc.

I don't suppose there could be anything said about Chicago that would be apt to interest anybody, because it is too near home. But I can assure you I found many things of interest, even in Chicago. And should you ever start out on a jour-

ney to find tall, stately business and commercial buildings, I would advise you not to squander any money for a ticket to take you beyond Chicago. I saw no buildings of this class in New York, London or Paris, to compare with those I saw in Chicago. And should you ever visit Chicago don't fail to see Lincoln Park. Nature has had to be aided some by art to get a suitable landscape, but they have succeeded, and I saw but few parks that surpass it in beauty and general attractiveness. Established there is a museum of natural history and a zoological garden which, of course, looked a little tame to one fresh from the great institutions of this kind in London and Paris. But it is the nucleus or beginning of what will, no doubt, become an institution of vast proportions, in the not very distant future. The arts are fairly well represented, many fine statues adorning the grounds, those of Lincoln and Grant being the most conspicuous. At the south entrance, is a colossal bronze statue of Lincoln, the gift of Eli Bates. Our long journey is now ended and we have arrived safely at home.

"Home again, home again,
From a foreign shore,
And, O, it fills my heart with joy,
To meet my friends once more!"

When I pause for a moment and look back over the many pages I have written, I fear that I have

worried your patience, and that the limit of your forbearance is now almost reached. Yet it does seem to me that there are yet a few things to be mentioned that, if omitted, would seem to leave this history somewhat incomplete. There is the voyage across the sea for instance ; it has scarcely been mentioned. It is an interesting and thrilling experience, even to one who has crossed the sea before, and I can but think that a little said about it would not fail to interest some of you.

THE VOYAGE.

" Across the rounded void of sky-domed sea,
Where fierce waves lash and leap, the great ship glides :
The white foam furrows bursting from her sides,
And all beyond a blank eternity."

As frequent an occurrence as is the departure of the great trans-Atlantic steamers from New York, it is an event of no small importance nevertheless, and hundreds and sometimes thousands of people congregate on the wharf to see them off.

The scene presented as the great ship slowly backs away from the pier, is one not greatly unlike the one described at Queenstown, although not nearly so pathetic, for in this case, many of the cheerful, light-hearted people are starting on a pleasure trip, and expect to soon meet their friends again. A feeling of wild enthusiasm seems to possess everybody as the ship, with her

cargo of human freight, slowly swings into the channel. Now hundreds of handkerchiefs are fluttering in the air, and everybody seems to catch the inspiration. I took out my bandana and flung it to the breeze, notwithstanding the fact that not a living soul, man or woman, on ship or on shore, had ever had the pleasure of even seeing me before.

A great deal could be written descriptive of what is to be seen as we pass out of the harbor. There is the Statue of Liberty, the Battery, and Governor's Island ; and also the light-ships and buoys that mark the road or pathway that the ships have to follow. Looking back, which we instinctively do, we see the Brooklyn Bridge gradually fading in distance, until finally it looks like a mere spider-web suspended in mid-air.

As the ship approaches the outer harbor or sea her speed gradually increases, and in a very few hours we see the last streak of blue land fade like a cloud on the horizon. Of course everybody is still on deck, but now the horn or trumpet sounds for dinner, and we hurry off below to our state-rooms for a little preparation, and where we meet for the first time our room mates, and where we are apt to form a hasty impression of them.

Dinner over, we again hurry on deck. The last trace of shore has now disappeared, and the broad expanse of water meets the horizon on

every side. You may imagine that it will now become monotonous. But to the intelligent thinking man or woman, there is a fascination that is everlasting and eternal. And to one given to reverie or day-dreaming, I can think of no more suitable place to indulge the fancy. I remember that when I followed the sea, although at that time my mind was quite young, I used to spend many hours on deck at night, looking out over the dark, stormy waters, and thinking of home and friends far away. Of a clear night, I used to delight to see the moon rise, and watch the golden pathway that its reflection makes across the surging billows.

Do you ever go back in memory, and live portions or periods of your life over again? I do, and at times the diversion affords me much pleasure. I sometimes go back even to my early childhood. I drink again at the old well—out of the old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, etc., and at the spring which crept like a silver ribbon from under the big rock down behind the spring-house. I sometimes saunter leisurely down the lane and across the meadow to the little, low log school house, where I learned to lisp my A B C's at the teacher's knee. Through the little window I gaze again on the rough, wooden benches and the great old fire-place. These scenes, although slightly dimmed by the lapse of half a century,

are yet vivid in my memory, and the sun and heat of fifty summers has not yet melted the great, rude snow images we used to make, nor the ice on the little pond back of the school house, where we used to skate. Sometimes, when I am not too tired, I go on the long and wearisome march, and spend a while in camp ; and, when in a suitable mood, I occasionally fight my battles over again. But none of these hold so prominent a place in the picture gallery of my mind, as do the scenes that became familiar in my seafaring days. I muse again on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea, and watch the gently undulating billows roll away to break and die on the shores of some distant clime. I sometimes swelter in the heat of the tropics, and to cool off, I again make the voyage around the Horn, and in this way spend a while away down in the regions of perpetual snow and mist, where vast ice islands wander in awful, lonely grandeur, and fierce westerly winds howl around us.

But to return to the voyage. A week's experience on board one of the Cunard ships is fraught with many incidents and pleasures aside from the things pertaining to the sea. There is that mutual friendship that so spontaneously springs up among the passengers. It is entirely different from that we see on shore. A lady who would not think of recognizing you on the street or in

any public place, here greets you with a nod and a good-morning. And so an acquaintance is made, and a friendship formed that is marred only by one thing, and that is the thought of having so soon to part.

Every day brings it's new attractions. Sometimes a distant sailing ship gliding along the horizon. Sometimes a great school of porpoises or other fish, or a lone sea-gull. Sometimes another steamer away in front of us, and now all is excitement and enthusiasm as she is rapidly being overtaken and passed, as she is only a freight-boat, and is sauntering leisurely on her course. And so the monotony is relieved as the great ship moves rapidly on her way, with a long line of foam in her wake, stretching away astern in sunny whiteness by day, and brilliant with phosphorescence by night.

As I deem it proper and appropriate, I will here quote from the pen of our own eloquent Irving :

“To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparation. The temporary absence of worldly scenes and employments produces a state of mind peculiarly fitted to receive new and vivid impressions. The vast space of waters that separates the hemispheres is like a blank page in existence. There is no gradual transition by which, as in Europe,

the features and population of one country blend almost imperceptibly with another. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world. In traveling by land there is continuity of scenes, and a connected succession of persons and incidents that carry on the story of life, and lessens the effect of absence and separation. We drag, it is true, ‘a lengthening chain’ at each remove of our pilgrimage ; but the chain is unbroken ; we can trace it back link by link, and we feel that the last of them still grapples us to home. But a wide sea-voyage severs us at once. It make us conscious of being cast loose from the secure anchorage of settled life, and sent adrift upon a doubtful world. It interposes a gulf, not merely imaginary, but real, between us and our homes—a gulf subject to tempest, and fear, and uncertainty, that makes distance palpable, and return precarious.”

Liverpool is finally reached, and that friendship that we so dearly cherished is at once severed. A few hasty good-byes are spoken, and we part, never to meet again ; for here radiate, the business and commercial thoroughfares to every part of the world. Some are going to the Continent ; some are bound for Australia ; some for Africa, and others for far-distant India and China. A

very interesting and agreeable lady, who occupied the state-room just across the aisle from me, and who, by the way, happened to be a sister of our well known and enterprizing citizen, Mr. Van Ginkle, was on her way from far-distant Nevada to the mining districts in Africa—1300 miles distant, by rail, from Cape Town.

THE CUNARD SHIPS.

I can but think that an account or description of the Cunard ships, and also a few words in regard to the mails, would be of interest to some of you. I never had any conception before of the immense amount of mail matter that crosses the sea, and to give you at least a faint idea of the extent of the correspondence that is carried on between the Old and the New World, it seems only necessary to state that the Umbria carried 1,300 bags of mail, and I was informed that as many as 2,000 have often been carried.

"O, Wind of the West, rushing on to the East !
Stay thee a moment, stay !
I've a message to send on the breast of thy breeze,
Across the wide continents, o'er the wide sea ;
On through the sunset, and on through the night :
Right through the dawn, and away to the light," etc.

—James Bromley.

The mail is not taken to Liverpool, but is landed at Queenstown, from whence it is sent by rail to Dublin, and thence across the Channel to

Holy Head. From there it is sent to London and different parts of England and Scotland, and also to the Continent.

Queenstown is the outer harbor to the city of Cork, and, as has been stated before, the Cunard ships touch there, both going and coming.

The Cunard Steamship Company derives its name from Samuel Cunard, who was a merchant of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and who, I believe, was the principal or prime mover in the organization of the company. The first four ships built for the company, which was, at that time, known as the British and North American Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, were the "Britannia," "Arcadia," "Caledonia," and "Columbia." These were all wooden paddle wheel vessels, and were built on the Clyde, in 1840. The Britannia, which is remembered as the pioneer vessel, sailed upon her first or maiden voyage, from Liverpool to Boston, on the 4th day of July, 1840. Although eighteen days and eight hours were consumed in making the trip, the maritime world stood amazed at the wonderful achievement. Success attended the company from the start, and soon the increasing traffic demanded additional ships. The "Hibernia" was added to the fleet in 1843, and the "Cambria" in 1845. These were sister or twin ships, and were an improvement on their four predecessors, being of greater dimensions

and somewhat higher speed. And so new ships were added from time to time, as the increasing traffic demanded. But it was not until in the year 1861 that the side or paddle-wheel was discarded, and the first screw-steamer, the "China," was built. And so the company kept adding ships to their fleet, each one surpassing all others in point of size, speed, etc., and to show you what a wonderful advancement there has been made in ship building since 1840, I will here present a comparison between the "Britannia" and the "Campania," which was launched in September, 1892 :

	" BRITANNIA."	" CAMPANIA."
Length	270 feet	620 feet
Breadth	34 feet, 4 inches	65 feet, 3 inches
Depth	22 feet, 6 inches	43 feet
Tonnage	1,154	12,950
Horse-power	740	30,000
Speed	8½ knots	21 knots
Accomodation	115 passengers	1,400 passengers.

This fleet of magnificent steamers that sail from New York and Boston to Liverpool, consists of twelve ships. They are all steel screw steamers of a high rate of speed. The company is subsidized by the British government on conditions that in case of war with a foreign power, they are to be converted into armed cruisers and placed at the disposal of the admiralty, and, of course, added to Britain's already powerful, and we might say, invincible navy. Of course these

ships could not cope with our ironclads or gun-boats, but they certainly would prove a very formidable fleet to prey upon our merchant marine. So if any of you are like some of our brave and war-like politicians and statesmen, who seem so very anxious to have the American Eagle turned loose on the British Lion, it might be well for you to pause long enough to consider these facts. All through the company's eventful career, they have had their record breakers. The "Servia" gained that distinction when, in December, 1884, she made the passage between Liverpool and New York in seven days, one hour and thirty-eight minutes. Then came the "Grand Old Umbria," which, in July 1892, made the trip in five days, twenty-two hours and seven minutes. But the "Umbria's" laurels were wrested from her when the "Campania" capped the climax by making the trip in five days, seventeen hours and twenty-seven minutes.

The "Campania" and "Lucania" are sister ships. They are the largest, fastest, and perhaps the most magnificent ships in the world. And one would think that in their construction the acme of modern ship building and engineering science has been reached. The Cunard ships are lighted by electricity, and warmed by steam. The "Campania" carries a crew of four hundred and twenty-four men, and has accomodations for

fourteen hundred passengers, making in all one thousand eight hundred and twenty-four, being equal to the entire population of a good sized town or little city.

It may interest some of you to know the amount and kind of provisions that is taken on board to be used on the passage—20,000 pounds fresh beef, 1,000 pounds corned beef, 10,000 pounds mutton, 1,400 pounds lamb, 500 pounds veal, 500 pounds pork, 3,500 pounds fresh fish, 10,000 fowls, 400 chickens, 150 ducks, 80 geese, 100 turkeys, 30 tons potatoes, 30 hampers vegetables, 300 quarts ice cream, 1,600 quarts milk, 18,000 eggs, etc. Again in the grocery line—more than a hundred different articles will be carried, including 1,000 pounds tea, 1,500 pounds coffee, 2,800 pounds white sugar, 4,500 pounds moist sugar, 1,000 pounds pulverized sugar, 2,400 pounds cheese, 3,000 pounds butter, 6,000 pounds ham, and 18,000 pounds bacon. Three thousand tons of coal are taken on board, and seventy-nine firemen are required to keep up the steam which propels this mighty ship.

As much as I have written about the different places and objects of interest in London and Paris, there still remains a great deal to be told that would no doubt interest some of you. And so, as a kind of summary or recapitulation, I will refer briefly to some of them.

LONDON.

I think the average American's conception of London, is a very wrong one indeed. London is not the great, gloomy, foggy, misty, smoky city with narrow, crooked streets and lofty buildings, that shut out the sunshine and sunlight, that many people imagine it is. Whilst it is true that there are a great many very narrow streets, that are so crooked and irregular that, to follow them, one becomes almost bewildered and even gets lost; yet there are very many broad streets that will compare very well with the streets of any of our American cities. The streets are all well paved, of course, and it may surprise some people to know that there are miles of wooden pavement, some of the most public streets being paved with that kind of material. The round cedar block, with which some foolish men spoiled many of our streets in Des Moines, is not used, however, but instead, a very hard wood (eucalyptus) which is brought, I believe, from Australia. In color, it is dark red, as heavy as birch or hickory, and said to be more durable even than white oak. The blocks are three inches thick, five inches wide, and nine inches long. They are set on edge, and on a concrete foundation.

As to cleanliness—if ever I saw a cleaner city, I certainly cannot recall where it was. There they have a system of street cleaning that I never

saw practiced in any other city. Hundreds of poor boys, from the age of twelve to fifteen years and upward, are employed to do this work, and it is amusing to watch them run out into the crowded streets and dodge about among the passing teams and vehicles, and with their heavy sheet-iron dust pan and coarse brush, gather up the trash and dirt that may chance to fall in the street. There are iron schutes placed at regular and convenient intervals along the street curb, and which lead down into a sewer or subterranean passage, and into these the dirt is emptied.

As to sidewalks—there is no more uniformity than there is in Des Moines, all kinds of material being used excepting, of course, wood.

The business or commercial buildings in London are not lofty and imposing like those in New York and Chicago. In fact, our Equitable building at the corner of Sixth and Locust, would be considered even superb in almost any part of London. A business block in Westminster, twelve stories high, was pointed out to me as being the tallest building of its class in the city. I was informed that builders are now restricted to eighty feet by legal statute or city ordinance.

To me London did not look to be the old city that it really is. Whilst there still remains a few of the very old buildings, the old and traditional is gradually being replaced by the new and con-

venient, and it is a little difficult for one to realize that he is treading the streets of a city that had actually attained metropolitan proportions centuries before America was discovered.

Speaking of the old buildings — two of these old landmarks are to be found on Fleet Street. “Ye Old Cheshier Tavern,” where Dr. Johnson used to dine, and the “Old Cock Tavern,” where Tennyson dined and wrote. I availed myself of an opportunity to visit these somewhat noted places, and sat in Johnson’s corner (at the table) and partook of a hearty meal, precisely the kind he used to so much enjoy, and which the different landlords, from that day until even now, have served up for the curious people who are attracted there. I also went to the “Old Cock Tavern,” and sat in Tennyson’s chair, and wrote a few lines on his desk.

There are a great many beautiful parks and squares in London, and it may interest some people to know that some of them are not public parks or squares, as they are in the cities in America. For instance, there is Russell Square, a beautiful plat of ground, with fine shade trees and flower beds, and surrounded with a tall iron fence. It is located in the midst of the Duke of Bedford’s estates, and is used only by his tenants and such other privileged persons who, by special favor, may be admitted. Each family that rents

or occupies his flats or houses is provided with a key to the park, and there they can go at any time, and spend a while in the beautiful, shady grounds.

But there are a great many public parks, such, for instance, as Hyde Park, Regents Park, etc., where everybody is admitted, and to these places thousands of people of all classes go every day, even at this season of the year (March) to escape the din and noise of the busy city. The parks and public squares are all most profusely embellished with monuments and statues in bronze and marble, commemorative of the public services of distinguished statesmen, sailors and soldiers. And it may well be said that London is a city of monuments and statues. The most prominent and conspicuous perhaps, of all, is the Prince Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, and Lord Nelson's Monument at Trafalgar Square.

One of the most wonderful things about London is the manner or system by which travel or passage through her crowded streets is accomplished. When we take into account the fact that a population of more than 5,000,000 of people live, move and exist on a spot of ground not a great deal larger than that embraced within the corporate limits of the city of Des Moines, one would naturally wonder how they manage to get around, and go from place to place. Of course

this could not be done without the most perfect system, and that strictly observed and enforced. In addition to the hundreds and thousands of hacks, cabs, busses, etc., (there being more than 20,000 two-wheeled cabs alone) with which the streets are crowded from early morning till late at night, there are underground railways and elevated railways that carry millions of people. To give you an idea of the immensity of the local passenger traffic, I will just relate an incident that came under my personal observation.

I stood for a few moments one day, on the Victoria Embankment, near Cleopatra's Needle, which is in plain view of the Charing Cross Railroad Bridge. I took out my watch and timed the trains which crossed to and fro, and found, to my amazement, that they averaged a train a minute. Now you are not to understand that these were street cars, but were, instead, long trains of coaches or carriages, as they are called there.

The underground railways are especially worthy of mention, and should you ever visit London, an inspection of them would be time well spent. They are not the low, dark, smoky tunnels that many people would be apt to think they are. They are broad, having from two to four tracks, with lofty arched roof, and well ventilated. Fine and commodious depots, with comfortable waiting-rooms, are to be found at every station. In

fact, there is nothing in London more marvelous than these subterranean passages, and it would, no doubt, amaze any man to know the amount of capital and labor they represent.

The river Thames, which flows through the city, is a murky, sluggish stream, perhaps a little more than a quarter of a mile wide. The banks on both sides are walled with granite, thus confining it to certain limits. Of course it is navigable for ships and steamboats, but no ships ascend the river further than the London Bridge, as they cannot pass under the arches. But numerous barges are towed on up the river by small tug-boats.

Eighteen bridges span the Thames in London, thirteen for carriage and foot passenger traffic, one for railway traffic (with sidewalk for footmen) and four for railway traffic only. The London Bridge is perhaps the most noted, and is used more than any of the rest, although the new Tower Bridge, the Waterloo Bridge, and also the Westminster Bridge are all much broader and finer bridges. It is estimated that more than 15,000 vehicles, and 100,000 footmen cross the London Bridge daily. These bridges are most all constructed of solid granite and steel, and, of course, are very strong and durable.

Swarms of sea gulls hover over and about the bridges, watching and begging for crumbs and

crackers which are thrown to them every day by the hundreds of idle women and children who congregate on the bridges and embankments for that purpose. There is one remarkable thing about these birds. I was credibly informed that one never was known to fly under the arches. It is believed that they regard them as a trap.

Speaking of feeding the gulls just reminds me that there is one very marked and noticeable characteristic of the English people. They are so remarkably fond of pets and domestic animals. I was astonished at the swarms of pigeons I saw in London. They are almost as numerous as are the English sparrow with us. They are not allowed to shoot them for sport, as they are in this country (shame) and I was informed that it was an indictable offence to molest them. Cats and dogs abound in uncomfortable profusion. But dogs are not allowed to run at large, unmuzzled, as we see them every day on the streets in Des Moines. Several very ordinary looking curs were pointed out to me as possessing blood, breeding, pedigree, or something of that sort, far above and superior to the average dog. As I am not at all posted in regard to dogs, I most sincerely regret to say that I may have been badly imposed upon in this matter.

As to cats, it might be interesting to note that I did not see any of the Maltese variety, now so

common throughout the United States. And so far as my observation extended, nothing but the commonest kind of old black, white, yellow, and spotted "Tabbies" exist in that far distant cat and dog haven.

As regards the moral and social aspect of London, a great deal of interest could be said. There is perhaps no city in the world where the two social extremes are so marked and noticeable. It matters not in what part of the great city you chance to be, you are constantly reminded of the poverty and wretchedness that exist there. And as someone else has truthfully said—"squalor jostles magnificence on every hand."

It has been estimated that 50,000 people in London, start out in the morning on their daily wanderings without any breakfast, and a very great majority of them, without knowing where they will sleep at night. I inquired of several well informed persons how such a condition of things could possibly be. But they seemed unable to give me any satisfactory information, and simply remarked that that was one of the many mysteries of London. Now it would be but natural for most people to infer that the wealthy and well-to-do people are indifferent to the wants and needs of the unfortunate and suffering poor. But I am convinced that that is not at all the case, and there is perhaps no city where more ample

provisions have been made for that class of people. But there are certain necessary rules and restrictions imposed that deter hundreds and perhaps thousands of people from benefiting by these charities. For instance, they do not do as they do in Des Moines — pay an able bodied man or woman's rent, and send them unlimited quantities of coal to burn in their base burners, and groceries and provisions as good as the market affords. Work houses and industrial institutions are provided, where all who are able are required to perform some kind of labor. But as to the rules and restrictions above referred to, the miserable, intemperate people (for that is what nine-tenths of them are) are not allowed any intoxicating drink whilst inmates of these homes, and the father is sent to one, the mother to another, and the children still to another. And rather than be deprived of their drink, and to have their homes broken up, and be separated even temporarily, they prefer to wander listlessly about the great city, and exist, no one seems to know how. Now to some people this may seem hard, and even cruel. But is it not really the only sensible and effective way to guard against an imposition that would no doubt be practiced, were it otherwise?

As I have before intimated, there is perhaps no city where there is more consideration shown the deserving poor and unfortunate. Homes for

abandoned and fallen women, and places of refuge for homeless and friendless children, abound throughout the city.

A most interesting institution is the Foundling's Hospital, on Guilford Street. It is, perhaps, the oldest institution of its kind in the city, having been founded by a benevolent gentleman named Thomas Coram, in the year 1793. Several hundred boys and girls are here provided a comfortable home, and educated and taught to fill some useful station in life. As it was quite close to where I was staying, I made several short visits there. Spacious play-grounds are provided, and it was a pleasure to watch the children spend the time allotted them for play and pleasure. The little girls, with their snow-white aprons on, playing their innocent little games, whilst the boys, with their tidy little gray suits and broad lay-down collars, all excited over a game at football. As I am very fond of little girls, I was soon engaged in conversation with a group of them. One dear little girl, about five years old, with great liquid eyes and long curly hair, looked up at me, her face all aglow, and said, "We are going to have nice poached egg, and bread and butter, and cocoa for our breakfast." Another little "tot," scarcely as old, chimed in with the remark, "Yes, and we are going to have an afternoon in Regents Park, and a boat ride on the

Thames, just as soon as the weather gets nice." And so the innocent little creatures live on in blissful ignorance of how they happened to exist, and in fond expectation of the good things and pleasures that await them in the near future.

As my trip to London and Paris was wholly for the purpose of seeing and finding out all I could about those great cities, and the many and interesting institutions they contain, I made it convenient to visit that most noted, or notorious place known as the White Chapel district. I first went in day time, and spent an afternoon wandering about through the narrow streets, and then went at night under protection of police escort. We went into quite a number of the dives and dens, for which that place is so justly famous. Of course I would not dare to even hint at some of the sights I saw there, for if I did my book would be promptly suppressed as obscene literature. But there is one thing that I desire to record here, and that is, that I was more firmly than ever confirmed in a belief that I have always entertained, that intemperance is the cause of fully nine-tenths of all the poverty, crime, wretchedness and wickedness in the world. Now, you are not to believe that I attribute every man's poverty to intemperance, for that is not so; what I mean, is cases of real abject poverty. And, not wishing to offend anyone, I will just say that

I consider the use of tobacco a very intemperate habit. Of course we found a great many of that class of women that infest such places in all the large cities, and as I was there purely on a tour of investigation, I entered freely into conversation with several of them. The result was, that in every case, I was convinced that intemperance brought them where they were. I was further satisfied that, notwithstanding the depths of depravity to which they had descended, they could not perform the immoral and indecent acts that we saw some of them perform in the presence of men, without first stimulating themselves with liquor, just as the murderer and midnight assassin generally braces himself up with strong drink before he attacks his unsuspecting victim. Whilst every candid and unbiased man will no doubt admit, that women are better morally and religiously than men, it is nevertheless a fact that when they do fall, they sink even lower in the scale of social degradation than do men. But whatever of vice and wickedness may be transpiring behind the screen, perfect order prevails on the streets and in all public places. I can truthfully relate a fact that to most people will, no doubt, seem absolutely incredible. I never saw a drunken man, or a man arrested, or a patrol wagon on the streets of London or Paris during my stay there.

Seventeen thousand great, fierce looking policemen, systematically distributed throughout the city, keep peace and maintain order, so that anybody and everybody may go and come at any time with perfect safety.

I took many lengthy night rambles, both in London and Paris, a thing I would hesitate to do in the little town of Des Moines.

Another very remarkable thing is the civility with which strangers are treated. If I were to visit my brothers and sisters, whom I have not seen for more than twenty-five years, I don't think I could be treated with any more hospitality than was shown me in London, and also at Stratford. I never heard a man or woman, whilst I was in England, utter one word that could be construed as a reflection on America or any of our people. But I did hear Americans, who wore clothes that were evidently intended for gentlemen to wear, get off slurs about England and the Royal Family, etc. But even such uncalled for insults were not resented, so far as my observation went. For my part, I was perfectly delighted with everything there, and I am free to say that I like England and the English people.

But what of Paris!

PARIS.

"City, misnamed of Pleasure, hide thy face
Beneath the robes of mourning and of pain ;
Thy past is one vast blood-cloud that the Seine
Can ne'er wash clear of horror and disgrace.
Fair, fair, thou art, but we the demon trace
In thy light, mocking laughter and pert air," etc.

The buildings in Paris are not greatly unlike those in London, and the streets and sidewalks are paved very much the same way. The streets, as a rule, are much broader, however, and you have no doubt all heard tell of the fine avenues and boulevards for which Paris is so justly famous. There certainly cannot be the amount of suffering and destitution among the poor classes that there is in London ; at least it is not so noticeable on the streets and in the public places. As in London, perfect order prevails everywhere. As impulsive and impetuous as the French people are believed to be, so far as my observation extended, the author of this book was the only person who lost control of his temper during my short stay there. As in England, the people are very civil and polite to strangers.

Thousands of soldiers, who seem to mingle freely with the citizens, are to be seen on the streets every day, and in fact, Paris reminds one of a vast military encampment or barracks.

Everybody seems cheerful and happy, and one would naturally suppose that they have no par-

ticular object or aim in life, any further than to have lots of fun and pleasure, and plenty of good things to eat, and an abundance of wine to wash it down.

A very amusing thing is to see them at their meals, which a great many take at the public cafés. For the benefit of those who may not understand, I will just explain that these cafés (pronounced ca-fay) are what would be called, in this country, restaurants, or eating houses. Some of them are very extensive, accommodating a thousand or more people. When the weather is favorable, tables are set out on the sidewalks. The tables are of different sizes, some to accommodate two persons, some for four persons, and others large enough so that an entire family can be seated by themselves. These places are very generally patronized, many families, as well as single men and women, taking their meals there.

Wine is almost the universal drink, not only for men, but for women and children as well. It is amusing to watch them eat, drink, smoke, laugh and talk. In many places music and dancing minister to the pleasure and enjoyment.

Of a pleasant evening, even at this season of the year (March) everybody seems to be on the streets, and the Champs Elysees and other fashionable thoroughfares are thronged with merry

people, and one would naturally ask the question : Who is at home? who is keeping house?

As in London, a great many fine and costly monuments and statues adorn the public parks and squares, those of Napoleon and his marshals being the most conspicuous.

In Paris, one has less difficulty in getting around and going from place to place, as the streets, as a rule, are much broader, and to one fresh from crowded London, it is a comfort to be there, on that account alone. The means of transportation in Paris is somewhat different from that in London. The 'bus is the most general in use, although there are hacks and street cars. But if there are any underground railways, or elevated railways, for local passenger traffic, in Paris, they escaped my notice.

The people in Paris dress very much the same as do the people in London, but they certainly do not act and behave as the people do in London. And to me, it seems a little remarkable that two nations of people, being of the same race, and being so closely connected, not only geographically, but also by social and commercial intercourse, and each boasting an equal civilization and refinement, should be so different.

To my male friends who may have in contemplation a visit to the Queen City, if you are overstocked with modesty, you had better take my

advice, and leave some of it at home; for the French woman will say and do things in your presence that will bring the crimson tint to your fair cheeks.

I was amused at an incident that came under my observation whilst passing through the galleries of the Louvre. There, as in the British Museum in London (shame), nude male statues, not only life size, but even colossal, with every exterior organ fully developed, are placed in the most public places. Of course they have been placed there for people to see and look at, but all people do not look at them, and our American and English ladies would, no doubt, pass them by with a glance, a blush, and possibly a smile. But they seem to be a special attraction for the French women, and I actually saw a group of a half dozen women, who any gentleman would tip his hat to, standing before them, talking and laughing, and pointing with their parasols or umbrellas, evidently discussing the general or exterior make up of the subjects before them. By the way, just then I had occasion to regret my inability to understand French.

I also visited the Museum of Anatomy, and there saw women gawking at the hideous, repulsive looking human monstrosities, things that I had often heard tell of, but believed existed only in the imagination of foolish, suspecting people.

Indeed, such things are not exhibited in America or England, even to men, and probably could not be found anywhere else, outside of a medical museum or college.

The railway cars in England and France are very much, if not precisely alike, so far as I am capable of judging, but as you are all no doubt aware, they are very different from the cars in America. The coaches, or carriages, as they are called in England, are not as long as those in America, nor have they any end platform or doors. The car is divided off into compartments, and each separate compartment is entered through a door in the side of the car. Each compartment has two seats which extend clear across the car, and the passengers, five in each seat, sit facing each other. There is no conductor on the train, nor is there any water closet, or water tank; nor are the cars heated in any way, any further than by a sheet-iron pan or case filled with hot water. These do very well to keep the feet warm, but in real cold weather, there certainly cannot be much pleasure in traveling by rail in England or France. Indeed, it may truthfully be said, that in this particular, they are at least twenty-five or thirty years behind time.

The track and road-bed, however, are said to be much better than in America, and I believe accidents are much less frequent. Sometimes they

go at a pretty fair gait. The train on which I traveled from Liverpool to London, went spinning along at the rate of seventy miles an hour, and I can assure you, that if ever I ride that fast again, it will be when my feet are terrible sore and the road awful bad.

It is but natural to suppose that after you have read this highly interesting history, and fully contemplated the many graphic and glowing accounts of travel and adventure it contains, you will have in contemplation, a trip, if not clear around the world, at least to some distant part of it. And now being anxious to be of service to you in some way or other, I will volunteer to give you a little profitable advice. I will tell you some things to do, and some things not to do.

In this case, as in all other cases, the ladies must receive the first attention. Now, if you wish to take a trip, don't let the fact of you being a woman deter you for one moment, for it has now come to be that women travel with apparently as much convenience and safety as do men.

On the train from Chicago to New York, a German woman with two very small children (with very large voices) and a very capacious lunch basket, occupied the seat directly in front of me. As I am somewhat of a lady's man, I was soon engaged in friendly conversation with her, and learned that her husband had recently died

in Milwaukee, and that she was then on her way back to the scenes of her happy, dreaming childhood in the far distant Fatherland.

A globe trotter, whose *non de plume* was "Nelly Bly," performed a feat that might serve to strengthen your nerve, and give you courage, but I would advise you not to try to imitate her.

Of course, fashion is a thing that no lady is apt to discard, and it may be well enough to mention that it is to be observed when traveling, as well as when at home.

Now, when you get ready to start, procure a good supply of trunks and band-boxes, and get as large ones as possible. But, I would advise you not to take more than one bird cage. If you have more than one bird, train them to live together in harmony for a while at least, for you will find it very inconvenient to have more than one bird cage. But whatever you do, don't start off without at least one bird cage. When you get on the train, hang your bird cage upon the hat or parcel rack, which you will find in all first-class coaches. Now, you must not neglect your bird, for, as excited as the dear little creature seems to be, he will require something to eat, and some water in which to wash. When he is nibbling his cracker, and the crumbs drop down on the lady or gentleman in the seat in front or rear of you, or when he takes his accustomed bath,

and splashes the water over them, don't let that disturb you in the least, for people must learn to look out for themselves, especially when they travel.

There is another very important thing which you must not neglect. It is very common for ladies to have a dog with them. A small dog, with very long hair that comes down over his eyes, and almost blinds him, is the most common, but I have seen quite a good many "pugs" in my travels, so if you cannot get a regular lap dog, with long hair, try to prevail on some poor family to part with one of their "pugs," for I can't think of anything that looks as nice as a pug dog, with its tail curled up over its back, frisking about on a lady's lap. Now, you must remember that there are some stupid people in the world that do not seem to appreciate dogs; so if everybody don't happen to notice your dog, and declare that he is just the sweetest little "doggie" in the world, you must not get offended, because a real lady never loses control of her temper, no matter how great the provocation. If you are traveling a long ways, your "doggie" may possibly cause the porter some inconvenience, but don't let that embarrass or concern you any, because that is a part of the porter's business, to clean after dogs—four legged as well as two legged.

Don't forget to keep your watch regulated, for if you don't, you may miss the train, or be too late for your breakfast at the hotel. But take my advice, and never regulate or even wind your watch in a street car, because some foolish people would be apt to take that as an indication that you have not had a watch very long.

Now, if you are going to extend your travels beyond the seas, a few hints as to how to act and behave on shipboard, may be of some benefit to you. In the first place, be careful and don't fall overboard, for if you should, you would be apt to get awful wet, if nothing more serious was the result. When you are promenading the deck, and the ship happens to make a sudden roll, don't scream and clutch at some strange man's arm, or coat tail, because there are thousands of male knaves and fools, traveling over the world, and some of them would be apt to take that as an indication that you were trying to start a flirtation or make a "mash" on them, or something of that sort. Don't ask the sailors or people on the ship how far it is from New York to Liverpool. If you are anxious about that very important point, you can find out before you start, by simply consulting your geography. Don't inquire how deep the ocean is, as that is another thing you can find out before you start, because some very wise men, who have probably never seen the ocean, who

certainly have never measured it, have long since figured that out, and if you can get hold of some of their books, you can get the desired information. In short, don't ask the sailors whether they have ever been drowned.

To my male friends, I have so much useful advice to offer, that I am somewhat at a loss to know just how and where to commence. As a rule, men do not generally pay as much regard to fashion as women do, and yet there are some rules and customs that should not be wholly ignored or lost sight of.

If any of you have been foolish enough, and negligent enough to grow up to manhood without learning to smoke, don't delay another hour, but set about at once to acquire that accomplishment, just as soon as possible. How often I have been ashamed of myself when in company, to see every gentleman puffing away at a cigar. You have no idea how little and insignificant one feels; as to looks, that is a thing that can't be described. Now, although I am not a smoker, as many of you are aware, yet I have given the matter considerable thought, and it may be that I can give you a few very useful hints as to how to proceed.

Procure a supply of mild cigars, and a box of matches, and then go to some place where no one will see you, as the probabilities are that your first effort will disturb your stomach.

I would suggest the hay-mow as being a very suitable place. I have often heard of boys going up into the hay-mow to learn to smoke. After you have mastered the art, don't forget to keep a cigar in your mouth all the time. I can't think of anything that makes a man—a young man especially—look more noble and intelligent, than to have a cigar stuck in his mouth.

Now when you are traveling, you will occasionally observe a notice stuck up, which reads thus: "No smoking allowed." When you happen to be in such a place, you must not dispense with your cigar, but keep a dead, or cold one in your mouth. That makes a man look very smart and important, and if you have never happened to notice it, just go over to our court house some time when court is in session, and notice our promising young lawyers, how they sit there with their feet upon the table, and a cold or unlighted cigar held between their teeth. Now some people may think that there is no art in holding a cigar, but a little close observance will convince you that there is. You must learn to hold your cigar gracefully. And if you imagine that one smoker can spit (excuse language, please, I meant to say expectorate) as skillfully as another, there is where you are mistaken again.

Now, if you are traveling on a flyer or fast mail, and the train stops at a station, don't start

off up town to get a square meal without first telling the conductor to hold the train for you, as he is liable to go off and leave you. It would be cheaper for you, in the long run, to pay a quarter for a sandwich at the lunch counter, slip it into your vest pocket, and eat it on the train.

When on the train, occupy or monopolize as many seats as possible, and, by all means, don't forget to elevate the feet. Stick them up as high as possible, because I noticed in my travels that most all gentlemen, whether on the train, or at the hotel, or on board the ship, elevate the feet whenever it is possible to do so.

Now, if you happen to be traveling in a coach, where there are lady passengers, the conductor or porter will be apt to object to your smoking, but there is nothing to hinder you from chewing, so you want to improve the time chewing and spitting on the floor. That will not make a very nice place for a lady passenger to sit after you have left the train, but she can hold up her skirts, and stick her feet out into the aisle.

If you are going abroad, I may be able to give you a few hints as to how to deport yourself whilst on board the ship. As I have various reasons to believe that my readers, as a rule, are common people, like myself, I infer that you will take second cabin passage, as did I. In that event, you will be restricted to certain parts of

the ship, and if you will take my advice, you will observe the rules, and keep your place. By strictly observing this very easy and simple rule, I have got along through life with comparatively little or no difficulty. Of course it may be a little humiliating to you to have the first cabin or saloon passengers come on your part of the deck (you are not allowed to go on their's) and look disdainfully down on you, and smoke, and spit around, etc. For as strange and incredible as it may seem, nice people who travel in the saloon or first cabin, chew and smoke, and spit on the deck. Of course you must not forget to chew and smoke, and spit, also. I should advise you to learn a few sailor phrases on the passage over, for they will come very handy to use on the way back.

But seriously, I would advise you all, men and women, if you have in contemplation a tour abroad, to read up, and study some before you start. It matters not how well posted you may be in history, a little time spent in review, would prove of great advantage. Try to get a little knowledge of everything. Although I imagined I was fairly well posted in general or universal history, I found that I was placed at a disadvantage more than once on account of my ignorance. I recall one instance in particular. When I was traveling from Paris to Versailles, a most charming little middle-aged English lady, who occu-

pied a seat with me, engaged me in friendly conversation, and asked me, among many other questions, what author I considered greatest, whose poems delighted me most, what artist's work I admired most, and all such talk as that. Well, if I looked as embarrassed and as little and insignificant as I felt, it certainly would have been amusing to have seen me.

L' ENVOI.

"This argosy which now I cast adrift
To toss upon the sea 'midst mightier craft,
Goes sail-swayed with my hope's half faltering gift.
Unskilled to guide, I leave the restless tide
To bear it o'er its many hidden ways.
To face the critic-gods, who shall decide
Its meed of cloud or sunshine, scorn or praise.
Breathless I stand and watch it from the shore,
Till wafted all too far for its recall;
Breathless I listen for the words to fall
From the lips of men returning from the roar,—
For words which of my book shall tidings bear,
And tell me what shall be its future fare."







